Collier's

MARCH 17, 1945 TEN CENTS

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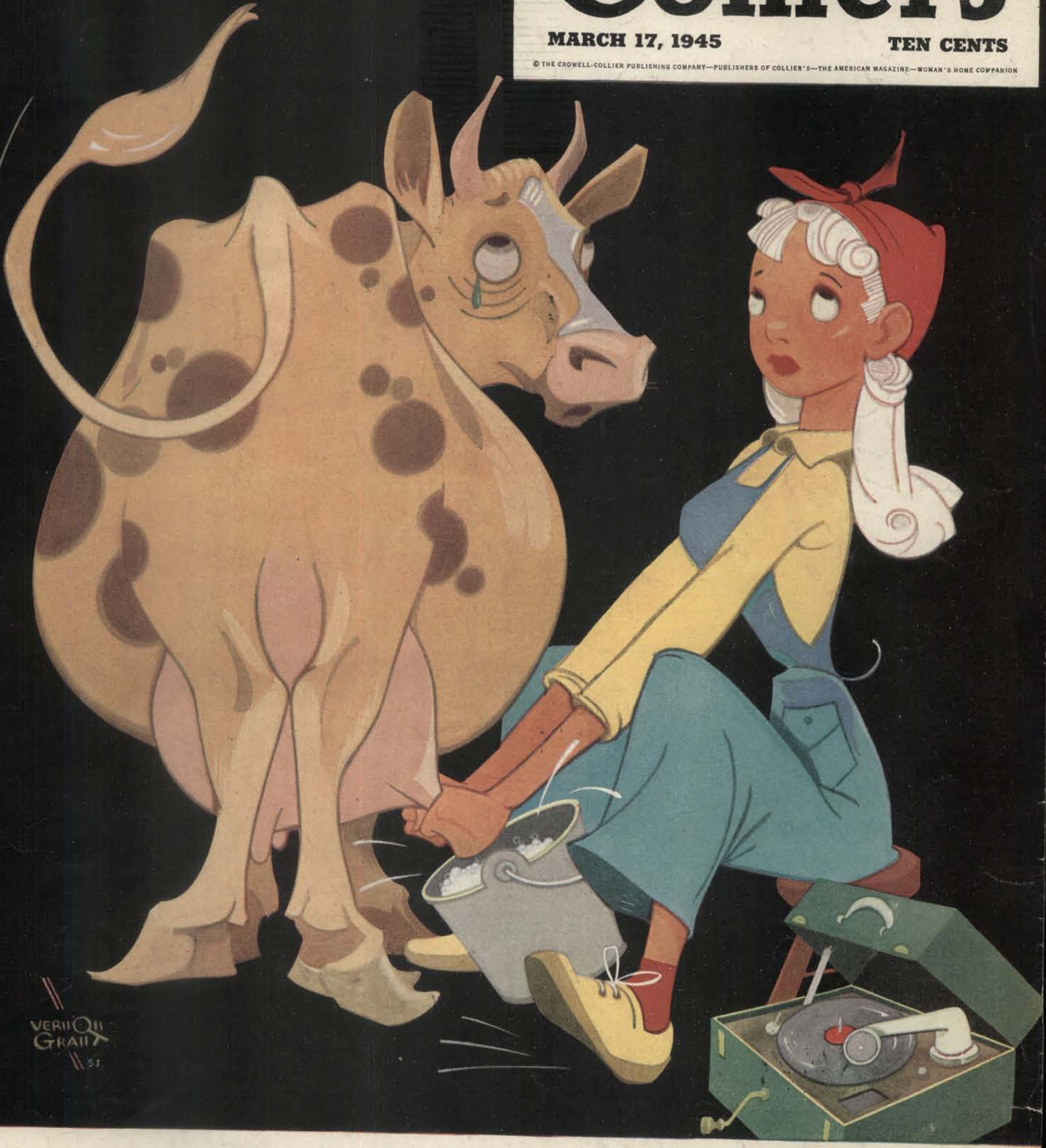

BEGINNING A MANHATTAN MELOD

LOVE HAS NO ALIBI · By Octav

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March 17- 1945

The Master's Choice

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)
F 1912

THERE'S much of the old family heirloom about **OLD TAYLOR**. It is a noble bequest to judges of good bourbon from Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Kentucky. Though the Colonel has long since passed on, his favorite distillery in Frankfort has never made any whiskey other than **OLD TAYLOR**—his personal choice among all his notable efforts and the only one that now bears his name.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
NEW YORK

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond - 100 Proof

Signed, sealed and delicious

Mr. Phillipov is gathering tire seeds

IT'S NO CINCH to pick dandelion seeds. So Mr. Phillipov, shown here in a Russian field, invented this machine for gathering the fuzzy heads before they blew away. Russians call their dandelion kok-saghyz (kawk-sa-jeez'), "the root that can be chewed."

The reason the root can be chewed is that there is rubber in it—high grade rubber. That's why it's important to gather the seeds, which will grow in America as well as in Russia.

But no one knew just how to use the rubber best . . . or what it might offer for future tire improvement. So B. F. Goodrich men, working with the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, have gone out to get all the information. They have made and tested tires from this rubber.

Five years ago these same men had gone out to get information about use of *synthetic* rubber. By June, 1940—eighteen months before the war—they were making and selling tires containing synthetic. That was three years ahead of any other rubber company. They had started manufacturing it commercially in 1937; and, up to the time the government plants were built, B. F. Goodrich made more tire-type synthetic than the rest of the industry combined.

This B. F. Goodrich search for improvement extends to every type of material . . . to every type of construction . . . and to every type of tire—passenger car, truck, airplane, farm service and others. When and if you can buy tires, you'll get extra value if you buy those backed by extra experience and this policy of constant improvement. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Picture
OF THE MONTH

JUDY GARLAND
and
ROBERT WALKER
in
"THE CLOCK"
with
JAMES GLEASON • KEENAN WYNN
MARSHALL THOMPSON
Screen Play by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by............VINCENTE MINNELLI
Produced by..................ARTHUR FREED

Love on a two-day pass! The story of M-G-M's THE CLOCK is as simple as that: a girl and a boy in love in New York when buds are budding in Central Park! The big city tossed them into each other's arms—and there were just two fleeting days to make the most of it!

They did! Not a heartbeat was wasted as they raced the clock for 48 exciting hours! They met in Penn Station...held hands on the Fifth Avenue bus...kissed in the park! They were gay, happy, radiant—with only the silent, heedless hands of the clock to remind them that time was short and the future full of uncertainty.

The girl in love is—Judy Garland! Young, vivacious, fresh as a morning glory—never more captivating than as Alice, who outraces the ticking of the clock with the eager beating of her heart.

And Joe, whose heart flies in the face of time, is played by Robert Walker, sensational young star of "See Here, Private Hargrove"—just the kind of fellow to win a girl's heart in record time, and to live with her, gaily and gloriously, that lifetime of love in the two days the fates have allotted them!

Here is the pair you'll be hailing as your favorite woosome twosome! They click in THE CLOCK—and your heart will click with them!

James Gleason, Keenan Wynn, and Marshall Thompson play superb supporting roles under direction of Vincente Minnelli, who directed Judy in "Meet Me In St. Louis." Arthur Freed produced; screen play was written by Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank.

If you love love (and who doesn't?) you'll love THE CLOCK—and you'll thrill to every minute of a story that's an eight-day wonder of entertainment!

Collier's
FOR MARCH 17, 1945

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ELIZABETH BOUTELLE Fiction
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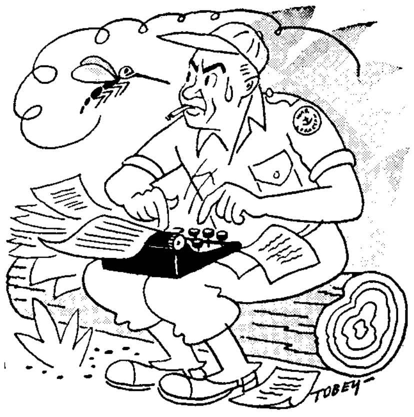
any week

YOU probably want a progress report on (W.) Walter (D.) Davenport, who normally performs this chore. Presently a war correspondent, he radios from Guam that he is working on the first of a series of articles and that he had "some difficulty in getting organized." We are sympathetic, being currently acquainted with that state of mind.



OUR correspondence this week is on the lighter side. And terse. A very short note from an Army friend of ours announces he has just been made a first class private. "This," he tells us, "means a neat raise of four dollars per month, which ain't hay—or money either." Another succinct letter is from a gentleman in Burlington, Vermont. "Would you," he asks, "be so kind as to inform me whether or not a poem that I have written could possibly be of any use to you?"

OUT of Hanford, Washington, comes a communication from a citizen who wishes to remain anonymous but who nevertheless wants us and the rest of the world to know about his new organization, apparently nameless. What he proposes is to issue buttons the size of butter plates and bearing the letters R.W.M., meaning Roosevelt is a Wonderful Man. "The Democrats," our friend says, "will wear the badges because they really think it's so, and the Republicans and others of the lunatic fringe can stick their tongues in their cheeks and still keep the button in sight, claiming that R.W.M. stands for something else. Just imagine a political organization that would interest every man, woman and child in the United States."

WE HAD an opportunity recently to watch some naval censors at work. One of them showed us a line he had had to cut out of a letter. "I'm not allowed to tell you where I'm going," it read, "but we're taking the same route Jack did and I'll be seeing Tom soon." This reminded the

(Continued on page 47)

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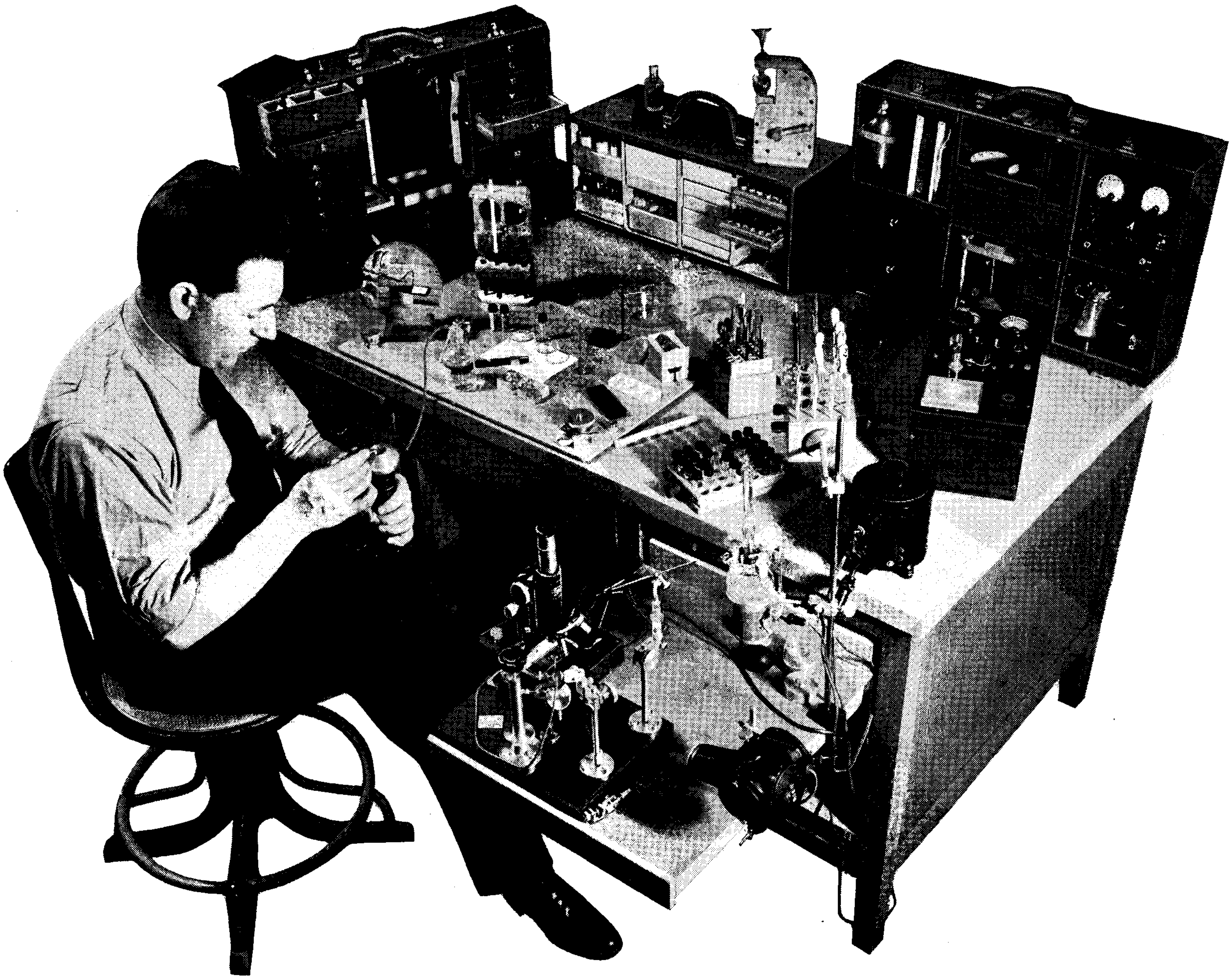


Traveling Crime Laboratory

This laboratory travels the country running down "crimes" against telephone service. Staffed by scientists of Bell Telephone Laboratories, it can move to the scene on a day's notice.

Always caught, its "criminals" never make the headlines. For they are not people, but such things as a thread of lint, a trace of acid, or sulphur compounds in the air. Finding these enemies in the telephone plant is one of the services rendered to the Bell System by Bell Telephone Laboratories.

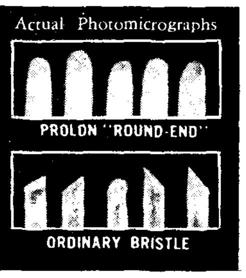
In an organization now concentrating on war work, Bell Telephone Laboratories' people have ferreted out substitutes for scarce materials, have recommended materials for difficult conditions, have identified enemy materials in captured equipment.

The services of these Bell Laboratories' scientists are always available to any part of the Bell System. This ability to call upon expert aid whenever needed is part of the strength of the Bell System.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ALL THE EXERCISE IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE YOUR BRISTLES AS GOOD AS PROLON
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

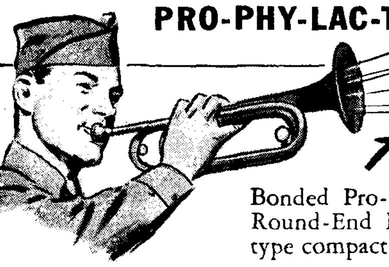
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

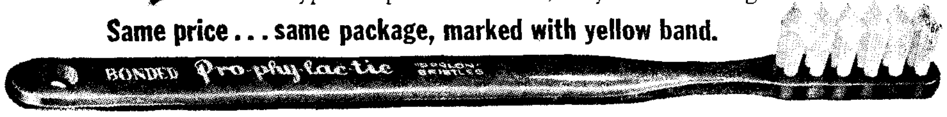
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

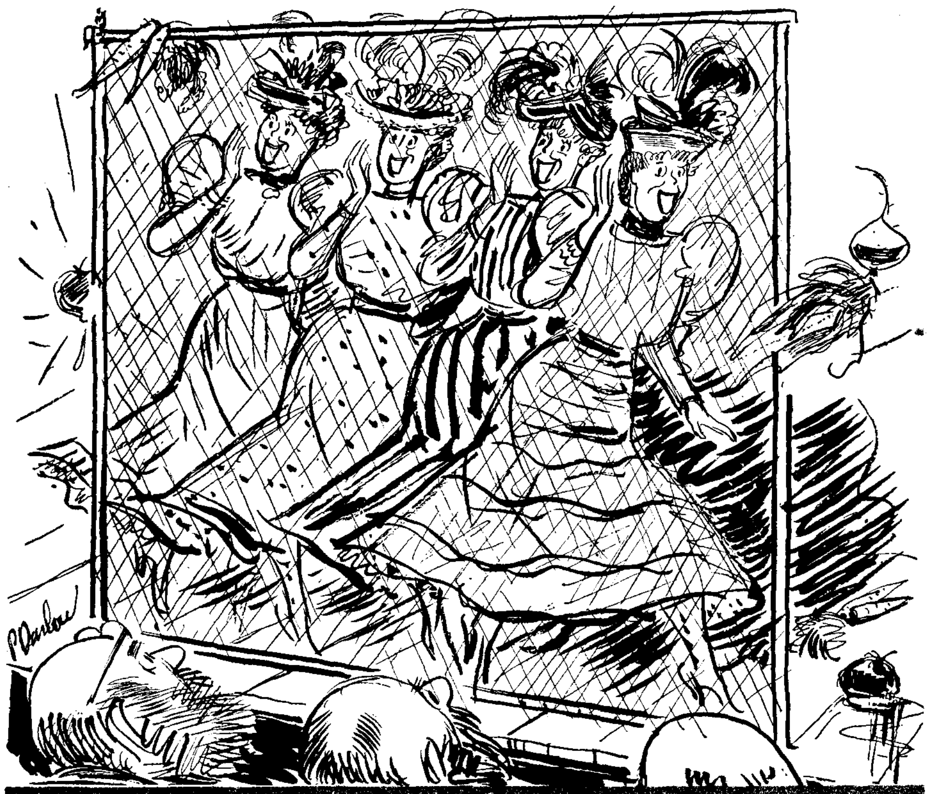


Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





In 1893, four stage-struck sisters from an Iowa farm, ranging in age from 17 to 22, appeared in a sketch of their own composition on an amateur program in Cedar Rapids which started them on the most fantastic career in American theatrical history. Being so incredibly bad and ludicrous that they required a wire screen to protect them from thrown vegetables, the girls played in the Middle West until 1896, when their "reversed fame" won them a $1,000-a-week contract on Broadway. Seven years later, the Cherry Sisters retired to farm life—with a fortune of $200,000.

U.S. assault troops now carry their pistols, rifles and machine guns, during landing operations, in a new, flexible, waterproof bag that keeps the weapon dry, and afloat if dropped, and allows it to be fired, in emergencies, while still enclosed.

A white rainbow was seen on the morning of November 8, 1944, at Malvern, England. This rare phenomenon occurs when the drops of rain are too fine for their refraction and reflection of the sun's rays to make visible the usual concentric bands of color and, therefore, the bow appears as white light.

The U.S. Army Pigeon Service has trained many homers to fly at night as well as to return to their base loft when it has been moved from 12 to 15 miles during their absence. But the men have so far succeeded in training only one pigeon to carry a message from its home loft to a distant point and return.

Only two women are buried in the crypt of St. Peter's in Rome—Countess Matilda of Tuscany (1046-1115), and Queen Christina of Sweden (1626-1689). . . . Drowning persons have been resuscitated even after they have been submerged for as long as 20 minutes. . . . On VE-Day, the sale of liquor will be suspended for at least 24 hours in several states, including Michigan, New Hampshire, Ohio and West Virginia.

The Wenshu Temple in Chengtu, Free China, owns a large collection of old Buddhist scriptures, the strangest of which is a 61-volume set of the Huayen Sutra, written by one man many centuries ago. Authorities estimate that he devoted about 15 years to the work and pricked his fingers with a needle some 400,000 times—to get the blood with which he wrote it.

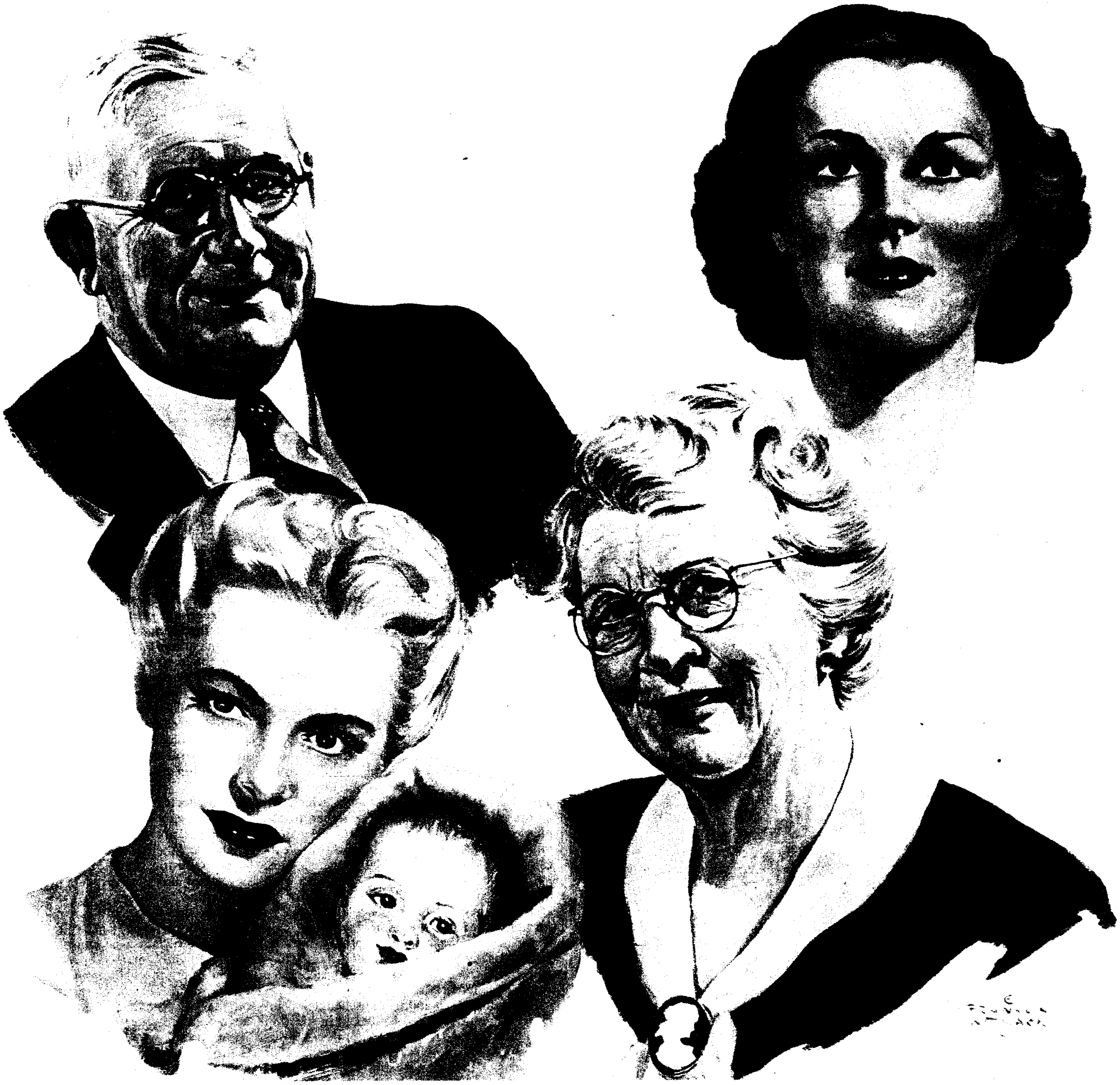
A new invention now enables fruit merchants in nine large Eastern cities to bid simultaneously against one another in buying at auction oranges which are offered daily at Winter Haven, Florida, and which are described in a government report issued the previous night. The office in each city is equipped with an automatic auctioneer which records bids on a screen in all offices, through an interconnecting, synchronized teletype system. When an offer is not followed by another within seven seconds, the word "Sold" flashes on all screens, and the next lot is put up for sale.

A new world's record for chess playing was made by Miguel Najdorf on October 10, 1943, at Rosario, Argentina. In a contest that lasted 17 hours and 35 minutes, this Polish chess champion won 36 of the 40 games which he played simultaneously against 80 opponents, or two at each board, while he alone was blindfolded.—*By M. M. Lemer, Jr., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania.*

One of the most unusual records in the history of sports is held by the California pole vaulter, Cornelius Warmerdam. Not only is he the only man who ever vaulted 15 feet, but he made 42 such vaults at meets held in the 44 months between April 13, 1940, and July 17, 1943.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network



To G. I. Joe They Too Are Veterans

They are veterans of work and of prayerful waiting at the altars of their faith.

G.I. Joe will be glad to see the Statue of Liberty and the scenes of his native state.

But above all, home to him means his own people—his parents; his wife and children, or his sweetheart. All that affects him affects his family, inseparately.

Fighting around the world, the members of our armed forces have done more for us than we at home could do for them.

They will return, not to collect their dues, but to continue their duty, ambitious to help build an even better United States.

Their training, their experience and their contact with other nationalities have widened their perspective. They have found a different world in the making. They have learned how universal air brings people vastly closer together.

Ours is the opportunity to make sure that our returning veterans may make their most effective contributions to our nation's growth and security. Together we must utilize the war-spurred development of global air transportation.

Yes, the veterans want to return to *you*, but not to *yesterday*. Their eyes are upon tomorrow—which will be as wonderful as we make it!

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

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It's a postwar Promise ... from
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Automatically CHANGES RECORDS IN LESS THAN 5 SECONDS
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ARMY NAVY

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Quick Change Artist—that's what you'll call your postwar Admiral automatic record changer. Smoother, faster changing. No surface noises. Fool-proof, trouble-free operation. Only 3 moving parts. Beautiful cabinet designs and new high fidelity performance will make America's smart buy Admiral Radio—America's Smart Set. Ask your Admiral Dealer for further details.

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Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

INTERNATIONAL

According to recent surveys, the majority of servicemen who aspire to aviation jobs after the war want to be in aeronautical engineering. The engineer above is experimenting with a Wright engine in a cold test cell

TO THE bluejacket off duty in the hot sack below decks and to the lonely G.I. and Marine holding down an inactive outpost, there frequently comes a strong desire to indulge in a little postwar planning in aviation. So he writes a letter to whatever agency he thinks can help, and this department has received its share.

Well, sir, as before the war, the aviation industry will be divided into three principal parts: scheduled airlines, private flying and manufacturing. Under each will be a multitude of subdivisions, some new, most old.

Before the war, there were about 350 airliners in continuous operation in this country. Each plane required about three crews and 23 workers on the ground, which includes everyone from the dispatcher to the man who pulls the wheel chocks. An optimistic estimate for the first five postwar years calls for an increase to 1,000 airliners. This, in turn, needs about six to eight thousand men as flight crews and 23,000 on the ground. However, many of these jobs will be filled by former airline employees now in the Armed Services, and the airlines naturally look to returned veterans of the Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service as valuable material.

Private flying, including nonscheduled commercial operations, is the element in aviation with the greatest—almost limitless—possibilities. Since the Crowell-Collier survey of last year, a half dozen estimates, pulse readings and predictions have been made by competent authorities, and the answer comes out about the same: between 200,000 and 300,000 private planes will be bought after the war, or roughly nine times as many as we had in 1941. This estimate may be changed if the helicopter and the combination automobile and airplane take a faster jump forward than is now anticipated.

OF COURSE, the potential nonscheduled flying market will critically influence the size of the postwar aircraft-manufacturing industry. A few big companies will build the giant global airliners, but these great ships will not be comparable in number with the aircraft that the average citizen will buy if he really wants to fly his own plane.

Serving both scheduled and nonscheduled flying, and an indispensable part of both, are the airports. Now before Congress is the Civil Aeronautics Administration's National Airport Plan doubling the number of airports—from three to six thousand—with the majority designed to serve the private flier. The new fields sought will produce 63,000 operational jobs. If these new fields are established, the nation will be served by a total of 6,305 airports, large and small. And the total of the estimated job opportunities created by all those airports will be 125,550. At the average large airline terminal, 200 men are usually employed in jobs ranging from the airport manager down to the man who keeps the grounds clean. At the smaller fields the estimate is from a low of ten jobs to a maximum of forty-eight.

Flight instruction will continue to be important, particularly if the Civilian Pilot Training Program is restored by appropriations from Congress, which already has legalized its extension for two years. And as personal planes become easier to fly, the flight instructors will doubtless change to salesmen-instructors.

LESS spectacular but nevertheless revenue-producing and challenging further development are a number of activities that might be labeled "Industrial Flying." One is crop dusting and seed planting, already developed but due for expansion. Another is hunting predatory animals by airplane.

Then the flying fire engine for forestry preservation work will certainly develop, producing such tasks as smoke spotting, dropping fire-fighting paratroopers and equipment, and directing fire fighting by radio.

The war has produced many more miles of oil and gas pipe lines and power lines. Low-level flying to spot breaks and leaks, carried on to a small extent before the war, is bound to grow. And aerial photography for all postwar reconstruction work will make jobs for the "photo recon" boys.

A brand-new and encouraging industry for the transportation of agricultural perishables through the use of surplus war cargo planes—to give New Englanders tree-ripened Florida citrus fruits overnight, Middle Westerners Maine lobsters, and Easterners fruits and vegetables from the West Coast—is developing encouragingly under the joint studies of the Departments of Agriculture and Commerce, and the Edward S. Evans Transportation Research.

More than 19 per cent of men now in the service want a career in aviation after the war, the Aeronautical Training Society claims, after having sent picked crews out to buttonhole soldiers, sailors and Marines in downtown Atlanta and Los Angeles.

The Aeronautical Training Society, representing the civilian schools which since mid-1939 have conducted all the Primary flight training for the Army Air Forces (the AAF taking the student from there and giving him basic and advanced military flying), found that of the 19 per cent, nine per cent want to be in aeronautical engineering; four per cent, aviation mechanics; two per cent, commercial pilots; one per cent prefer aviation radio, and three per cent aspire to manufacturing or miscellaneous activities in the industry. ★★★

MY TOMORROW...

The tick of the clock in the hall . . .
The feel of clean, fresh sheets . . .
A dog's bark and a boy's clear call . . .
The touch of a hand on my cheek . . .

They're all in my dreams of tomorrow.

The wheel in my hands and the air rushing by and the cool, crisp smell of winter weather and the first faint breath of Spring . . .

The miles sliding by and the trees flashing past and the signposts' flicker . . . the girl and the boy and the dog by my side, and the laughter and joy of being alive . . .

The song of a motor and the feel of a car, and her quiet, fleet speed, and the grace and the class and the free, clean pace of her . . .

The girl I love, my boy, my dog, my car . . . all the things I long for, all the things I dream of . . .

These things will be mine again in my tomorrow.

• • •

When Victory comes, Nash will go on . . . from the building of instruments of war to the making of two great new cars designed to be the finest, biggest, most comfortable, most economical, most advanced automobiles ever produced in their respective fields . . . the new Nash Ambassador in the medium-priced field, and the new Nash "600" in the low-priced field.

And we will build these cars in numbers three times greater than in our 1941 peak.

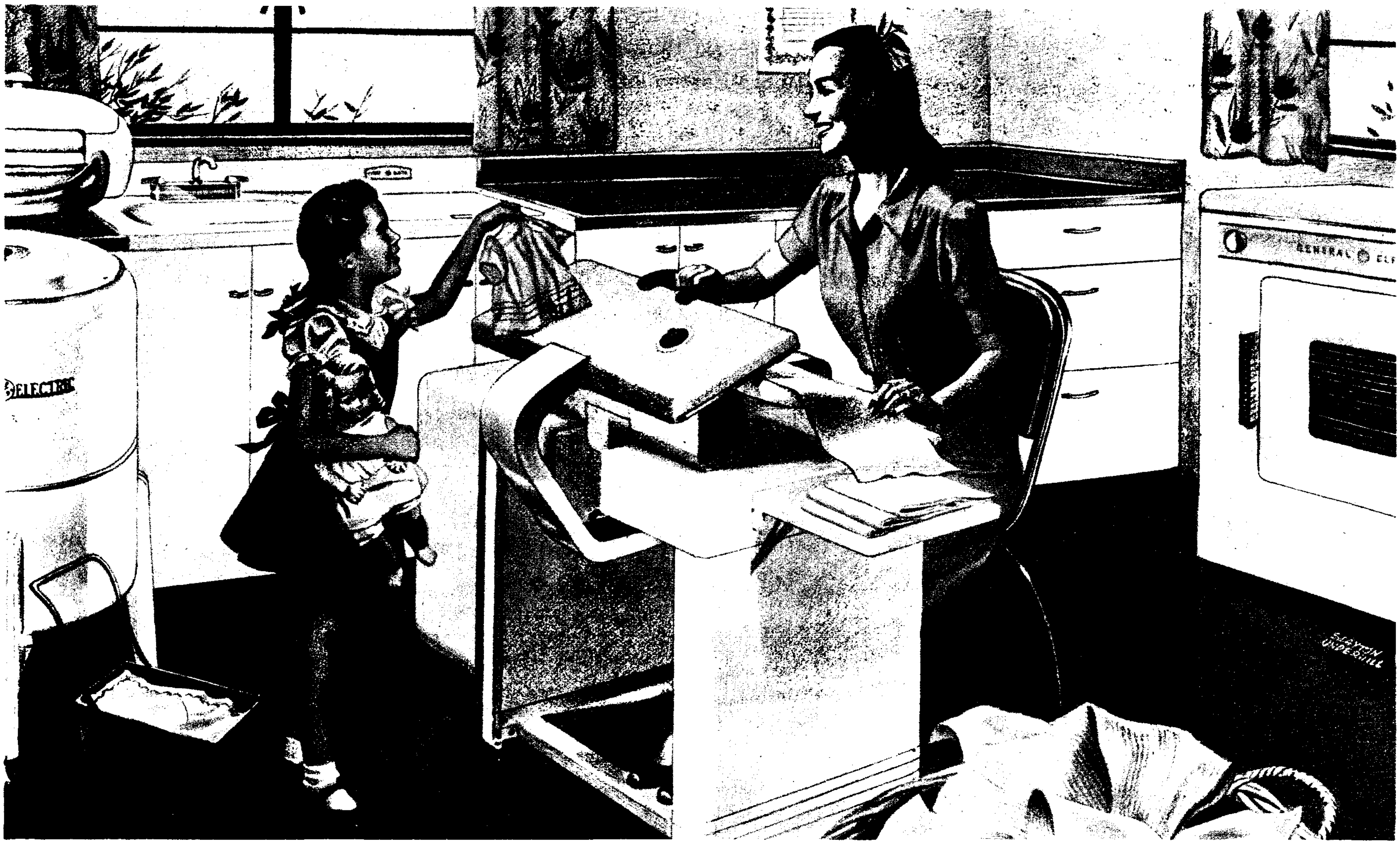
In this way, Nash will help contribute the jobs, the opportunities, the futures which will insure the strong, vital and growing America all of us owe to those who have fought to preserve it.

A New Radio Hit Show! Tune in "The Andrews Sisters" and Guest Stars Sundays 4:30 P. M. E. W. T. Blue Network

Nash MOTORS
Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation

Ironing won't be a bugaboo

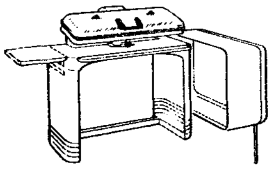
with a G-E all-electric laundry in your home!



MAYBE ONE of the reasons you've dreaded Washday is because *ironing* has always been such a boring, back-aching job.

Well, it needn't be.

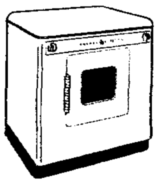
After victory's won, you can have a new General Electric *All-Electric* Laundry, with a wonderful G-E Flat-Plate Ironer in it! A shining, work-saving beauty that makes it a WHOLE LOT EASIER to turn out crisp, beautifully-ironed clothes.



You have to use it, to appreciate the G-E Flat-Plate Ironer!

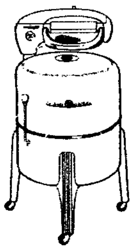
When it can be made again, your G-E dealer will have this fast-heating, *automatically* controlled G-E Flat-Plate Ironer. Go in and *use* one. See how *easy* it is to SIT DOWN and iron, simply by pulling a handle toward you. See how *fast* and how *perfectly* this 300-square-inch ironing surface turns out clothes . . . sheets, shirts, dresses . . . *everything!*

There'll be other work-saving wonders in your G-E All-Electric Laundry, too . . .



You'll dry clothes *indoors*, with the G-E Tumbler Dryer!

No more lugging heavy baskets. No more unsightly clotheslines. With the G-E Tumbler Dryer, a washer-load of clothes is gently "tumbled" dry in 20 minutes . . . less if you want them damp enough to iron. So no matter what the weather, you can turn out the family laundry *any day* in the week!



Wonderful Exclusive Features in the G-E Washer!

Only General Electric brings you "Activator Action." You pull a lever and this faster, gentler washing action goes to work. Coaxes out every bit of dirt *fast*, but *saves* clothes, too!

Only General Electric has the One-Control Wringer—tops for flexibility and safety. *One control* starts, reverses, releases. With a simple dial, you set correct pressure for every fabric . . . and it *stays even* throughout the roll. Strong enough for bulky woolens—gentle enough for daintiest frills!

Only General Electric has "Permadrive Mechanism." Four moving parts in a G-E Washer. Practically nothing to get out of order. Quiet. Rust-free. *Never needs oiling.*

After victory, watch for the new G-E Automatic Washer. Completely automatic. Washes, rinses, damp-dries, all by itself!

TUNE IN: "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC. "The World Today," news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., E. W. T., CBS. **FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS**

All-Electric Laundry

GENERAL ELECTRIC

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MARCH 17, 1945

Love Has No Alibi

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Café Society provides the background to this swift tale of two young people about whose heads broke a sudden storm of mystifying intrigue and violent death

I

THE door of the passenger elevator opened and closed. I counted four, which was about how long it would take for someone to walk from there to my apartment.

But my buzzer didn't sound. Way down the hall, I heard another door closing and I encased myself in a shell of disappointment. I knew now that I'd have to wait an eternity for the girl I was in love with. Perhaps five minutes.

I glanced around the apartment. It was neat as a pin except for the suitcase I'd opened when I dashed in from the train. I had showered and shaved and changed clothes and gotten out a half bottle of Scotch, a jigger, a bottle of soda and two glasses. I hadn't had time, or any particular desire, to do anything else. Waiting for Dana was a nerve-racking job.

I was alone, but still the apartment looked crowded. It consisted of one room which looked like a living room, but had a wall bed trickily concealed behind what appeared to be a closet door; a kitchenette with a refrigerator and a four-burner-and-oven gas stove, a sink and four roomy cupboards; a sort of dressing room and a bathroom.

It was furnished comfortably in a Grand Rapids motif: chairs that were made to relax in, a radio-phonograph, a couch, a gateleg table, and—near the two windows which looked down on the street—my drawing board, across which were scattered dividers, compasses, ruling pens, triangles, irregular curves, pencils, hunks of art gum and a bottle containing India ink. That was in case I got an inspiration when I was at home. I'm an architect, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1939.

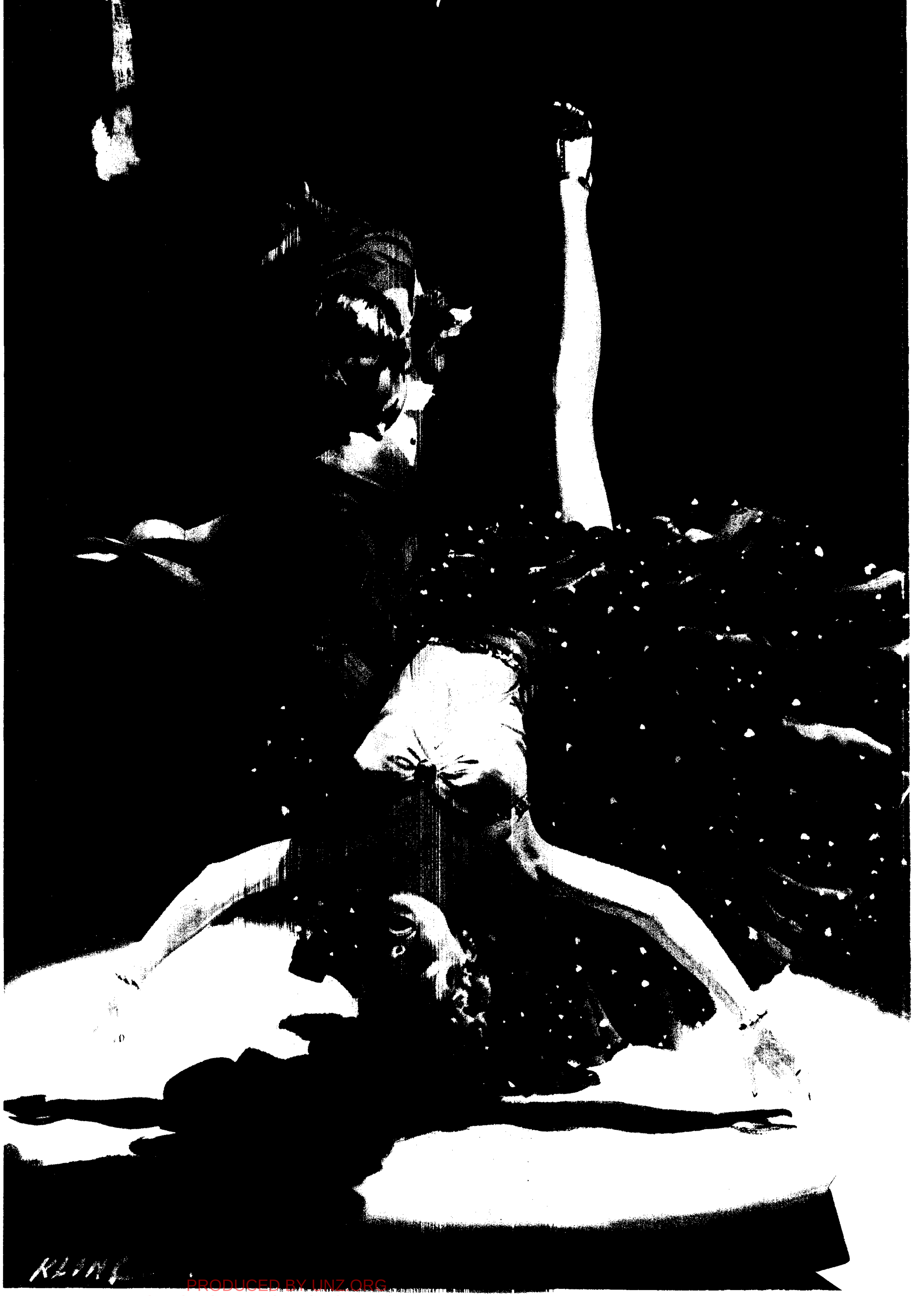
THEN the buzzer broke the silence. I hadn't heard the elevator door open or close. I hadn't heard footsteps in the gloomy hallway from which opened a dozen apartments which were duplicates of mine, plus a couple which boasted two rooms each.

I almost tore the door down in my haste to open it. Dana was standing there, framed in the yellow light of a discouraged ceiling bulb. She walked in and closed the door. I stood looking at her for a long time, and then I wrapped her up. She didn't seem to mind. I said, "You're twice as gorgeous. I wish your husband would let me marry you."

She walked past me into the room. She took off her coat and hat and tossed them on a chair. She had on a black dress with beige trimmings, and she didn't do it any harm. I said, "I wish I knew a lot of language. I'd start telling you how wonderful you look."

But I knew there weren't enough words in the dictionary for that. I might even describe her, but I could never explain how she made me feel.

She sat on the couch and started to pour highballs. I sat alongside and kissed her again. Then over the rims of our glasses we silently toasted each other and sampled the Scotch. She said, "I thought you'd never come back."



As dancers, they belonged together. Ricardo was a superb partner and Dana seemed to dance with her whole body. The team belonged in the upper brackets

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

"Eight days," I said. "Forever. But this is worth it."

"Nothing is worth being separated from you."

I said, "You wouldn't kid me, would you, Dana?"

"About what?"

"About . . . well, you know . . ."

"Being in love with you?" Her laugh tinkled across the room. "How else can I prove it?"

"That question," I said, "has an answer. But it's the wrong one. So we'll let it ride."

For the next few minutes we acted like a couple of silly kids. You'd have thought we hadn't seen each other for years. Every once in a while, I'd come down out of the stratosphere and try to remember that this was Dana Warren beside me, *the* Dana Warren, the Dana of Ricardo & Dana.

The world knew about Ricardo & Dana. This girl was one half of a dance team that ranked way up yonder with the best; toplining at the Club Caliente, grabbing fabulous money and choosing its own spots. On the dance floor, Dana was describable. Here, in my apartment like this, there wasn't a chance to make someone else understand what she looked like. To say that she was twenty-three years old, that she weighed a hundred and eight pounds, that she was five feet four inches high, that she had a lithe, slender, exquisite body, that her hair was nut brown, her complexion clear, her eyes big and gray . . . that was to give vital statistics which weren't important. It all added up to the fact that she was Dana Warren and that, by a strong effort at self-hypnosis, I could pretend she was mine.

Unfortunately, I couldn't maintain that illusion for very long at a time. I knew, all too well, that she was the wife of Ricardo Sanchez, her dance partner, and that they had been married for almost five years. The fact that they hadn't lived together for the last four and a half years didn't bring our relationship any closer to a permanent or satisfactory basis. All we could do was to be together constantly and to hope that Ricardo would some day give her a divorce so that we could marry.

We could hope that. But actually, we'd long ago gotten discouraged. Ricardo knew we were in love with each other, he knew that we were always with each other. But he had made it clear that he had no intention of giving Dana her freedom. There were reasons, perhaps the most important of which was that she was the best dance partner he'd ever had, and so long as the act continued to rank with the best in the world, he didn't give three hoots whether or not she was happy. In fact, it had occurred to us a good many times that he took a sadistic delight in keeping us apart.

WE CONTINUED working on our highballs, and slowly drifted back toward a semblance of normalcy. She asked about my trip and appeared to be interested in my recital. It was one of those things: conferences with middle-west city officials about an elaborate low-cost housing plan, discussion of specifications, speculation about the possibility of getting priorities on essential materials. It was all terribly technical and should have bored her to death, but didn't.

"With all those fascinating things to talk about," she said, "I'll bet you weren't the least little bit desolate."

I grinned. "I was, too."

"How much?"

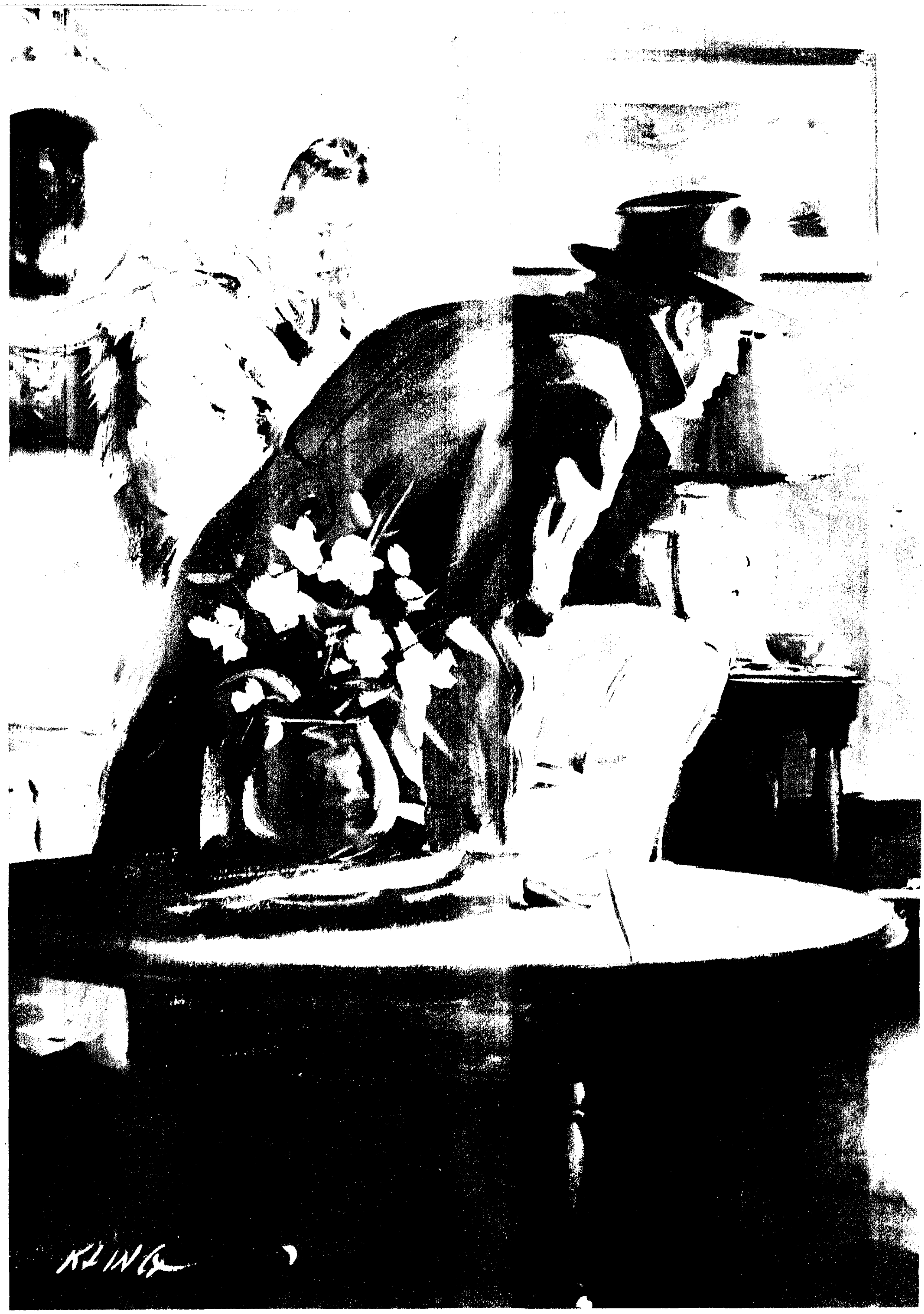
I gave a demonstration of a man recovering from being desolate. I said, "Now do you believe me?"

She looked at me steadily. There wasn't any laughter in her voice. "Oh, Kirk," she said, "I love you terribly."

She had a habit of flooring me with unexpected moments of seriousness. I did a little talking on my own account, and we sat close together, shutting out all the rest of the world.

Then she was on her feet and halfway across the room before I could stop her. "I need a new face," she called from the dressing room. "I'll be back in a flash. We've got to be going."

I yanked myself down from the crest of Olympus. I walked across to my drawing board and started opening the mail which had accumulated during my absence.



It was the usual stuff: three invitations to cocktail parties, letters from a couple of lads I had known during my brief Army service—before they'd put me on the politely styled "inactive" list and taken me out of uniform; several advertisements, an announcement that an armory where I had once enjoyed playing badminton before the war was once again available to the public at certain hours. And a long brown envelope from my bank.

I glanced at the calendar. February second. It was the monthly bank statement. I opened it and pulled out some canceled checks and a long yellow sheet of paper with figures on it.

I wasn't particularly interested. But then I saw something and started to laugh. I laughed so loud that Dana heard me and came into the room. She said, "Let me in on it, Kirk."

I was still staring at the bank statement and still laughing. I said, "Look: If I were a rich man instead of a poor, struggling hundred-dollar-a-week architect, would you climb mountains and swim rivers to marry me?"

"That'd be an inducement."

"So we'd better do something about it, Miss Warren. I'm wealthy."

She looked over my shoulder and said, "What's the joke?"

"Those lads at the bank. They say they never make mistakes. I'll say they don't. Only once in a while." I put my finger on an entry dated January 28th. "Take a look."

She uttered an exclamation. There it was, plain enough. "January 28th—by deposit—$100,000.00."

Dana said, "I can ride along with a gag. What is it?"

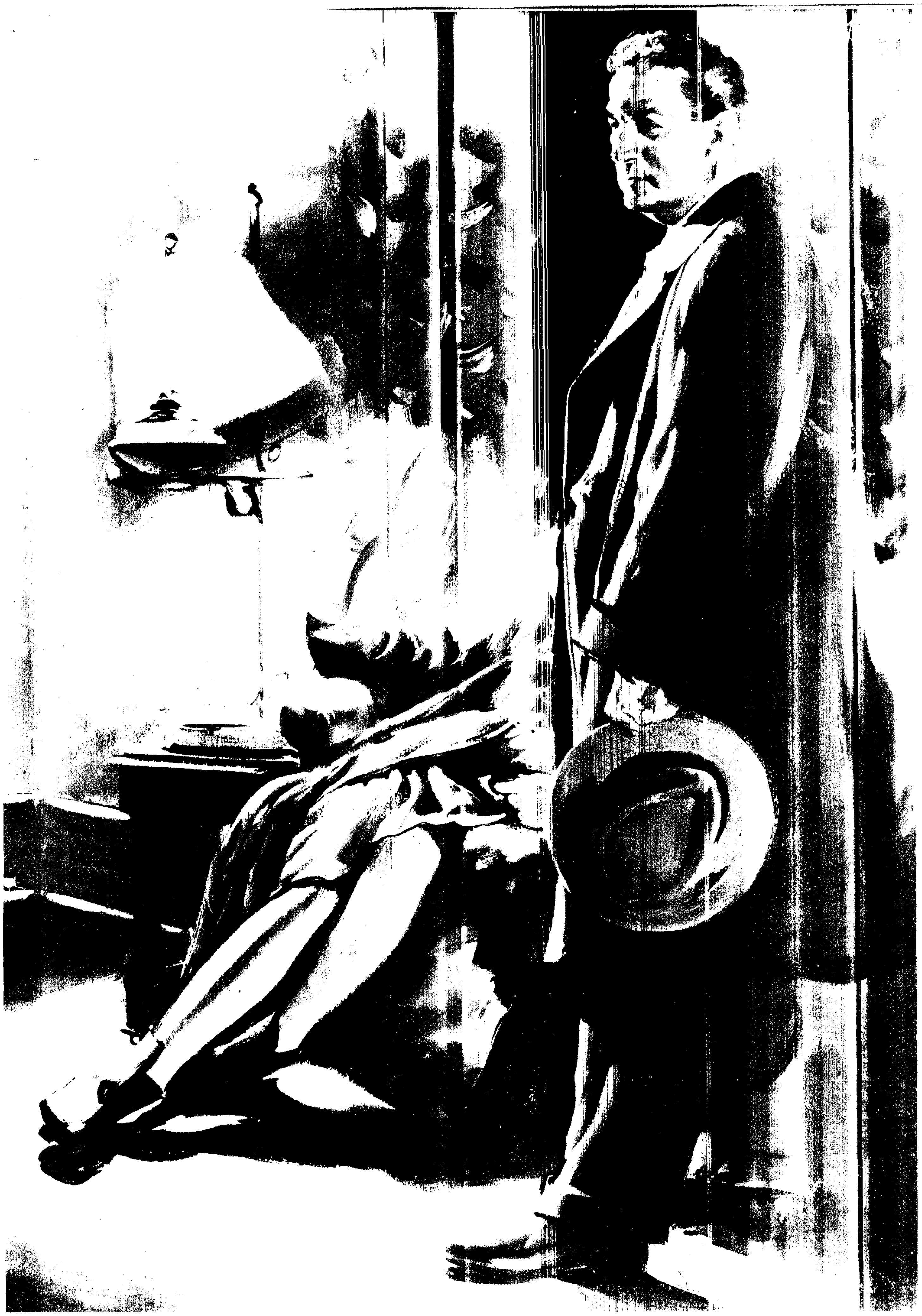
I said, "My real balance is $726.33. They probably entered the hundred thousand to make me feel good. Tomorrow I'll drop in and kid their pants off."

"Then you didn't make any such deposit—nothing connected with your office?"

"I'm not that important," I explained. "This is just one of those crazy things that can happen but usually doesn't." I looked at the final balance. $100,726.33. I said, "Let's have fun."

"How?"

"Just for tonight I am worth one hundred



Max Gold stood against the wall. He was watching Dana and me. I stared at the dead girl a long time, reaching far back in my memory, trying to place her

thousand dollars. We'll pretend it's mine. We'll pretend there isn't any Ricardo. I'll go to the club with you and sit through the dinner show. Then we'll go to a swank restaurant and make like millionaires. We'll drink champagne and eat steak. We'll insist on extra sugar with the coffee."

She said, in a solemn voice, "There is always a bleak tomorrow."

"Okay. I'll go back to being a poor man. But just for one night . . . why not pretend?"

She caught the idea. She always did, as a matter of fact. For one night we'd check our sanity and forget expense. I said, "I always wondered what I'd do if I had all the money in the world. Tonight, I'll do it."

"And wake up with indigestion."

"That's a horrible idea, and worthy of a low mind like yours. But we'll try it anyway."

She put on her coat and hat, and I grabbed mine from the hanging space behind the wall bed. I said, "I'll sit in the corner during the dinner show. On account I like to look at you. And all the time I'll be telling myself that in a little while I'll have you alone. That—plus my hundred thousand dollars—will make me feel superior to everybody else in the place."

We went downstairs and out the front door, and by some miracle I got a taxi.

The driver asked in a bored, patient voice where we wanted to go. I told him the Club Caliente. He turned around and stared at one of us. He said, "You're Dana, ain't you?"

Dana admitted that she was. The driver gave a low whistle to in[illegible]e was impressed. He said, "I get [illegible] collecks autographs. Would you gimme [illegible]?"

She took a visiting card and a pen out of her bag. When we got to the club she handed him the card. He thanked her profusely. I handed him his fare and a big tip. He forgot to thank me.

The Club Caliente was on the deep east side. It stood in the middle of one of those old neighborhoods which is in the process of transition from slum to swank. It was flanked on either side by tenements which dated back to the era when they were known as flats rather than as apartments. The entrance was on the street level; the club itself was downstairs in what had been a basement.

Chris, the doorman, was shivering in the icy February wind. But he smiled broadly at Dana and said, "Evenin', Miss," as he opened the door for us.

We walked down the richly carpeted stairs. Near the checkroom we ran into Ricardo.

He didn't look very happy. His handsome face wore a sullen expression. He glanced at us with obvious distaste. He said to Dana, "You're late. I suppose I can thank your boy friend for that."

She didn't say anything. She started back through the club toward the passageway that leads to the dressing rooms. Ricardo stood looking at me. It was the sort of look I didn't relish.

I felt an almost irresistible desire to hit him. But I didn't. Long experience had taught me to control myself. I shoved past him and went inside.

But I knew then—as I had always known—that things couldn't go on as they were. "Some day," I said to myself, "something drastic is going to happen."

THE Club Caliente was the newest of the really top spots. If you were a member in good standing of the Café Society set—the sort of a dope who makes the rounds just because it's the thing to do—the Caliente was a must on your itinerary.

It had started modestly and bloomed like a sunflower. Originally a small room, plus bar, in the basement of a middle-aged apartment house, it had caught on with the name crowd and therefore had attracted the suckers who enjoy spending big money for the privilege of breathing the same overstuffed air.

The original room had been doubled in size. The decoration job was a honey: cream and jade and expensive and soothing. The dinners were excellent, the suppers good, the drinks sizable, the service perfect. Show talent was always the best. The weekly outgo was terrific, but the take was even more so.

When I first met Dana Warren she was dancing at the Caliente. I got in the habit of hanging around, which, on my salary, threatened bankruptcy, but that didn't seem at all important when I balanced it against the prospect of seeing Dana. Since that time she and her partner had been to a lot of other cities and now they were back at the Caliente again for as long as they wanted to stay.

The arrangement of the place was unusual. At the foot of the steps was a check room and a sort of lobby. Passing through that, you swung back a heavy plate-glass door and entered the dimly lighted bar. There was a curtain between the bar and the main dining room so that the barflies who were not stuck with a cabaret tax couldn't see the show. Unless the curtain was carelessly pulled, which it usually was.

The dining room, with its orchestra stand and dance floor, now occupied all of an enormous rectangle which originally had taken care of everything: kitchen, rest rooms, dressing rooms and what-have-you.

To solve this need for more space, it had been necessary to lease the basement of the adjoining building, which was an ancient red-brick structure with two flats on each floor. Between the rear of the club and the next building, a passageway had been cut. It was a bleak, dreary, undecorated thing, badly lighted by naked bulbs which seemed always about to flicker out.

The orchestra stand was at the opposite end from the bar. Immediately behind it were the rest rooms, with modest designations on the ivory doors. To the right of the rest rooms were the storerooms and kitchens. To the left stretched the passageway leading to the next building. Rooms opened from that passageway: offices and dressing rooms. There was a big room for the lovelies who made up the line, and individual rooms for the principals. Three of these latter rooms had private baths. They were large and comfortable and you'd never guess that the

(Continued on page 57)

The FIRST HUNDRED YEARS..

Tecumseh, god of 2.5, the academic passing mark, wears his war paint on the eve of the Army-Navy football game

Lovers' Lane meanders through the tree-shaded Yard and is held sacred to the midshipman, his girl and young romance

Between dances at a hop: (l. to r.) Mid. E. S. Greenwood and Barbara Vance, both of Stamford, Conn.; Patricia McFee, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Mid. L. F. Jagucki, Bellaire, Ohio; Mid. Dick McLeod, Minneapolis; Anne Brewster, Philadelphia

By Frank D. Morris

The Navy's "trade school" at Annapolis is rounding out its centenary and is busier than ever training officers to lead the greatest fleet the world has ever known

THE United States Naval Academy opened for business in 1845 with forty midshipmen and seven instructors. Today the enrollment is more than three thousand, and the size of the faculty is proportionate.

At the opening session, Commander Franklin Buchanan, the first Superintendent, announced three of the school's major objectives, namely: training in obedience, temperance and moral character. Commander Buchanan, a firm believer in discipline, kept his charges well in hand, but his successor, five years later, wasn't so stern and soon the "Crabs" (citizens of Annapolis) discovered they had acquired a family of problem children. Liberty for the midshipmen usually meant drinking bouts, fist fights with the Crabs, and sometimes even duels between the midshipmen themselves. The new Supe was summoned frequently to call off his bad boys and on one occasion he complained bitterly, "Raining as it was, and sick as I was, I was aroused from my bed."

The next regime was stricter and even cut out drinking and smoking. Today the mids can smoke, under certain restrictions, but bartenders are forbidden by law to sell them a drink within a five-mile radius of Annapolis. Townspeople report the midshipmen now behave like little gentlemen.

At first the course lasted one year. The current wartime classes are graduated in three years, although the regular course is four. Graduates are commissioned ensigns (or second lieutenants in the Marine Corps) and, after a short leave, report to active duty. A third of the last class to enter the Academy are former servicemen.

Admission age is seventeen to twenty-one, and the candidate must either submit an acceptable high-school certificate or pass a stiff entrance examination. He must also plunk down a $100 deposit before he goes on the Navy pay roll. His salary as a midshipman is $780, and the government also throws in eighty-five cents a day to pay for his meals.

From reveille at 6:15 A.M. to taps at 10 P.M. the midshipman is a busy beaver, rushing to formations, policing his quarters, studying, reciting in class, drilling and eating. The last activity is one of the most popular, for the mess hall uses up a carload of potatoes every three or four days, and the daily order to the milkman is 550 gallons. The middies consume more than five hundred pies at one meal. The food is served by 227 colored mess attendants, and there are a hundred chefs and helpers in the galley.

After a steady diet of work most of the week, the midshipmen have fun for dessert on week ends. Saturday afternoons they engage in or watch the sports in season, Saturday nights there are movies and occasionally a "hop" (meaning dance) to which the upperclassmen "drag" their "femmes." A large fleet of sailboats, ranging from yachts to dinghies, is available for short cruises on the Severn River and Chesapeake Bay. Sunday night after supper, Joe Gish (any midshipman) resumes the grind, bends over his books to bone for the ensuing week's classes.

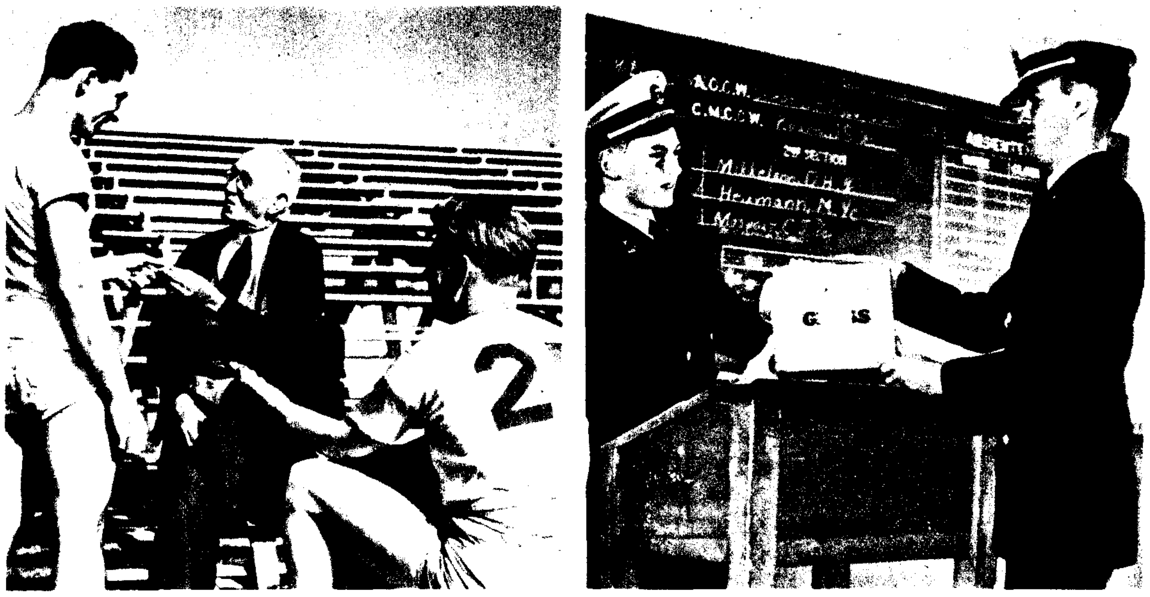
On Graduation Day he puts all this behind him and tackles an even tougher job, starting at the lowest rung of the commissioned officers' ladder in the Fleet. Then Joe is paid $150 a month, plus allowances ranging from $66 to $102 monthly. Add ten per cent to this if the brand-new ensign is given duty overseas and add fifty if he becomes a flier or a submariner.

Then Joe Gish sets his sights on an object in the far distance—an admiral's stripes.

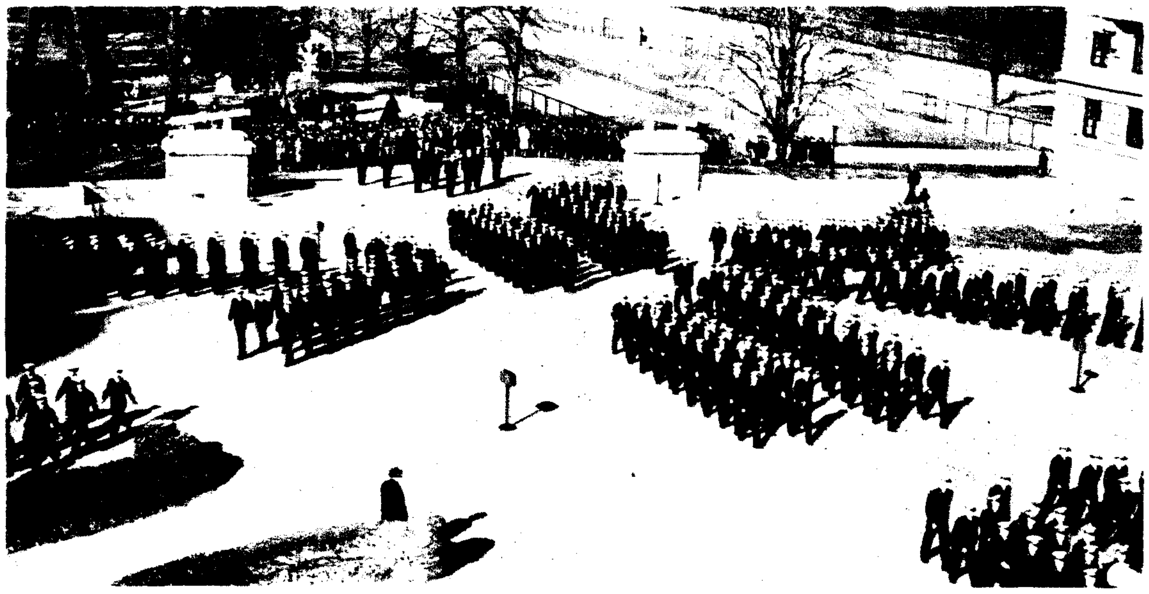
★★★

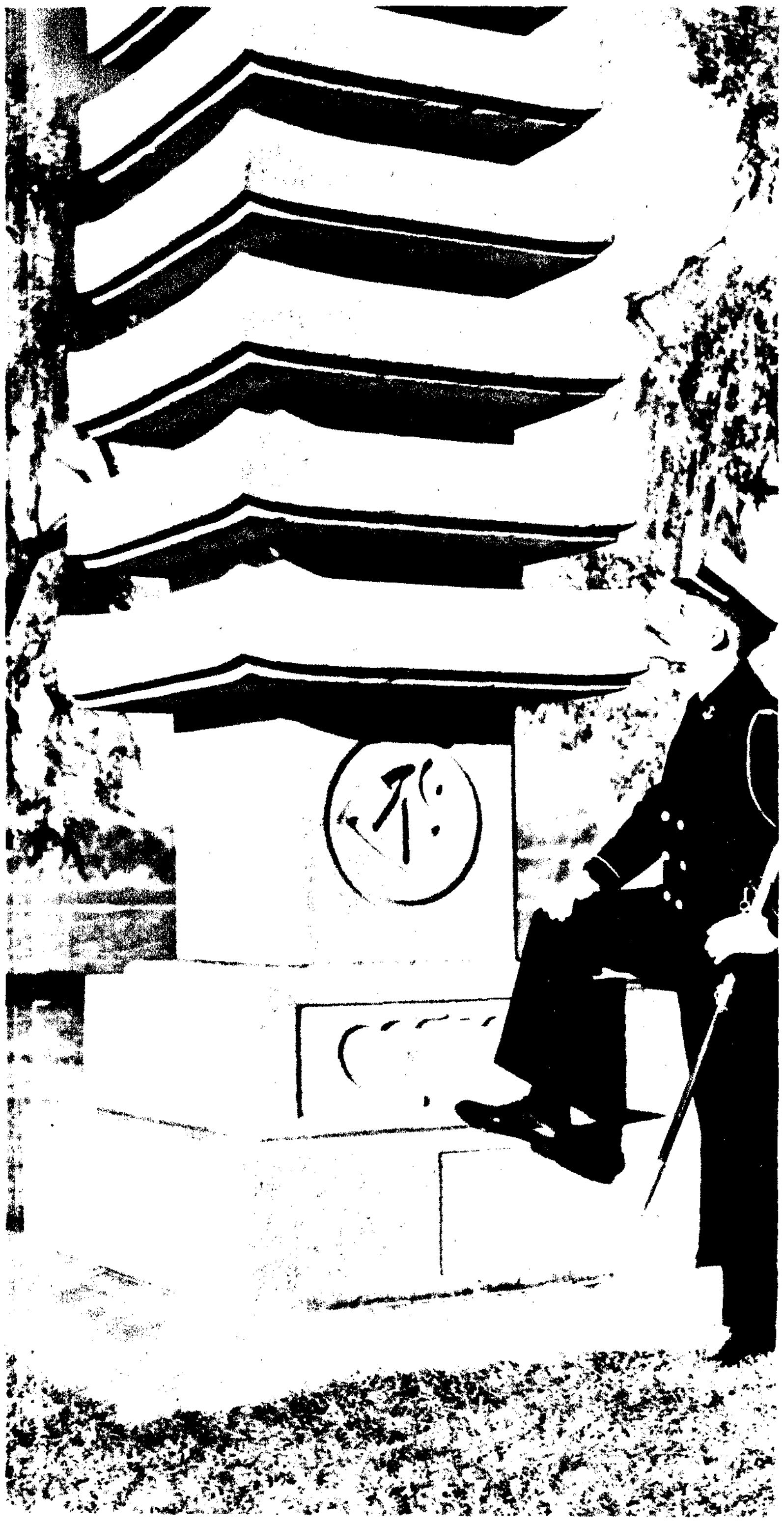
Two week-end "drags" inspect the "Joe Gish" room, a display model of neatness for all midshipmen to emulate. The girl trying to pick up those shoes can't. They're nailed down to foil souvenir hunters

A Plebe (first-year man) is given a lesson in posture and discipline by a stern Youngster (second-year man) in his room



"Doc" Snyder, veteran trainer of Navy athletes, passing out candy peppermints, his favorite hobby. At right: With a share-the-wealth look, Midshipman Officer-in-Charge hands Plebe a package from home





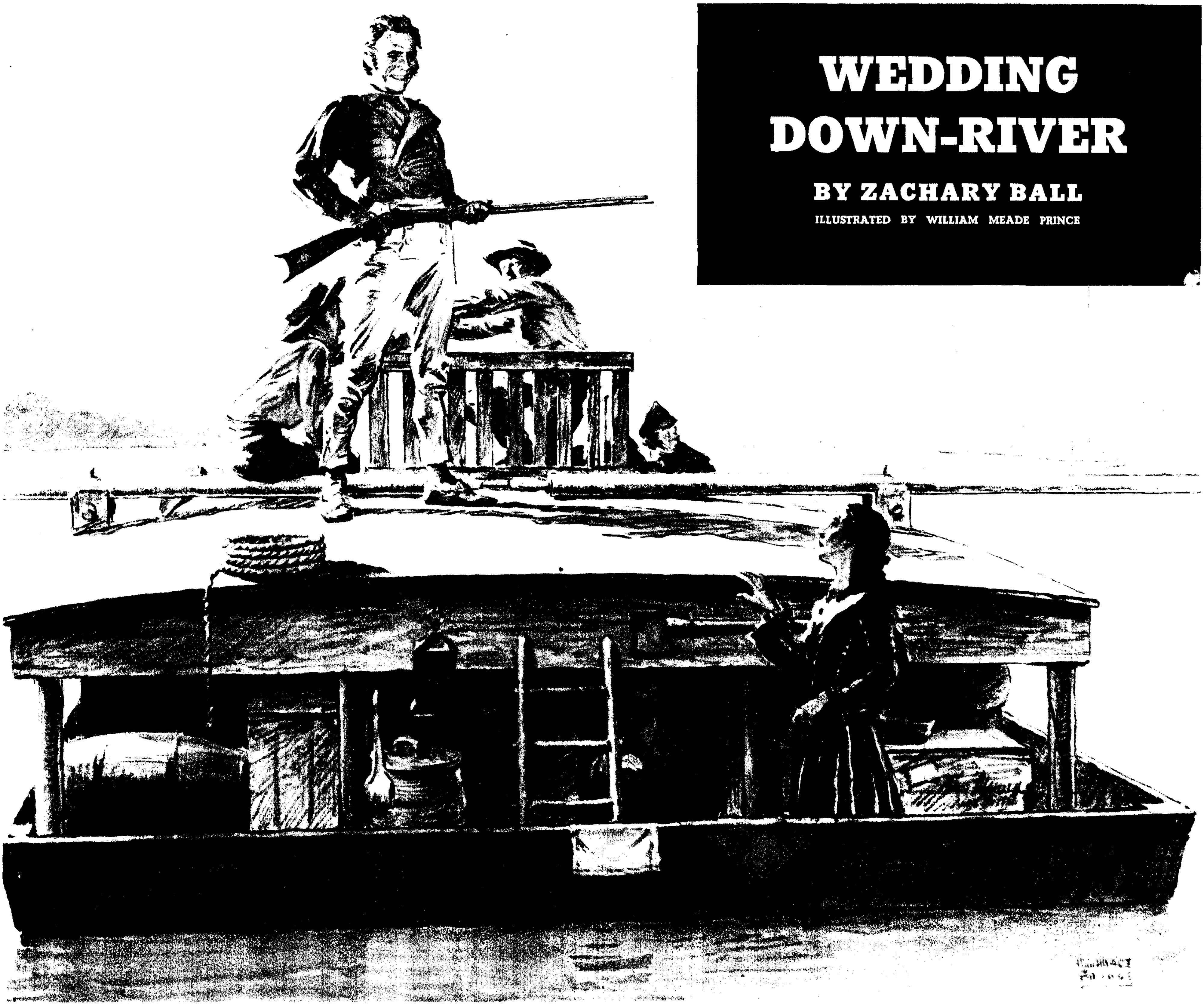
Marching to the mess hall for the midday chow. At right: Prewar monument presented by Japan to honor Ambassador Saito whose remains were carried home by cruiser Astoria, later sunk by the Japs off Savo

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALAN GOULD

WEDDING DOWN-RIVER

BY ZACHARY BALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



Zina stopped and looked up. Eb grinned. "I know where we could all go to a dance tonight," he said

Zina floated serenely down the Mississippi to her wedding, all unaware that her bridegroom would be a stranger

THAT morning twenty-one days ago, the four flatboats had poled out into the Ohio as soon as the men got them lashed together. The people on the boats waved to those on the Cincinnati landing, and the children shrieked, and the cattle and sheep and hogs on the flatboats mooed and bleated and grunted.

The flatboats were tied end to end, and Zina Gradby stood alone on the running board of the first boat, as excited as the others, her face lifted, letting the crisp breeze push against it.

During the three weeks that followed, the flatboats had passed the falls, the bandit den, Cave-in-Rock, and Memphis and all of the exciting places everybody had looked forward to seeing. But they had been on the Mississippi for days now, and it was disappointing. Most of the time the shores were a long way off, and it was just flat, muddy monotony.

But Zina was still excited over the trip to New Orleans. A trip like this was what she had wanted ever since the man she now called Uncle Horace had found her in the back country, a child of seven, after the Indians had killed her parents. So last April when Seth Vanderpool asked if she would like to take a trip downriver to New Orleans, she said "Yes" without knowing what he meant.

It was after the first time she'd gone to a frolic with Seth that he asked her. He'd just brought her home, and standing on the ground in the moonlight, looking up at her on the front stoop, he had told her he was going to New Orleans to be a big commission-house owner.

"My father's having a flatboat built for me," he said gravely. "And we've taken in enough pelts at the store this winter to give me a good start in a middling mercantile shop."

Zina waited for him to go on.

"Thinking about settling set me to thinking about marrying," he said. "And I finally decided on you."

"I'd rather wait until we get to New Orleans for the marrying," she said, after a moment.

That was all right with Seth. He kissed her on the cheek and went hurrying away into the moonlight.

She climbed to the loft and lay quiet on her shuck tick a long time, thinking about the long, wonderful trip on the river. Next morning she told Aunt Martha and Uncle Horace about it.

Aunt Martha was glad, because she'd always said Seth Vanderpool was the smartest boy in the settlement.

Uncle Horace said, "Likely he'll turn out as stingy as his father."

THAT was at breakfast, and by suppertime, Aunt Martha had decided Uncle Horace was too old to ride circuit any more and there was bound to be a place for a good preacher in a city as wicked as New Orleans. By bedtime, Uncle Horace had consented to buy lumber to build a flatboat.

The Tuckers and the Blades built flatboats, too, and there were three families going on each of their boats. But they were going only as far as Natchez, where they would buy wagons and go on West to take up land.

Now, standing in the bow of Seth's boat, Zina watched Seth pull out his handkerchief and wipe his face. "Sun's pesky hot for September," he growled.

"I like it," Zina said. She was watching a little white flatboat coming across from the right bank into the line of their drift.

"You're the beatin'est," Seth said, scowling. "I hate the river. I wouldn't care if I never saw it again."

"Watch the planters," she said, pointing ahead and to the left.

Seth saw the black snags and motioned to the man back at the sweep in the stern of the last boat. The line of flats began to swerve. Seth slid the gouger oar into its lock and helped pull the boats away from the snags ahead.

When they had passed the danger, he said, "Thanks. Anyway, you liking the river helps out. How many times have you read The Voyager now?"

"Five."

"You must have your copy about worn out."

"I'm going to keep it always," she said. "There's a bar about the next big bend. We'll have to look out for that." She was still watching the little white boat.

"We'll end up by me losing my cargo of pelts," Seth grumbled, "and all of us getting drowned, to boot."

She sighed and thought: Or get married.

"What's that fool trying to do? Run into

(Continued on page 49)

EUROPEAN

Typical of ruthless methods Nazis used against Polish patriots in Warsaw is this flame-thrower attack

WARSAW TRAGEDY

BY WALTER TAUB

RADIOED FROM EUROPE

For more than five years the people of Warsaw were trampled under the heel of a Nazi occupation force. Here is the story of the climactic phase of that occupation, the abortive revolt which brought only death and destruction to the Polish patriots

THROUGH the years, Warsaw has seen soldiers of many foreign intruders march through its streets and markets. German, Swedish and French military boots have tramped there, but never before has this town met a foreign force as it received Marshal Zhukov's victorious rolling army last January 17th. From cellars and caves crept emaciated old men and women with children pressed to their dried-up breasts to wave greeting. To them these forces were deliverers.

Elna Gisted, Swedish-born actress who feels like a Pole, didn't experience this glorious day in Warsaw, where she had lived for more than twenty years. She had escaped to Stockholm. Her last experience in Warsaw was its second capitulation. Yes, you remember, almost exactly to the day five years after the first capitulation, Warsaw was forced to give up once again, this time after the much-discussed revolt which started on August 1, 1944.

Elna Gisted was in Warsaw at that time taking an active part, one of the thousands who suddenly obeyed the signal to revolt. But before that, Elna Gisted—married to a Polish merchant, Kiltynowicz—had lived through the entire five-year nightmare of occupation. She had seen a band of German soldiers come with twenty manacled Polish patriots to Nowy Swiat, one of the main streets, and place them in full view of the people in the street. A sergeant then gave an order: "Fire!" and twenty men rolled in their blood. "Now will you lose your desire to sabotage our construction work?" shouted the sergeant to the spectators, and he marched proudly off with his heroes.

The whole spectacle had been merely a little warning. But the Poles, schooled for centuries in battles for freedom, didn't hear with that ear. The next time a similar warning was to be given on Nowy Swiat, the German unit was attacked by Poles right in the open street, and their imprisoned countrymen were set free. The patriot army was always ready.

"Each Pole felt his responsibility in relation to the underground opposition movement and its all-seeing eye," says Mrs. Gisted.

Sometimes a group of patriots would step onto the stage in the middle of rehearsal and call an actor to them; he had in some way collaborated with the Germans. The sentence was the usual one, carried out immediately: A cross was shaved on his head. In less serious cases, a letter to the collaborationist was enough. The message: "Shave your head, or we will come and do it."

Mrs. Gisted retrospectively calls this period "the luxury hall of hell." It was to become worse. In April of 1943, Warsaw's ghetto fought its final battle in which Jews armed with light hand weapons, who had risen in revolt when they heard they were to be deported to "corpse factories," were mowed down with Panzer flame throwers, artillery and aircraft. The fight was fought to the last Jew's last cartridge.

Following Red Army Tradition

Last summer the Red army was advancing on the southern and northern sectors. But Marshal Rokossovsky, who led the attack on Warsaw, followed the Red army tradition not to storm a town from a prestige viewpoint if this would cost immeasurably heavy losses and involve risking the entire front. So, on the 26th of July, the Red army halted.

An express order had been spread among members of the opposition movement on the 29th of July: "A state of alarm." Mrs. Gisted, who lived on Saska Kempa on the other side of town over the Poniatowski Bridge, wended her way as usual that morning to Nowy Swiat. She had rented some rooms in an annex building which formerly housed the British Embassy. As long as the occupation lasted she refused to act for the Germans. So she opened a coffeehouse—At Elna Gisted's—with room for 200 guests. Ten young unemployed actresses were waitresses, a stage manager acted as barman, an elderly actress sat at the cash desk, and only the kitchen and the cloakrooms were staffed by professionals. Now and then a waitress set dishes down on the table and sang some popular song to the barman's accompaniment. It always seemed as though the joy which was banned from town had found refuge here.

"But it wasn't like this between July 29th and August first," Mrs. Gisted says. "I noticed something in the air. But I was informed by my husband about the developments. On July 30th, the order for the state of alarm had been rescinded, and some leading men were called to a meeting on July 31st at ten o'clock. After the meeting, all were sent home immediately. Someone managed, nevertheless, to ask, 'When shall we strike?' and got the answer, 'We must wait; we have no ammunition.' Yes, it was only too true. It seemed to me as though everybody on the streets had been changed. They seemed excited and uncertain.

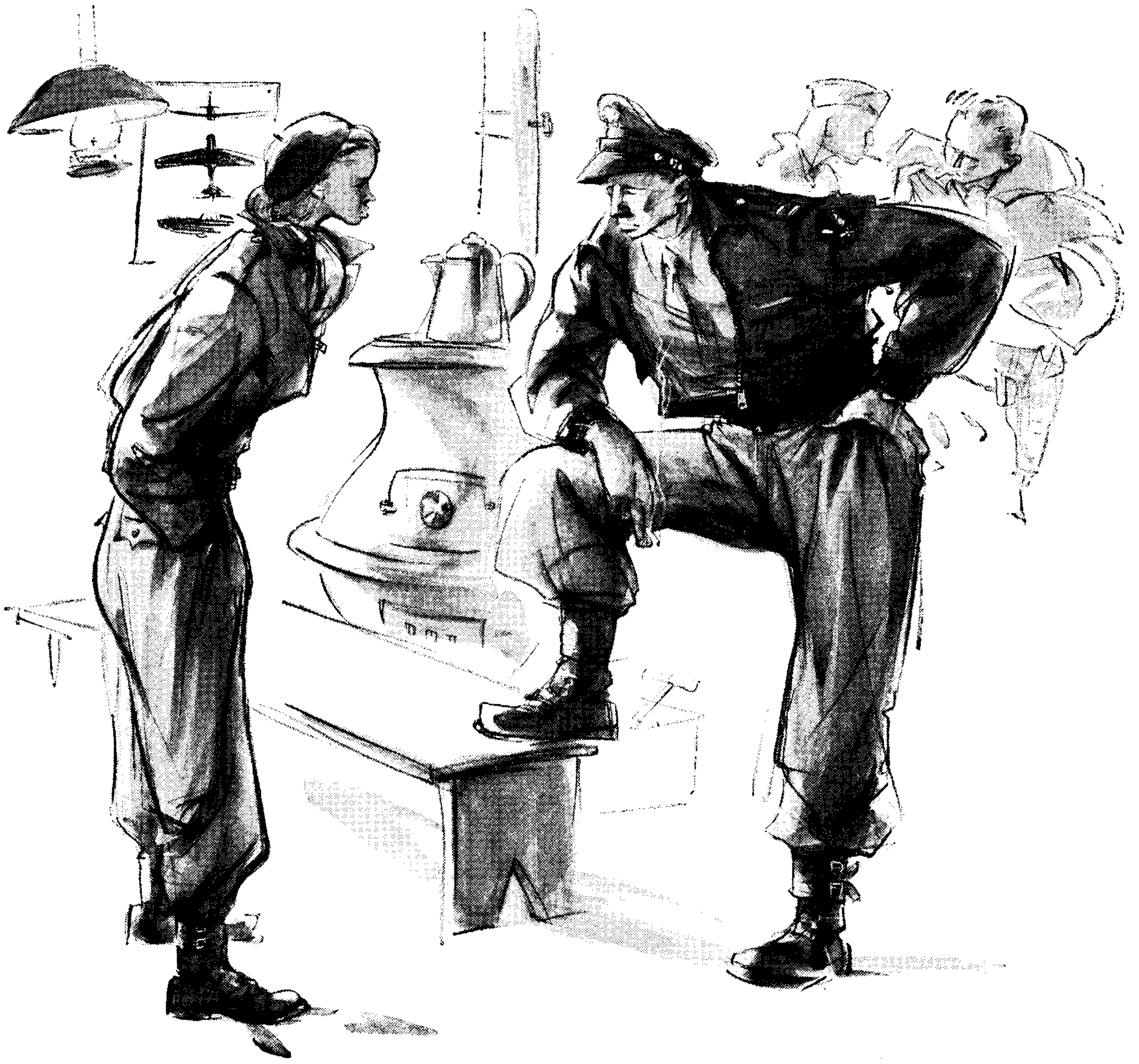
"Everyone thought (as my husband and myself did): What sort of revolution will it be without arms against the Panzer? Nevertheless, it started. Word had been given that there was to be a revolt. On July 31st, my husband met a former major of the Polish army who whispered, 'Close early tomorrow! It's a full state alarm,' and then passed hurriedly on.

"I shall never forget that day. At exactly twelve o'clock, the cloakroom man rushed away, taking a joyful farewell from me with the words: 'We shall meet again after the war—soon.' I understood where he was hurrying. I wanted to contact my husband but he was on

(Continued on page 79)

Wounded survivors of the fatal revolution by Warsaw residents who surrendered when supplies ceased

INTERNATIONAL



Night Life
IN THE SKY

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

Collier's girl correspondent sat on a wobbly crate and flew over Germany looking for enemy planes at night. Her nose ran, her oxygen mask slipped off, her stomach got mad, she was scared and she froze. They didn't down any Germans, but otherwise that's routine life for the Black Widow pilots

RADIOED FROM FRANCE

IN THE daytime the field was ugly as all forward airfields are, with the improvised buildings of the Ninth Air Force squadrons and a tent hospital outlining its edges. The air was thunderous with planes, and everyone looked small, eaten with cold and intently busy. But when darkness comes, all these fields are silent and nothing moves and they seem like plateaus on the moon. When darkness comes, the Black Widows take over.

The major commanding the 435th Night Fighter Squadron of the Ninth Air Force must have been all of twenty-six, blond and tough and with the hard, tired look one is used to seeing on the faces of all the young. He was making a speech. His squadron headquarters had been pieced together from the wood of a German barracks and it was very cold, with one iron stove to heat the room, and badly lighted by a few unshaded bulbs.

"Lady," he said earnestly, "everyone shoots at us. Friendly bombers and friendly flak and enemy flak and enemy fighters. Just anybody at all; they all have a right to shoot at us. I wouldn't advise it."

Last night one of their planes had been shot down, and the squadron doctor, who had driven over to the place where the plane crashed, returned to report that nothing remained of the pilot and the radio operator except four feet and two hands. There is never any time for pity or sorrow; at least, there is no time to show these feelings.

"Well," said the major, "if you're going, you better come with me. I'm on the first mission."

We ate supper at five, and it was already night. They had their mess in a large, untidy, dark, icy house. The pilots and radio operators ate in a big room wearing their flying clothes, and they passed heavy dishes of lukewarm unpalatable food around the long tables, and they laughed and shouted to one another, eating in haste.

A captain beside me began to list again the horrors of night flying until the major said, "She's coming with us now, so leave her alone. Tell her something good."

Flying Can Be Beautiful

The captain said at once, "It will be beautiful, anyhow; it's certainly beautiful up there and it's going to be a fine night."

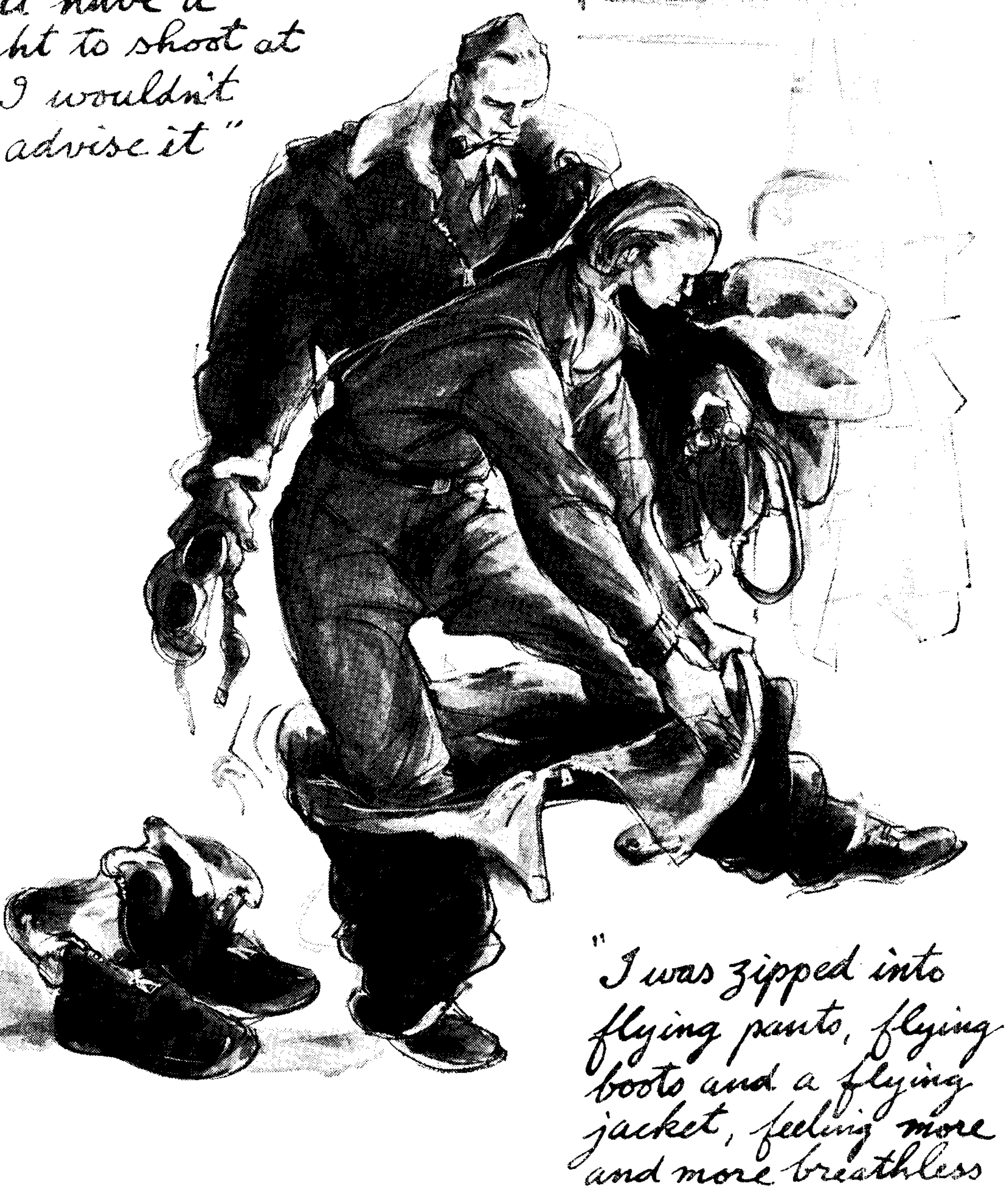
I handed a bowl of congealed mashed potatoes to the major and thought that the myth of the glamorous lives of pilots is the silliest myth of all. Actually they live like hell at these forward fields. It is only one step better than the foxhole. Mostly they sleep in tents, and there is no escaping the cold, and there is nothing to do but fly, sleep, eat and wait to fly again. They do not apparently see anything remarkable in these living conditions. They always speak with pity of the infantry who have a truly "rugged" life.

After supper we went back to squadron headquarters. I was zipped into flying pants, flying boots and a flying jacket, feeling more and more breathless at each layer. The major appeared with an oxygen mask, and there was some difficulty in fitting the thing.

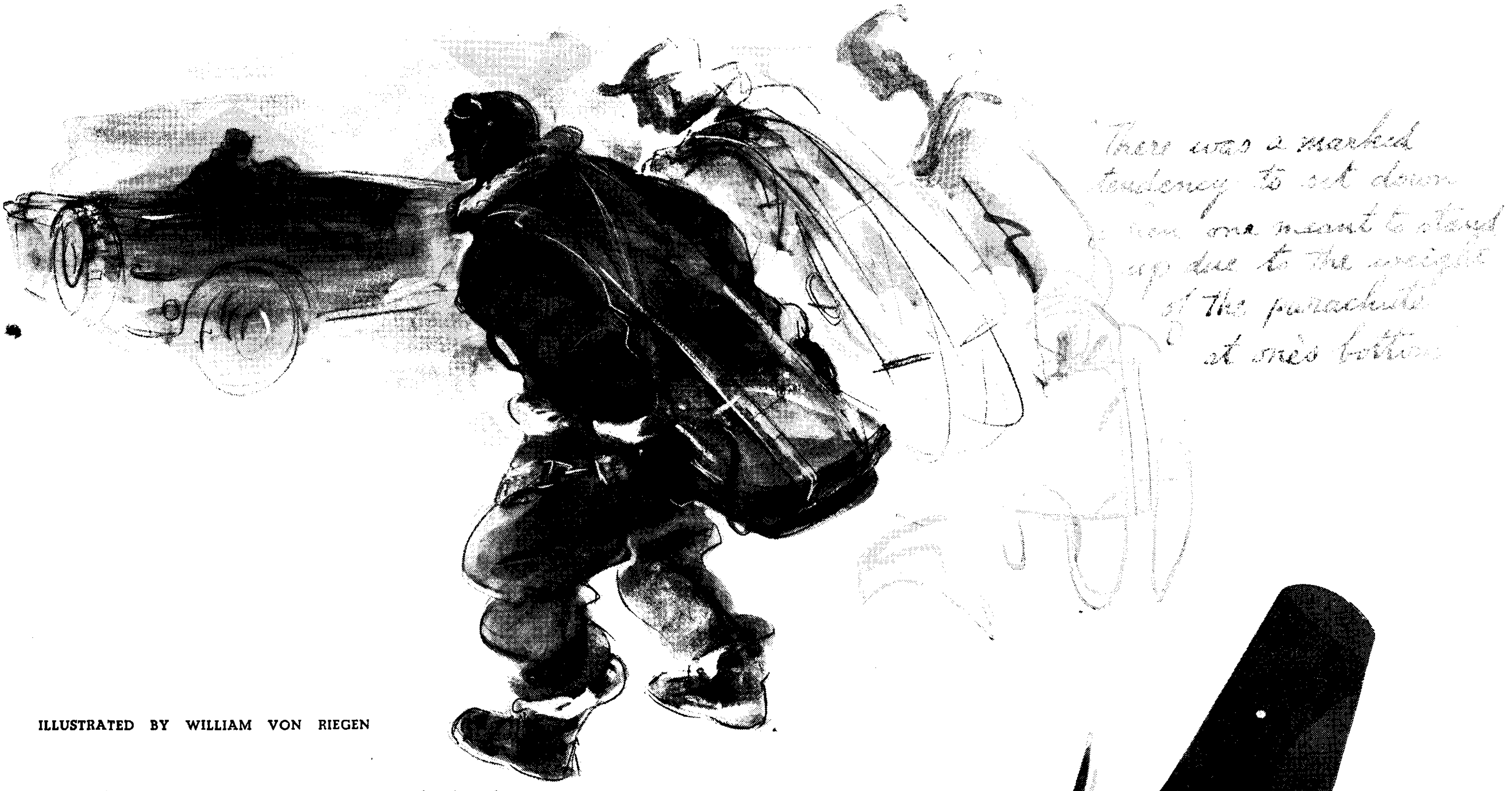
"They didn't make these for ladies," he said. "Can you breathe?"

Someone was stuffing gloves in my hand, and someone else was attempting to fasten a parachute on me. I found

"They all have a right to shoot at us. I wouldn't advise it"



"I was zipped into flying pants, flying boots and a flying jacket, feeling more and more breathless at each layer"


There was a marked tendency to sit down when one meant to stand up due to the weight of the parachute at one's bottom

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

myself choking inside the mask and shook my head, and the major said, "Okay, that'll do."

We now piled into a jeep again: the major, the radio operator, the driver and I. It was pretty difficult to hoist one's body around, and there was a marked tendency to sit down when one meant to stand up, due to the weight of the parachute on one's bottom. It was so cold that one shrank into one's clothes and felt oneself shriveling in the wind. Now we could see the sleek, sharp outlines of the black plane ahead. It was a beautiful plane with the two upcurling tails and the long narrow wings, and it looked in the night like a delicate, deadly dragonfly.

No one spoke in the jeep. The radio operator said thoughtfully, "This is the worst part of any mission." After that, we were too busy to think about better or worse.

The major climbed in the cockpit and began getting the plane ready. The radio operator was delegated to give me the necessary information. This was all so hopelessly mad that it could only be taken as a joke. He said in the dark, "If anything happens, you turn this handle."

How to Make a Quick Exit

"What handle? Where?" I said to myself nervously; I could not find the wretched thing.

"That will open the trap. Then turn this other handle on the right; it's wired but you won't have any trouble. That will drop the ladder out, and then all you have to do is fall out backward. You know where your ripcord is, don't you?"

"Yes," I said sadly.

"If anything goes wrong with those two, you turn this handle on the cowling, and that whole piece of glass will fall out, and you can climb out through that; it's a little narrow with all those clothes on, but it will be all right, I guess. Well, that's about all," said he. "Have you got a cushion for her?" he asked the crew chief, and from nowhere a rather flat little sofa cushion appeared and was put on top of the wooden crate which was to be my seat. No one was intended to ride back here in the glass bulb between the twin tails, and there was no seat or safety belt.

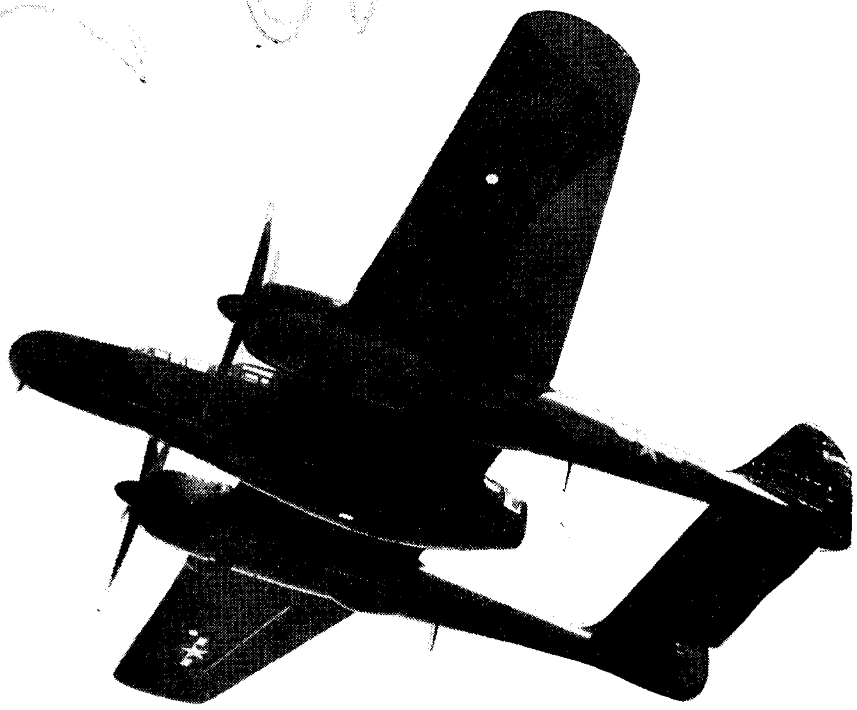
"Oh, and your oxygen mask," said the radio operator. "It plugs in here and this is your earphone plug-in."

I had given up hope by now; it was all too complicated, and I thought gloomily that every one of these darned wires would come undone, I would fall out without meaning to or get hurled off my crate and mashed against the confused steel sides of my little glass case and I was already cold, and so I decided to try very hard to think of something else, like for instance a nice hot bath or next summer or going to the movies.

Meanwhile, a brisk, businesslike conversation went on in the cockpit; everyone's voice came through the earphones so deafeningly that I could scarcely distinguish words, but from the tone of it, it sounded as calm and sensible as if you were talking about whether there was enough gas and oil in the car to get to the country club.

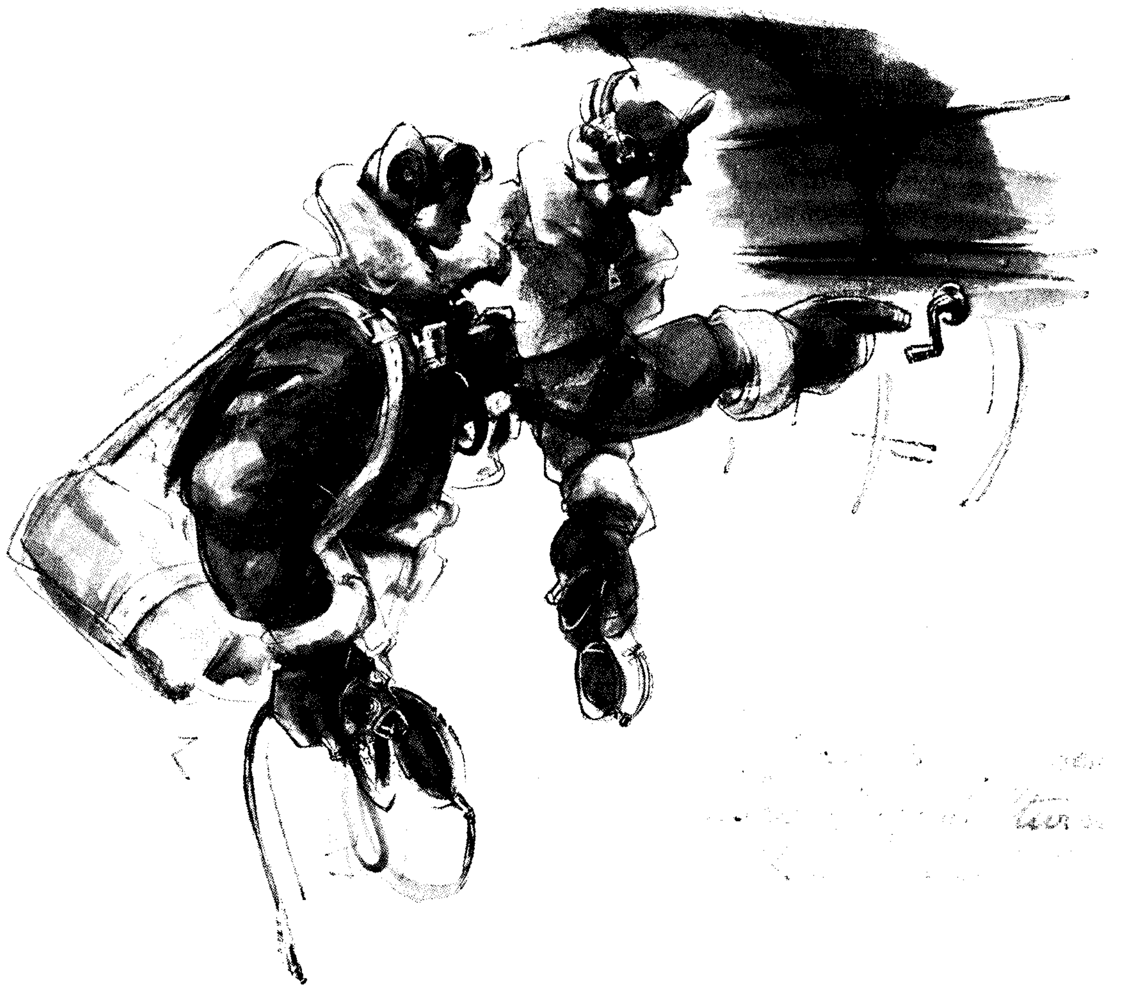
We simply hurtled into the night and soared for the stars. I have never been part of such a take-off; and the actual feeling of flying became so intense that one felt free of the plane and as if one were moving nakedly and with no hindrance through a sky that was bigger

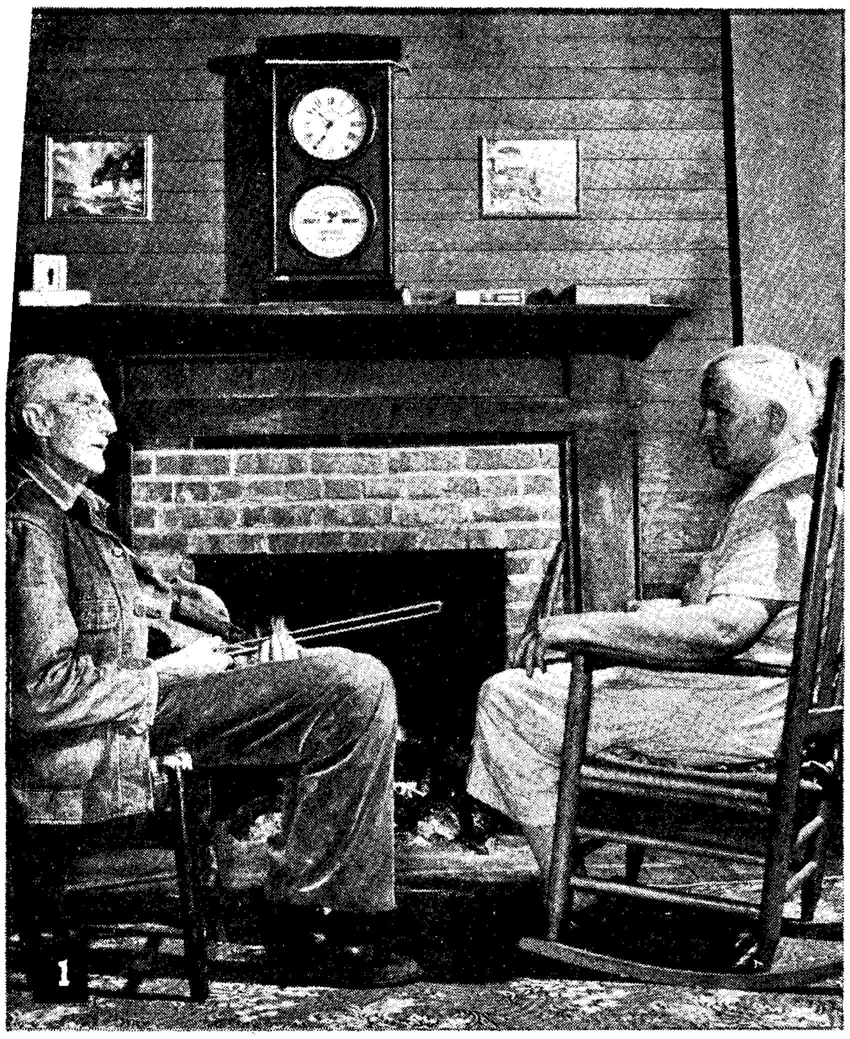
(Continued on page 31)

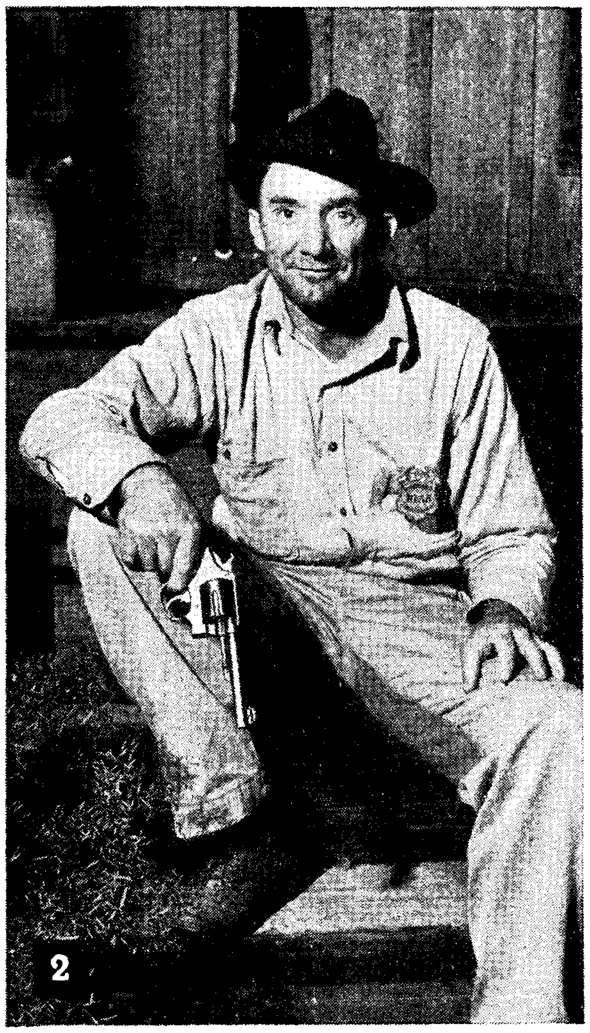


"The Black Widow is a beautiful plane that looks in the night like a delicate deadly dragonfly"

ACME







The Sullivans

OF SULLIVAN'S HOLLOW

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

Unfolding the Bang-Bang History of Mississippi's Most Legendary Family, and how they got that way

1 Despite all the shooting, you can live happily and long in Sullivan's Hollow. Mark's Mack, now 80, married his cousin Virginia 53 years ago. Mack once built a chimney with a secret hiding place for the gold of his brother "Money Frank," who soon tore it down because he couldn't stand the idea of someone else knowing where his money was. Asked to look into the fire for one picture, Mack told us, "Ah'd much rather look at you. Ah've been lookin' at thet fire for over fifty years and nothing ever happened"

2 Dan Peter Sullivan, a discharged vet, gets $50 a year as The Law in the Hollow. Moonshine liquor is his big problem

3 Geraldine, one of 500 Sullivan school children, gets a roll book from Superintendent Kylie Sullivan of the "preachin', teachin'" Sullivans. Though she's from the "ordinary" branch of the family, she hopes to be an algebra teacher

4 Devie Jane marks the sixth Sullivan generation to live in this cabin. It was built over 150 years ago by "Ole Tom"

5 Rass Sullivan wanted to run us out soon after we made this shot of him. We were saved by a girl who claimed us as kin

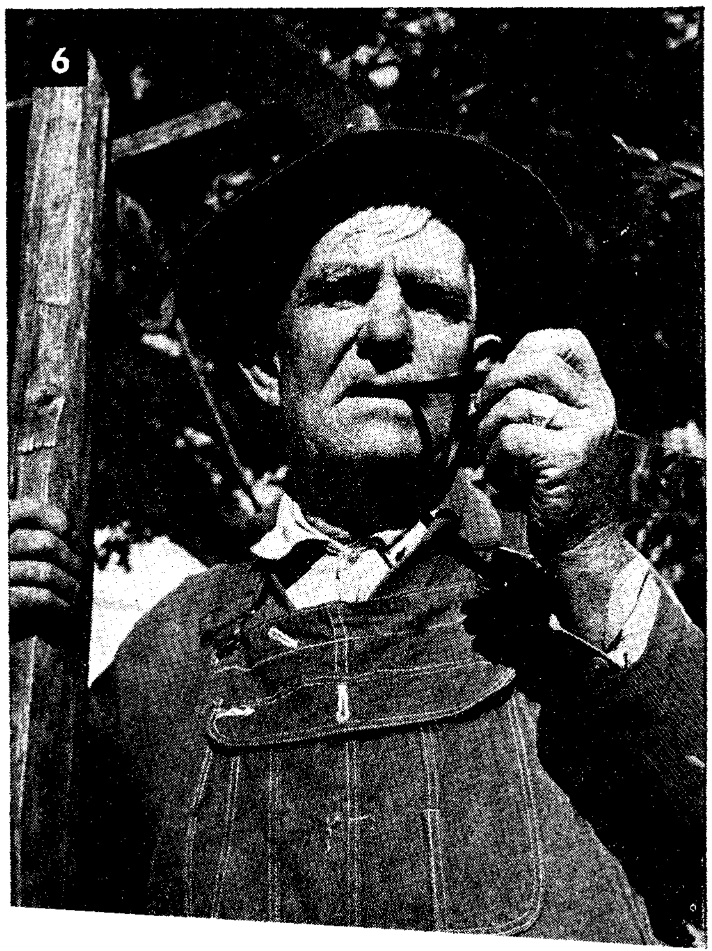
6 Perhaps the best known, most respected of present-day Sullivans is "Smoking Joe." One of his boys, Pershing, has been decorated as a hero for his service in Italy

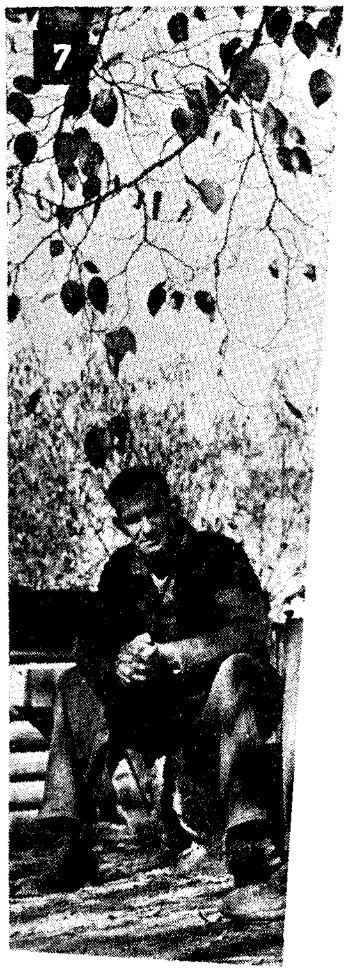
7 Fred and his wife, who was also a cousin, rest with their son Walter in their yard. Another son, who carries mail for the Hollow, has the tough job of sorting mail properly

8 Mrs. Thelma Dardan (shown in her flower garden) and her husband are both part Sullivan. Their son, Lt. Walter, has won the Air Medal and two Oak Leaf Clusters overseas

9 Ed and his son Hines stack cane for molasses making. Like most Sullivans, they live quietly, work hard. The cabin on the left was the birthplace of Wild Bill and Hence

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS





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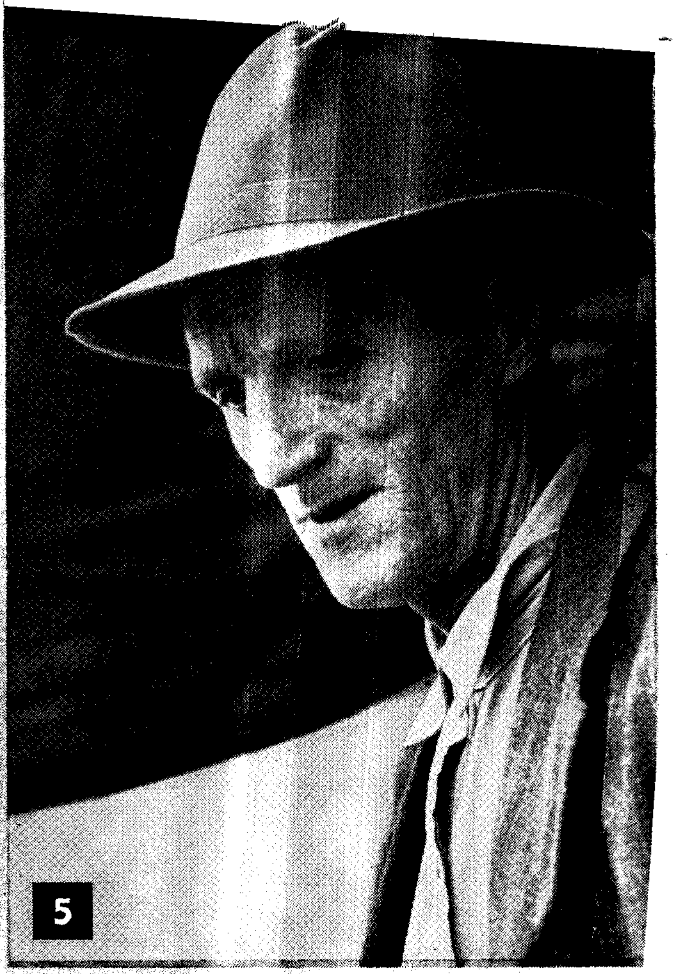

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YOU can't go long in the deep South before you hear of the Sullivans of Sullivan's Hollow—terrible tales of Sullivan murdering Sullivan, Sullivan marrying Sullivan, of fighting and feuding, of ambuscades and revenge for deeds done a generation before. Soon we learned that, in Mississippi particularly, Sullivan's Hollow is a commonplace synonym for general lawlessness, covering everything from murder to moonshining and resisting arrest, and that the Sullivans are the most legendary family in the state.

The Hollow, "so full o' Sullivans yuh can't throw a stone without hittin' one," is in Smith County, Mississippi, and a place called Mize is its "capital." It is not far—ten miles beyond Hot Coffee, near Soso.

"Yuh fellas better not go up there," one farmer told us. "Thet's rough country 'n' mean people."

A businessman in Laurel said, "It isn't hard to get there, but Ah'd not guarantee your return."

Finally, in the state's new oilfields, we met a rigger who'd been born there. "Thet's purty rough up there," he said, "but yuh go up 'n' go see old Ed Sullivan 'n' Smokin' Joe Sullivan. Tell 'em yuh want to write up a hist'ry o' the Sullivans, 'n' they'll help yuh. They's decent people up there as well as bad 'uns," he concluded with a grin.

So, with faith in the decent people of Sullivan's Hollow, we got off the bus at Mize, a sprawling hill town of two hundred people. Its main street looks more like a Western cowboy town than anything you ever saw in the movies. Though it contains a half dozen general stores, a post office, a poolroom, a café and a bank, they have been so beaten by the rain and faded by the hot sun that they are virtually indistinguishable. Set back from the street is a cement-block building that serves as a lockup. Except for a handful of men squatting on their haunches by the bank or under the sagging tin roofs over the sidewalks, the street is nearly always deserted.

Mize has no hotel, but we had no trouble finding a place to stay. Mrs. Mary Lee Clark, an easygoing motherly woman who operates a general store, just took us home with her.

"Shucks, boys," she said, "Ah'm no Sullivan, but Ah know them all. Ah don't think you'll find any better people than the Sullivans. They work hard and pay their debts. Now you just go ask them anything you want, and they'll tell it to you."

We soon found out that the Sullivans are the most rip-snortin', whisky-drinkin', pistol-packin', hard-workin', ornery, money-savin', go-to-church people in the world. So they say, at any rate, and we're not going to argue. We can only tell their story as they tell it, without trying to vouch for all of it. We tried for a few days to nail it down, to separate fact from the rich, colorful fantasy of a lusty American family's folklore. But, except for the almost useless testimony of tombstones, there are no records, not even a family Bible, and no one likes stories of their wild doings better than a Sullivan.

We remember meeting Fred Sullivan. He squinted, frowned and said, "Us Sullivans are jest about the meanest people there is. Hain't no crime we ain't committed. We're guilty of 'em all, 'n' we're jest so mean we doan' care."

When we said we didn't believe it, he sighed with disappointment: "Shucks, ev'y now 'n' then yuh git aholt of a fella who's skitterish, 'n', boy, when we git one like thet, Ah sure like to lay hit on. But jest the

(Continued on page 82)

8

9

Gertrude

BY ISABEL SCOTT RORICK

Man's most faithful friend is the dog—but when Mrs. Cugat accidentally acquired one that resembled an anteater, Mr. Cugat found that fidelity can create complications

MRS. CUGAT, hands plunged into the pockets of her jacket, turned briskly into the park. Her head was up and her step springy. It was one of those bright October mornings when the air is sharp with leaf smoke and a promise of frost, a day when there should be bells pealing. Little yellow leaves swirled and danced on the path ahead of her and it was all Mrs. Cugat could do to keep from pirouetting and skipping in imitation.

The path rounded a clump of shrubbery, climbed to a rustic bridge, then arched over a small ravine. She paused at the top to look down, and was startled to see a little boy sobbing, his face buried in his arms.

Beside him sat what was, possibly, a pink anteater that had just had a new permanent. It was attached to him by a rope.

Mrs. Cugat cleared her throat, and the little boy raised his head. "Hey," she said, "what are you doing down there?"

"Crying," he replied coldly.

The creature leaned over, kissed him perfunctorily on the ear and resumed quivering interest in the doings of a squirrel on the opposite bank. Fresh sobs broke forth and, throwing his arms around the animal's neck, the child buried his face in its strange-colored wool.

"Oh, here now!" protested Mrs. Cugat, hastening to the end of the bridge. "You mustn't cry like that!" And with her own eyes smarting in sympathy, she plunged down the slippery bank.

The sobs stopped and the little boy lifted his head with a sigh, pulled a handkerchief from his back pocket, blew his nose and turned resignedly. The beast's tail thumped politely but its eyes stayed on the squirrel.

"Whatever is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Cugat, kneeling down beside them. "Can't I do something to help?"

"No, ma'am," said the boy with dignity.

"But something must be wrong to make you feel so bad," she insisted. "Can't you tell me?" His tears brimmed over again and he wiped at them angrily. "Here," she said anxiously, pulling a bag from her pocket, "have a peanut."

AT THE sound of the crackling paper, the anteater whined and thrust an eager muzzle into Mrs. Cugat's lap.

"Down, Gertrude," said the little boy gravely.

Mrs. Cugat gave Gertrude a peanut. Gertrude kissed her gratefully.

"I don't see," said Mrs. Cugat, getting out her handkerchief to wipe her face, "how anybody with such a—lovely—pet could feel so sad themselves."

"That's just it," said the little boy. "My mother says I've got to get rid of her."

"Get rid of her?"

He nodded, swallowing. "She gets on Mr. Flambo's nerves," he said when he could speak, adding morosely, "Mr. Flambo's our boarder."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Cugat.

"I'm supposed to be taking her to the Animal Shelter now," he went on, and then, suddenly opening up, "but it just doesn't seem fair. The Animal Shelter is like a jail. Gertrude won't know what to think—she's very young."

"Couldn't you try to find another real home for her somewhere?" suggested Mrs. Cugat, distressed.

"I did try—everybody in our block—but nobody'd have her."

Gertrude, fixedly eying the peanuts, wagged her tail and nudged Mrs. Cugat. Mrs. Cugat gave her another and sat back on her heels and pondered. Just ten minutes ago she hadn't a care in the world—and now look! How could she walk out on a situation like this?

The little boy looked at her hopefully. "You couldn't let her live at your house, I suppose," he ventured. "She's a very unusual-looking dog and nice to play with."

So it was a dog.

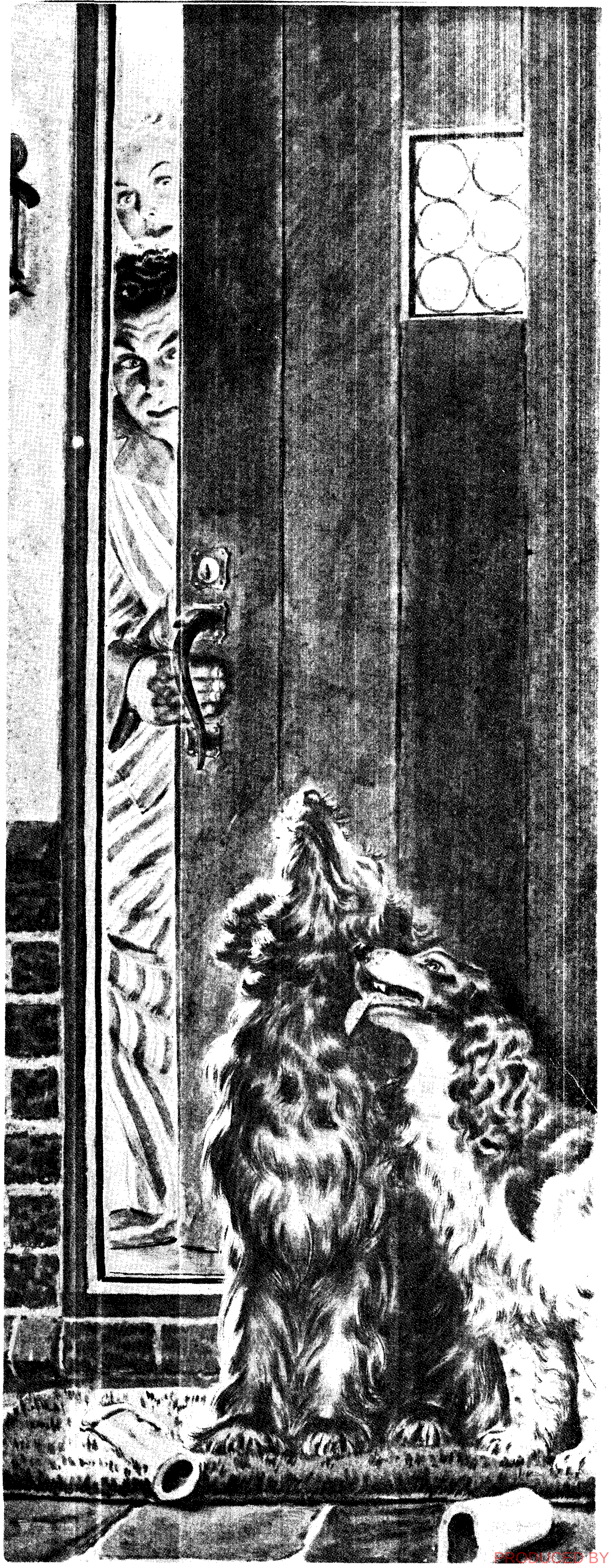
"Oh, I hardly think so," Mrs. Cugat interpolated hastily.

"If you did," he said sighing, "why then I might come over and see her once in a while."

"But you see," she explained, "we have a cat."

"Ho! That's all right," he laughed relievedly. "Gertrude's very nice to cats. We have one, too, and they sleep right in the same basket."

Mrs. Cugat looked at Gertrude. She was, certainly, very unusual-looking indeed—a little like something from the Pre-Ice Age. Her head was small and rather long, her eyes reptilian, a low body, hung with ropy wool, sloped *(Continued on page 74)*



It seemed provident when they let Gertrude in the next night—this time partnered by a spaniel—to just feed them both and raise the maid's wages

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Jimmy Imazzi, mustered ou[illegible] [illegible] shakes with Frank Ke[illegible] [illegible] completing plans for a new business

Opportunity's DOOR KNOCKER

BY D. C. O'FLAHERTY

During the depression Frank Kenna made money by setting up other men in business for themselves. He thinks his methods will provide incomes for two and a half million veterans

WHEN the hum of the [illegible] is no longer heard in the land, when John[illegible] [illegible]ne marching home and made the rounds of [illegible]ployment agencies, what then? Will there be job[illegible] [illegible]portunities, or will there have to be a *program o[illegible] [illegible]ork, a super-duper* streamlined WPA?

That's the $64 question, or [illegible] with as many answers as there are experts, and if [illegible] were any more experts, their legs would be sticking out of the windows. It is a merry-go-round of economic thinking which finds men as far apart as Henry Wallace and Thomas W. Lamont, chairman of the board of J. P. Morgan & Company, in sudden agreement that American business must provide the major postwar opportunities.

In New Haven, Connecticut, there is a man who has no economic theories and doesn't pretend to be an expert on any subject except that of putting people to work at a profit to everybody concerned, and he has a plan—a plan to put two and a half million veterans into their own small businesses. That would be one fifth the number of unemployed in 1933, pit of the depression, and one fifth the number of men to be mustered out of uniform. He gets the two and a half million figure from his belief that one man in five is capable of running his own business successfully.

The man with the plan is stocky, white-haired Frank Kenna, seventy and dynamic, who has helped hundreds of young men go into business for themselves and helped himself to a New England industrial empire. For Kenna, though public spirited, is a hard-headed businessman who would be the first to admit that he is looking out for an individual known as Number One.

Kenna, whom the New Haven and Bridgeport papers are fond of referring to as the One Man Chamber of Commerce, first devised his plan for meeting unemployment in the thirties, when American business—including his own—was beginning to make hollow noises in its throat. Although he had made a fortune in half a dozen different enterprises, Kenna himself was hard pressed on several fronts. And New Haven was a little bit worse off than many American cities because it had lost one of its largest industrial plants, that of the United States Rubber Company.

Kenna met New Haven's problem and his own by organizing the Associated Realty Company—in which he was associated chiefly with himself—and beginning to buy up all the vacant industrial space he could find, which was plenty. He advertised extensively for small business, for young men eager to work for themselves, and gradually he began to fill hundreds of thousands of square feet of floor space with tenants.

It wasn't easy. People were in no mood to listen to pep talks. He had to cajole, wheedle and in one instance browbeat people into moving into his property. The browbeaten one, a shirt manufacturer who needed more space, said that Kenna's building was too far out in the suburbs. Kenna advertised for shirtmakers in the New Haven papers, giving the outlying address, and hinting at good pay. Next day, half of the shirt manufacturer's own employees came out to inquire. Kenna took down their names and showed the list to the employer. He moved to the suburbs.

Practically all of the concerns started with small capital, some with none. One concern did no more than repair broken peach baskets. Another enterprise was brand new—a diaper service. There were machine shops aplenty, all small, some paying as little as $15 a month rent. New Haven, with Kenna's help in diversifying its industry, licked the depression earlier than some, and those who remember it will admit that it was a right smart depression to lick.

Today, Kenna is owner of a group of thirty-nine loft buildings embracing 700,000 feet of light, well-ventilated floor space in New Haven, housing 110 small industries, most of which started with less than $2,000 capital, which is the amount the G.I. vets will have little trouble borrowing.

In his quest for tenants, Kenna was a tireless advertiser and an omnivorous reader of trade papers. He still is. He went to near-by towns, investigated businesses which had failed—to see if they could be revived in the pure invigorating climate of New Haven. He once went to a foremen's association banquet and talked to the members like a Dutch uncle. A man smart enough to be a foreman ought to be smart enough to be an owner, he said. He talked a handpicked few of them into going down to the bank and borrowing money to set up competing businesses of their own. Being a director and principal stockowner in said bank, Kenna had only to give the nod, and credit was extended.

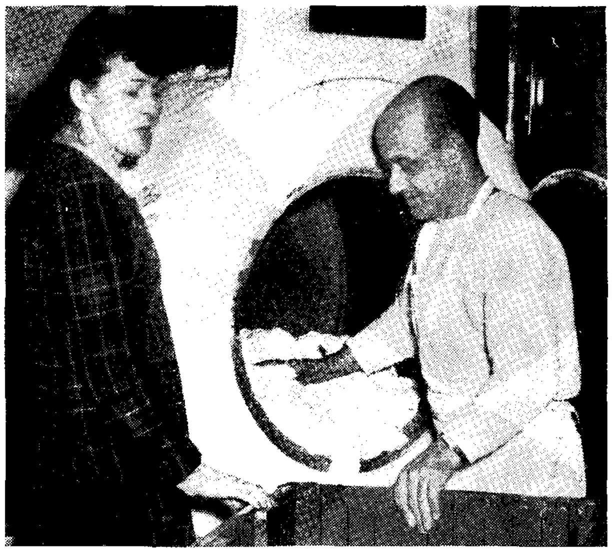
Encouragement for Small Businessmen

The nod is all he gives. He doesn't lend money himself and he wouldn't endorse anybody's note. But he will set up bank credit for an individual whom he has spotted as a potential small capitalist and a worth-while citizen. He will do more than that. He will waive the rent, and has done so for as long as a year and as much as $2,000 when infant business needed all of its cash.

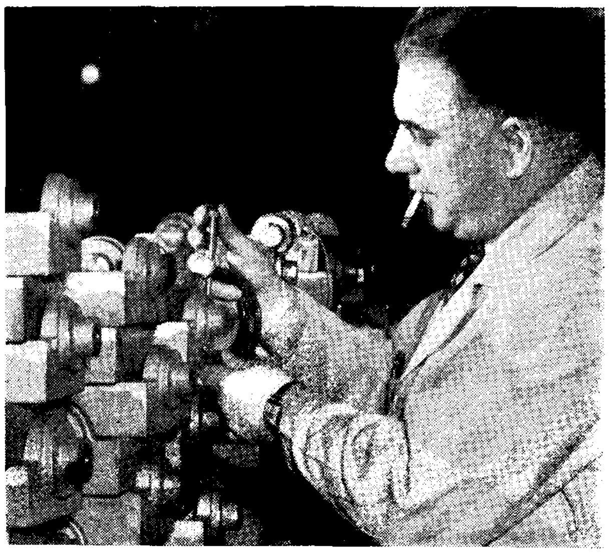
It is obvious that only a shrewd judge of the human animal could pick business winners as Kenna did, but the fact that he did it is attested by his rent records since he began his industrial center fifteen years ago. The rents total $2,500,750; of that sum he was gypped of $1,759, the record shows, or less than one tenth of one per cent.

There were many failures—due to the usual human reasons and occasional acts of God—but some of the failures paid their rent, or most of it. Sometimes Kenna fell heir to fifty dollars' worth of plumbing supplies, or a water tank, or a batch of ladies' hats,

(Continued on page 27)



Mrs. Louis Sternschuss supervises Diaper Service, which she and her soldier husband started with Kenna's help

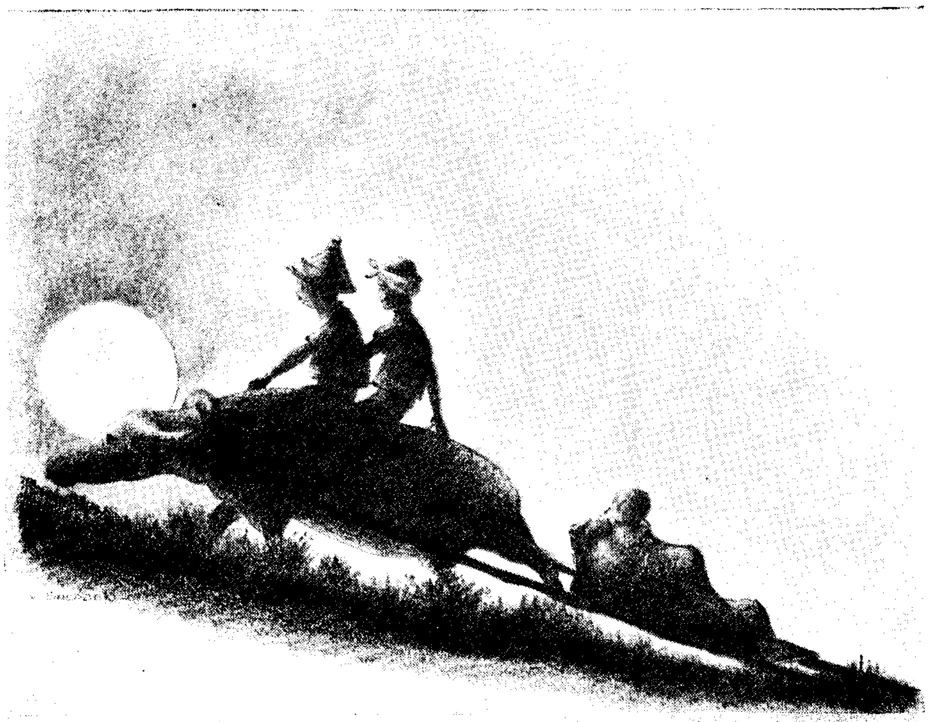


Al Espari, who built a thriving business on his skill and Navy contracts, works on a device for submarines

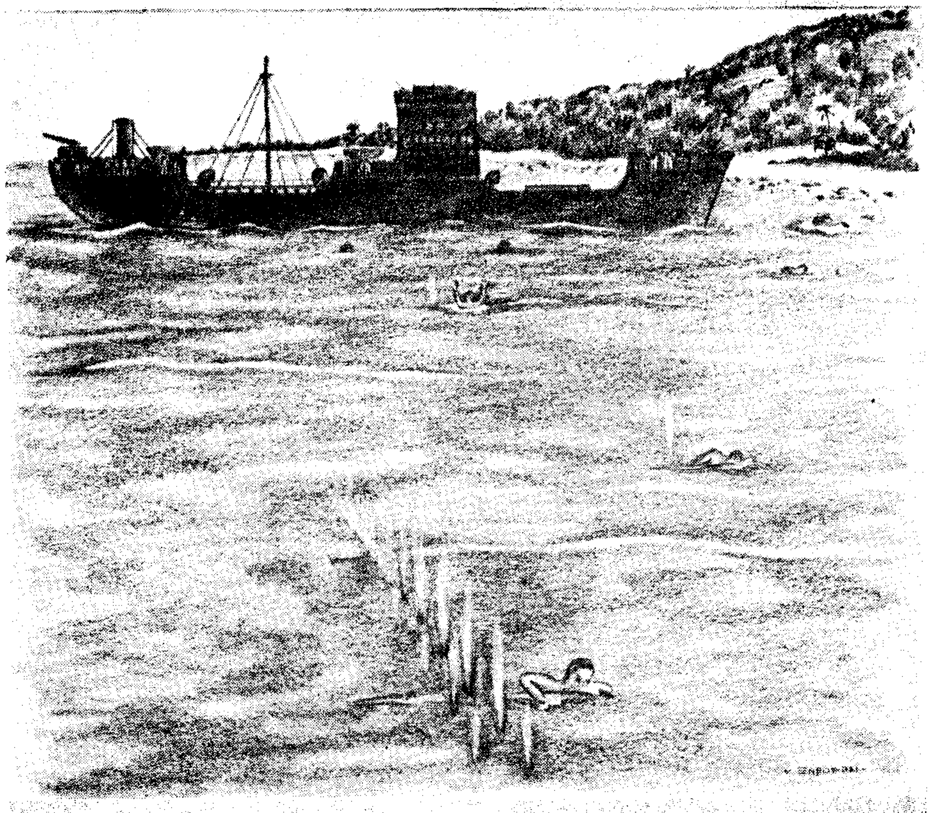
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

WE LIVED TO TELL

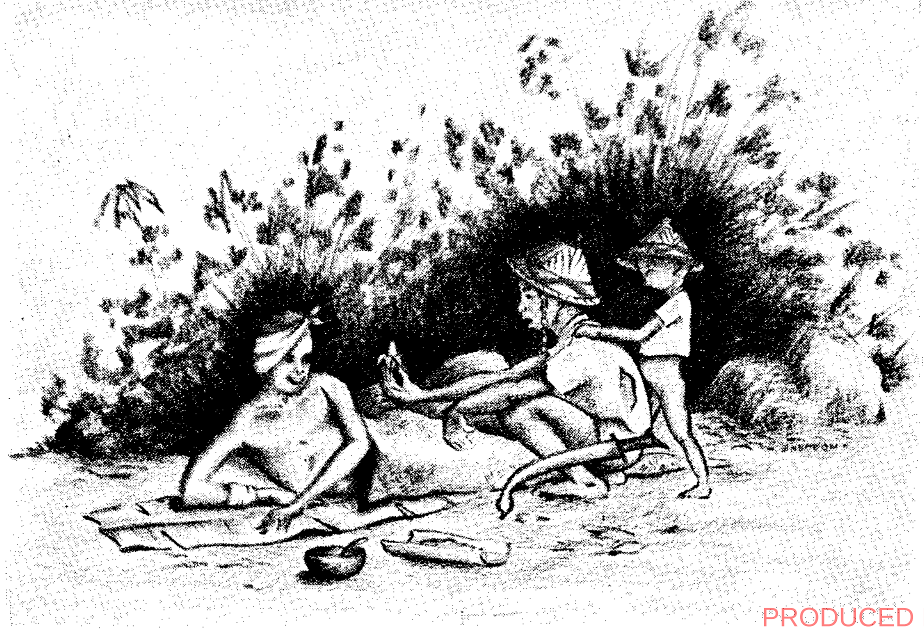
By Capt. Gene Dale • Capt. John Morrett • Capt. Bert Schwarz



"All that night more survivors kept arriving, limping along or riding on carabaos or being dragged on crude sleds when they were too sick to walk"



"We could see the bursts of machine-gun fire from the beached Jap tanker, and we heard the bullets ripping into the water around us as we swam." Below: "Friendly natives fed us coconut, boiled bananas and water. Each hour Playter's leg was growing worse, and he was half delirious with pain"



Foreword

You saw in the newspaper dispatches recently that the American troops on Luzon had recaptured Camp O'Donnell. The Jap penal colony where untold thousands of Americans died of torture and disease and starvation was deserted now, the papers said. The prison barracks were burned; the posts to which Americans had been tied and beaten were all destroyed. There were only the blackened mounds behind the camp, and the charred wooden crosses.

Some of the original 40,000 survived those terrible years. We have set down the story of three of them, just as they told it after their return. They made the Death March from Bataan, they worked as slave labor in the grim prison camps of the Philippines, they were among the handful of American prisoners who made it to shore when the Jap prison ship carrying them north from Lasang was torpedoed. They hid in the jungles until they were evacuated at last by an American submarine. Today they are back safe in the States, with the story they lived three years to tell.

Lieutenant Murray Sneddon, who drew the illustrations for this story, was with the three authors the entire time, and escaped with them from the sinking ship. His sketches give a firsthand impression of that miraculous escape.

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Conclusion

THE American bomber that came over our prison-compound at Lasang that night was our first ray of hope in two and a half years. It dropped four eggs on the far end of the Jap fighter strip, making several holes in the runway. They almost hit a gasoline tank, although they didn't know that till long afterward. We met the bomber crew later in New Guinea after we escaped. The pilot asked us why the lights were on in the group buildings at the edge of the field, as he came in on his run, and we said, "Brother, that was us," and he said, "Oh, my God!"

The appearance of that lone bomber was our first indication that the American drive was coming closer. The atmosphere around the prison camp became more tense. Every day now we saw the Jap planes taking off with extra gasoline tanks and bombs under their bellies. The Nips began camouflaging their field, and hiding their planes in revetments along the taxi strips. One of our medical officers recently transferred from Davao told us that Jap transports were arriving at that airfield each day loaded with wounded. There was a rumor that the Americans had made a landing on Palau.

Air-raid alerts were a nightly feature now. The Japs would beat a Moro gong, their searchlights would sweep the sky, and the guards would stand at the entrance of our barracks with fixed bayonets, in case of riot. An enlisted man awoke from a deep sleep during one of these alerts, and wandered out the door to the latrine. He was stuck by a bayonet between the ribs. The Japs meant business.

All work on the strip had been stopped the day after the bombing. The Japs held us in the compound, and cut our food down to a single cupful of rice and boiled *camote* peelings every twenty-four hours. We thought we'd been hungry before, but this was really a starvation diet. Groups of men would gather around the garbage pits each day, salvaging bits of vegetables which the Jap kitchen crew had thrown out. We began eating weeds growing inside the compound; we grazed that compound as bare as though we'd been a bunch of sheep.

After two weeks, the Japs told us we were going to be moved from Lasang. They tried to make us believe there was going to be an exchange of prisoners, but we knew the Nips too well to fall for that. They lined us up behind the barbed wire in columns of four, linking the outside men together by ropes tied to their wrists. As we marched barefooted through the rows of coconut trees, we wondered what lay ahead. Were we going to Manila, Formosa, Japan itself? Were we foolish not to make a break for it now, when the American forces were closing in? Would any of us live through this next one?

That noon we arrived at the Tabunco pier, and were loaded aboard an old 5,600-ton Jap freighter. Four hundred men were crowded into one hold, three hundred and fifty into the other. The Japs loaded several tons of baggage in the hold with us, and there was hardly room for us to sit down, let alone stretch out and sleep. The heat was terrific, and there was no ventilation except the sides of the hatch covers; and the Japs piled sacks of vegetables on these, cutting off the air still more. Within an hour, we were running sweat, and we stripped off everything we had and stood packed like animals, gasping for breath.

We sailed from Tabunco about 6:00 that evening, and all that night we rocked and swayed with the creaking ship. Most of the men got seasick, but they were too empty to do anything but retch. The next morning we heard the roar of a plane, and through the ventilation hole beneath the hatch cover we caught a glimpse of a four-motored bomber about 10,000 feet overhead. We heard the swish and explosion of a bomb in the water. The machine guns on deck began to clatter, and the hatch covers were banged down and fastened. All ventilation was cut off. Men began to pass out all around us due to lack of oxygen. Our bodies stung as all the excess water was drained out of us in the terrific heat.

After two hours of suffocation, our colonel began shouting for air, and at last the side covers of the hatch were taken off and we could breathe again. We just turned our faces up to the inflowing air; we didn't say a word. Gradually the unconscious men began to gasp and stir again.

Ordeal by Suffocation

There were several other alerts during the next three days, and each time the hatch covers would be battened and we would stand in the dark and sweat. We were dehydrated completely, and our skin burned like fire. We dropped anchor late the third afternoon, but we had no idea where we were. A couple of old master sergeants who had been in the Philippines for many years went topside to empty the latrine cans, and from the bombed-out buildings around the port they decided we were at Zamboanga.

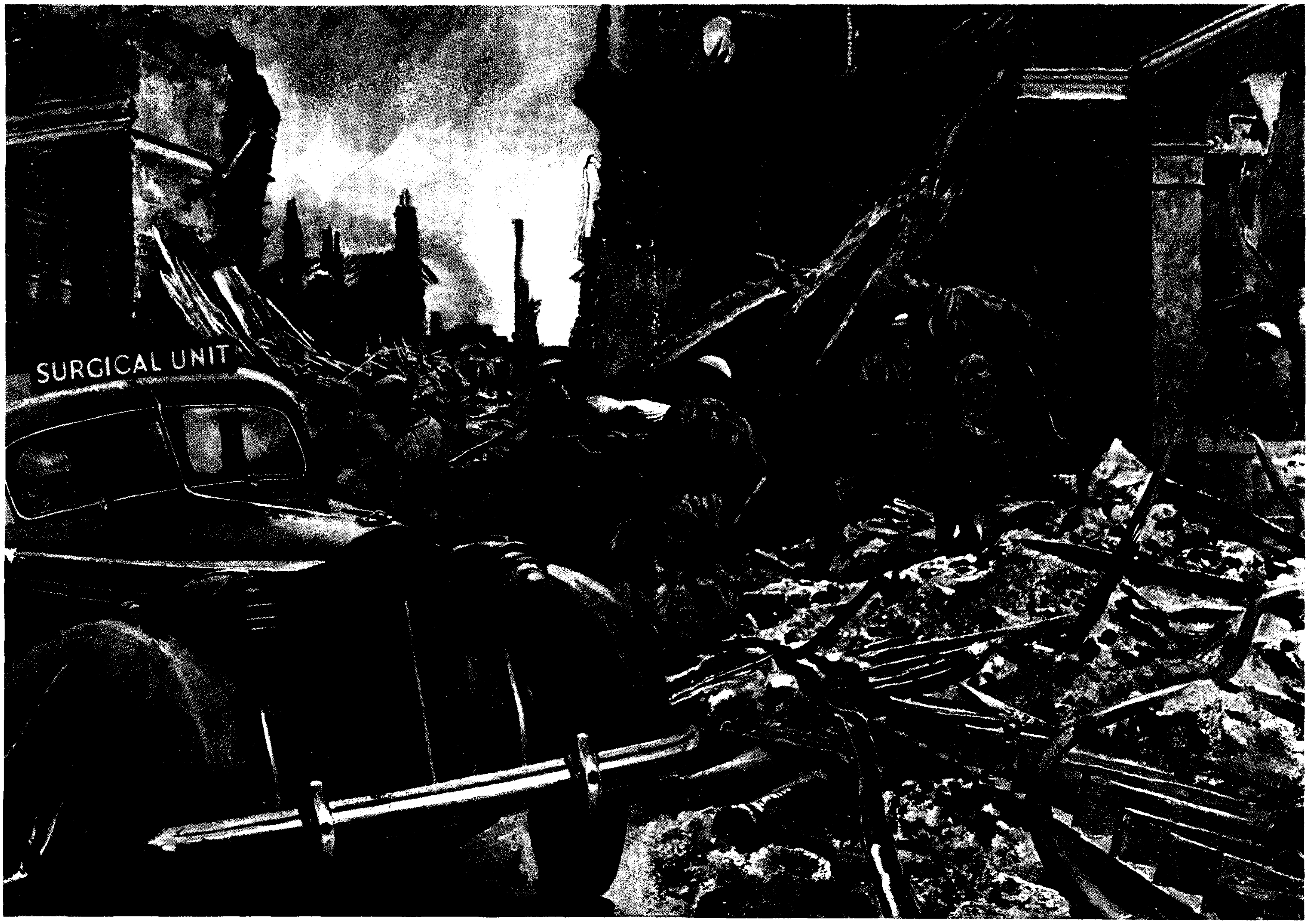
We stayed in Zamboanga Harbor ten days without being allowed off the ship. Twice they let us come on deck and run through a hose of salt water, and then returned us to the stifling hold again. On September 4th we were transferred to another boat. Two hundred and fifty of us were jammed into the small afterhold, the remaining five hundred were placed in the larger hold at the bottom of the ship. Most of the men never left that second ship.

Again that night we heard the hum of airplane motors and the clatter of machine guns. Bombs landed on the harbor installations right beside us, and the whole ship rocked and shuddered: the sides of the old tub seemed to buckle in. Some of the men were still bomb-happy from Corregidor. They started to scream, and the rest of us gripped their hands and held their heads in our laps and tried to calm them. There was a lot of praying going on, but by this time, most of us were praying for a direct hit.

(Continued on page 37)

(ALL PROCEEDS OF THIS COLLABORATION ARE BEING DONATED TO THE ARMY AIR FORCES AID SOCIETY FOR THE POSTWAR ASSISTANCE OF AIR FORCES PERSONNEL AND THEIR DEPENDENTS)

Through the London blitz and robot bombing —and always on the job



JUST BEFORE THE LONDON BLITZ, we presented a Packard fleet to the American Ambulance Corps in Great Britain.

For four and a half years, these Packard ambulances have been in constant service, speeding through the bomb-pocked and rubble-blocked streets of London, with casualties for emergency treatment.

And now comes a message from the head of the Ambulance Corps: "Please accept our grateful thanks . . . and congratulations on the excellent performance these cars have put up."

To which the Packard service director in London adds: "When we see these cars for routine service check-ups, they look as good, and perform as well, as they did the day we turned them over."

Meanwhile, in wartime America, thousands of other Packards have been serving their owners faithfully, if less dramatically. Day in, day out, they have been delivering the dependable service which Packard craftsmanship built into them three, four, five—even ten years ago.

Packard owners *know* that they can count on Packard stamina to "see them through" until the Packards of the future—better and finer than ever—are available again!

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

MUSTANG fighter
WARHAWK fighter
HURRICANE fighter
LANCASTER bomber

PACKARD

PRECISION-BUILT POWER

MOSQUITO fighter-bomber
NAVY PT boat
ARMY rescue boat

A TASTE TREAT MAKES THE PARTY

Eyes sparkle with anticipation when Milky Ways come to the party! For little folks (and grownups, too!) know there's a treat in every luscious taste of the thick coating of pure milk chocolate . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the center of soft chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk.

When you crave good candy, eat a Milky Way.

Opportunity's Door Knocker

Continued from page 23

(He gave the hats to his women employees.) But a hundred and ten succeeded and stuck where thirty or forty failed or moved away. For the record, Kenna can rattle off successful case histories by the dozen. His files are full of them.

There's Bill Pelcher, a typical small-town druggist, you might say. He is one of Kenna's protégés, owns the Ellsworth Drug Company. When Bill was a clerk filling prescriptions in retail drugstores, he noted that simple proprietary medicines don't cost much to make and bring in a tidy profit to the manufacturer. So Bill began to put up his own, with Frank Kenna's encouragement, and now sells them to many drugstores in New Haven more cheaply than national brands, and with the agreement that the retailer can put his own firm name on the bottle. Result: He and Mrs. Pelcher have a prosperous wholesale drug business and still pay only $40 a month rent.

"Now there's a business," says Frank Kenna, "that a mustered-out pharmacist's mate might be qualified to tackle, in his own home town."

Then there's George Cornell, journeyman cigar maker, who had the same idea as Bill Pelcher: to cut himself in on a slice of the profits of big business. George manufactures his own brand of cigars in a factory rented from Kenna and sells them exclusively to bars and restaurants in New Haven, where they are best sellers.

Another is Joe Whelan, who several months ago put down a couple of thousand dollars on $10,000 worth of machinery and is doing a thriving business in insulated wiring.

Al Espari is doing all right, too. Al's a good machinist, who had saved up $1,500 at the time of Pearl Harbor. Early in 1942 he moved into two basement rooms of Kenna's Industrial Center and started the Interstate Manufacturing Co., at a rental of $20 a month. Al got himself a war contract, making submarine equipment for the Navy. He now uses $150 worth of space in a month.

The Navy has all of the sub equipment it now needs, and Al's contract is running out. His skilled workmen, among the highest paid in the business, are finishing up the last lot of hand operating gear, mine-handling equipment and hoist-control valves, but Al isn't worried about the future. He did a bang-up job and he knows he's got a business on his hands. There will be maintenance work for the Navy and plenty of demand for machine parts during reconversion.

Diapers and Mending Tape

So the list runs, up to 110. Among the pioneers to whom Kenna points with a special pride are the Louis Sternschusses, who originated the diaper service in New Haven, and Lester Midas, who also saw a golden opportunity. Midas thought that gummed tape, as formerly packed, was a nuisance to handle. He bought it in wholesale lots, cut it down to a small size, and repacked it in a small triangular package. Chain stores all over the country now buy it from him to sell to housewives.

One of Kenna's star pupils is Jimmy Innazzi, 32, who came to Kenna with an idea and no money. He wanted to start a kitchen-renovating service, painting, repairing kitchen furniture, laying down new linoleum, smartening with oilcloth—everything, including the kitchen sink.

Kenna rented him space at $12.50 a month, half the usual amount. The first few months he couldn't pay even that, but housewives liked the idea. The service was cheap, the results flowery if not gaudy, and in thirteen months, Jimmy had a paying business and was meeting a $25 monthly rent bill. He was inducted into the Army in 1942, and the business was closed. He was mustered out of the Army last December, already has plans well advanced for starting his business up again. "I am not asking for any government loan," he says. "I am confident that with Mr. Kenna's help I can get my own business going again."

Kenna's postwar plan for veterans is essentially the same as the one which worked so well in bad times—with this dazzling difference: The returning veteran will probably have a fair amount of money—maybe as much as two thousand dollars—in his pocket plus the possibility of borrowing as much again at the bank, on his character. He will have it all over the guy who had to mend peach baskets twelve years ago. Kenna wants every man capable of doing so to use this money to become his own boss.

The Kenna Plan, if it can be called that, can best be described as a voluntary capitalist co-operative. It would have a group of hard-boiled rich men in every community get together and keep themselves and their communities prosperous by encouraging small, localized industry—varying the blueprint according to the region.

It works like this: Members of the local chamber of commerce, or similar organizations, have bought up all the vacant industrial space in town, but not for the purpose of sending rents sky high. They have acquired the old express-company building, vacant since the last mule died, or the ten-story skyscraper belonging to the railroad (the one that moved its main offices to Duluth), or a couple of blocks of arcade buildings at Spruce and Pine which have been vacated by some of the government war agencies.

They—or more probably their committee—have a thorough survey. They know to a fraction of an inch what space is available and what it's good for. They know what their neighbors want to buy and how much. They know what businesses their town needs or could support. They are also in close touch with every one of the myriad agencies which will be helping the returned veteran to feel and act like a civilian again. They have asked these organizations to look for self-reliant men who can be guided into their own businesses, rather than just given jobs.

A Start for the Ex-Serviceman

When the agencies have found the man, the banks will finance him, the real-estate men will see that he gets a suitable location and reasonable rental; and from there on, it's up to him. That's the Kenna Plan and he believes it will work because, for the first time in history, the returning soldier will have some money as a spark plug for his future. Bankers will be glad to see him, and real-estate men will love him.

To find likely candidates in New Haven, Kenna has asked the Yale University Rehabilitation Center to point out to him personally veterans most likely to succeed in an independent undertaking. (Kenna himself was voted the man most likely to succeed in the Yale Law Class of 1905.)

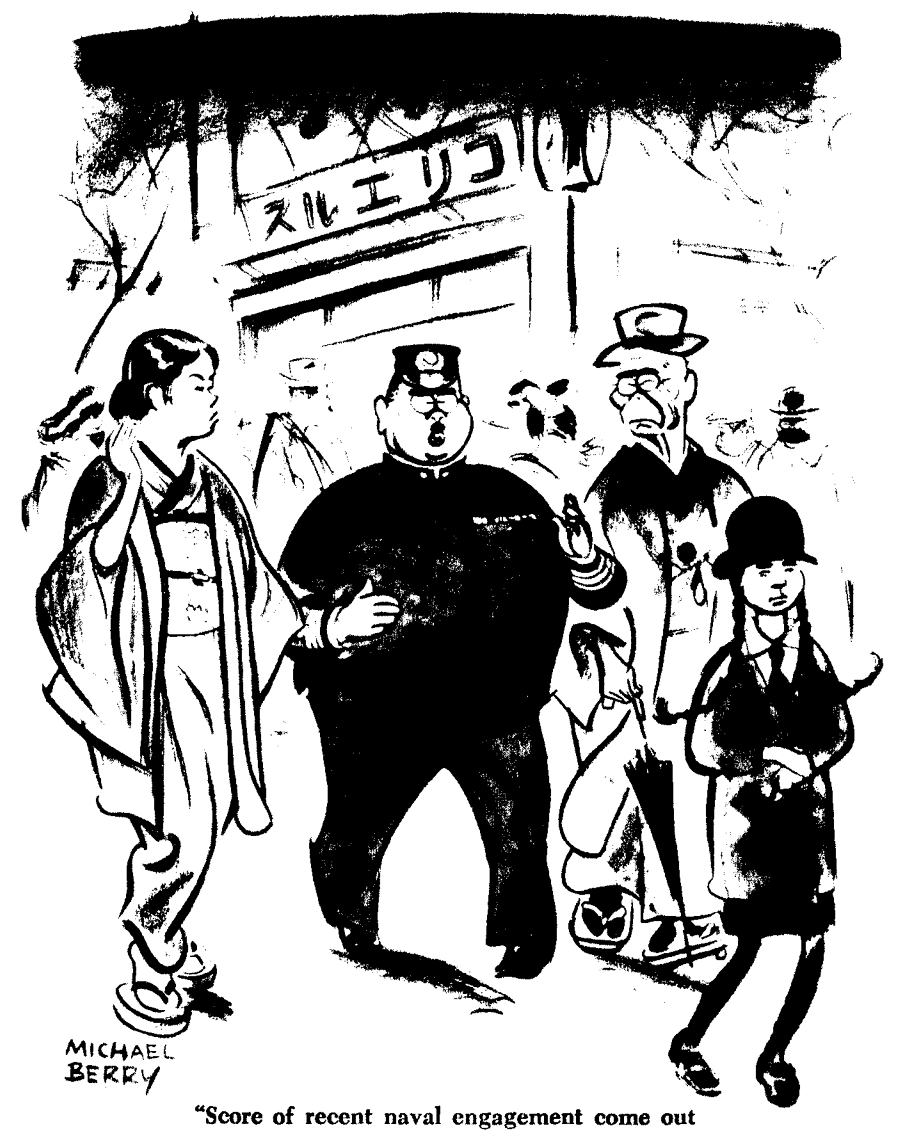
"Rehabilitation groups," says Kenna, "besides questioning the veterans who come to them should study business and industrial opportunities in their communities and be in a position to make concrete recommendations. Above all, these groups should rid themselves of any notion that the day of small business is done in this country. They shouldn't simply administer the government nursing bottle to the returned veteran. They should help him to a new declaration of business independence."

It is Frank Kenna's idea that guaranteed jobs are not a good thing.

"I almost hate that word security," he says, although he is a life-long Democrat and argues stubbornly with his son Roger, vice-president and general manager of the Marlin Firearms Company, who thinks it would be more orthodox if Pop, who's president, would vote the Republican ticket.

As a banker, Kenna suggests that there are three vital questions to be asked of applicants for private financial backing beyond that obtainable under the G.I. Bill of Rights:

TOKYO TALKING **by MICHAEL BERRY**



"Score of recent naval engagement come out even. Six of our ships sunk—six got away"

WEAREVER
Zenith
By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
WEAREVER
14K MADE IN U.S.A.

$1.95

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at left, in rich gift box $2.75

TELESCOPE PRECISION
sets this pen apart!

Sleek, trim, tailored, the 1945 Wearever Zenith introduces new beauty in appearance and performance. Designed and built with a precision worthy of a fine telescope. Precision that distinguishes the ingenious "C-Flow" feed, the 14-carat gold point, the very design of this handsome pen. See . . . try . . . buy the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896).

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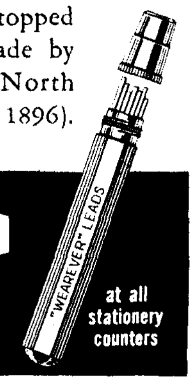
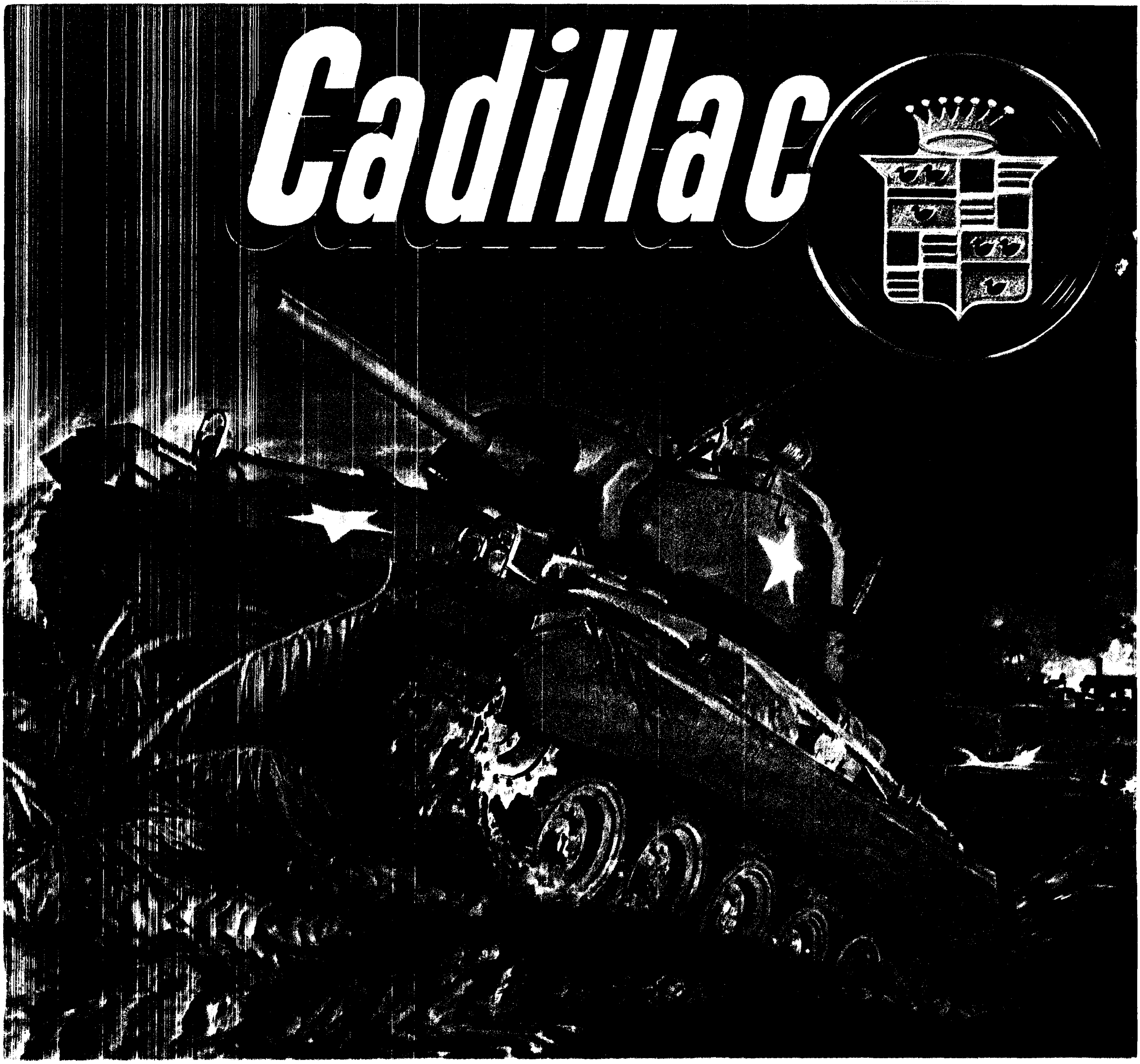
Refill Leads
at all stationery counters





Peacetime Power *with a* Wartime Job!

When Cadillac discontinued motor car production, its engine assembly line continued to roll. For the famous Cadillac V-type engine, and Hydra-Matic transmission, had been adapted to war.

This Cadillac "power-train" was first used in the M-5, a light tank designed by Cadillac under the direction of Army Ordnance technicians. Thousands of these tanks—as well as its companion, the M-8 Howitzer Motor Carriage—were produced by Cadillac, and are fighting in battles all over the world.

Finally, out of this experience, came the M-24—the powerful, hard-hitting weapon illustrated above.

The M-24—like its predecessors—is powered by two Cadillac V-type engines, driving through two Cadillac Hydra-Matic transmissions. Actual battle experience has proved these to be the most practicable power units ever used for tanks of this type. As a result, these power units have been adopted by the Army as standard for all light tanks.

The Cadillac-built unit that powers the M-24 tank has been vastly improved over its peacetime prototype. It is of the same basic design, but it has been hardened and toughened to meet demands that would never be made of an automotive power plant.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LET'S ALL

BACK THE ATTACK

BUY WAR BONDS

Has the applicant selected a business or industry on his own initiative?

Has he saved something in that field?

Has he saved something of his own to contribute, or is he simply willing to let the government set him up in business?

And Kenna would discourage the four men out of five whom he considers unable to meet this test, from investing slim capital in personal ventures. "They are the men who are better off with a weekly pay check," he says.

Kenna has been living his ideas of enterprise for more than half a century. It's a typical Horatio Alger story, except that instead of the typical stuffy, humorless Alger hero, Kenna is a jolly, ruddy Irishman who at seventy can still drink several cocktails during an evening and stay up until twelve or one o'clock dancing or ice skating.

But the Alger comparison is inevitable because, in his youth, Kenna sold papers, worked his way through college and wound up rich. Largest of his present holdings is the Marlin Firearms Company, one of the top four in its field which makes rifles, shotguns, razor blades, toys and furniture, as well as wing tips for Army bombers.

He is founder and owner of the Current Illustrated News, which supplies those framed newsphotos which you see in the windows of insurance offices, banks and retail stores on the Main Streets of America. Kenna had that bright idea at a time when newspapers were still illustrating their news stories with pen and ink sketches, and picture magazines and daily tabloids were twenty-five years in the future.

Kenna once helped found a bank by ringing doorbells, raising $55,000 from the public in small amounts. Under Connecticut law he had to have $75,000 to qualify, but the fact that he had been able to raise that much money from small householders encouraged other capital to come in. At first, he wanted to call it the Hibernian Bank, because it served East Haven, an Irish neighborhood, but finally decided to call it the American Bank and Trust Company. It is still a flourishing institution. The year of its founding, 1914, saw Kenna on his way into the money, for that same year his other big idea, the Current Illustrated News, caught on in a slightly colossal way all over the country.

Sold—to the Lowest Bidder

In 1924, Kenna attended the auction of the bankrupt plant of the Marlin Firearms Company, founded in 1870 and once a leading New England industry. Besides Frank Kenna, the only audience was a group of curious small boys.

"Frank," said the sheriff, "why don't you bid this in?"

The plant occupies a solid block of good brick factory buildings.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars," said Frank Kenna.

The sheriff looked around at the small boys.

"Sold to Mr. Kenna for one hundred dollars," he said.

Payment of the hundred gave Kenna title to the Marlin Firearms Company and to a $100,000 mortgage. At the moment he had only five thousand to spare, but he financed the rest despite the fact that there were other firearms manufacturers in New Haven who would have been happier if he hadn't.

Business life, however, has not been an unbroken series of Wallingford deals for Kenna. In 1933, he nearly lost not only the Marlin plant but his bank as well. The manner in which he met the crisis is illustrative of Kenna at the top of his form. Banks everywhere were closing. A run had developed on the American Bank and Trust Company—a bad one, four days old. Kenna went into an emergency huddle with his comptroller, the late Arthur Mullen, at about half past ten in the evening of Holy Thursday.

"We've got to figure some way to stop these people from coming down here and taking their money out," said Kenna, who always favors the approach direct.

Publicizing the Balance Sheet

"There's no reason for a run on the bank," said Comptroller Mullen. "The balance sheet shows we're perfectly okay."

"That's it," said Kenna. "If only we could show that balance sheet to every single one of our depositors in person!" Then he had an idea. "We can't do that," he said, "but we can do the next best thing. Get your hat and coat."

"Where are we going?" asked Mullen.

"Around to see Father Fitzgerald at St. Rose's," said Kenna. "Then we're going to see the priests at St. Francis' and we're going to get them to tell some of our depositors, when they preach their sermons tomorrow, that the American Bank and Trust Company is as sound as seven hundred thousand dollars. We'll show them the balance sheet."

Father Fitzgerald's rectory was locked and his lights were out and the doorbell didn't ring. Kenna went to the gutter and picked up some pebbles and began pegging them against an upstairs window. Finally the good father poked his head out of the window, in a testy mood.

"What do you want?" he boomed.

They told him. Comptroller Mullen waved the balance sheet aloft in the soft spring night for him to see.

"Is it all right?" asked Father Fitzgerald.

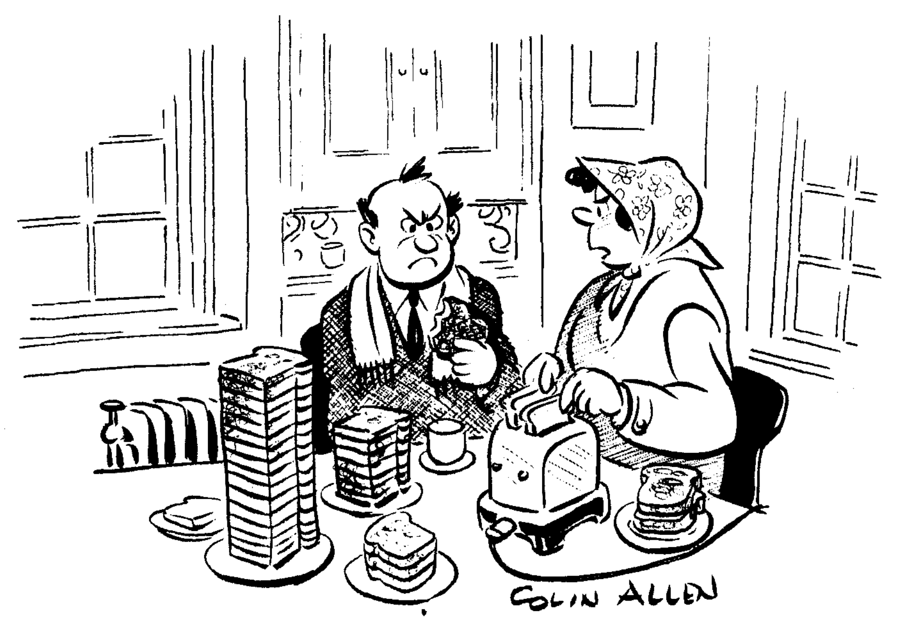
"It is!" chorused the bankers below.

"Then I'll do it," said Father Fitzgerald, and shut his window.

Kenna says, with a twinkle in his eye, "He preached a rattling good sermon next day, too."

Eight banks went to the wall that year in New Haven, but not the American Bank and Trust Company.

THE END



"Of course I'm tired of it—but the toaster does help take the chill from the room"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

LIGHTER MOMENTS with

Fresh Eveready Batteries

Dated

BUY WAR BONDS
hoff

"Don't stand there and tell me how much it cost the taxpayers! When I say fire—fire!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" America's fighting edge depends on War Bonds. Buy them! Hold them!

Fresh DATED BATTERIES Last Longer

Look for the date line

SEPT. 1945

EVEREADY TRADE-MARK EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY

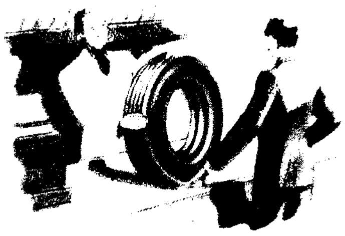
OUR ARMED FORCES and the vital industries serving them take practically the entire output of "Eveready" flashlight batteries. You can understand why these fine batteries are difficult to obtain for civilian use.

But when the struggle is over there'll be plenty of new and even better "Eveready" batteries for everyone . . . batteries improved by research and engineering skill to give more life, more efficiency.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.



WHEN YOU BUY NEW TIRES:

Choose the Name You Can Trust in Rubber!

● The factors that dictate wise tire-buying have changed.

Because today ALL tire manufacturers use the same raw synthetic (GRS) in building their tires, *extra value depends entirely on the skill of the maker.*

This GRS (Government Rubber Styrene) is a wholly new material. It requires new compounding and fabrication techniques. Hence the size of a manufacturer's plant or his prewar popularity are no longer reliable guides to the quality of today's synthetic tires.

That's why it will pay to give more attention to the name that is "signed" to the new tires you buy.

The name "Seiberling" molded into a synthetic tire means:

—it was designed and engineered by men who have repeatedly distinguished themselves in the creation of basic tire-building improvements,

—it was built by the organization recognized as "Experts in Rubber",

—it is marketed by people who have a priceless reputation for honesty.

You can select a Seiberling Synthetic Tire with complete confidence. It bears—

THE NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

SEIBERLING

Experts in Rubber

THE BATTLE OF RUBBER IS FAR FROM WON!

This war is consuming tires at a rate so fast no one could possibly have foreseen it. They are the most imperative single need of our armed forces today! One fighting unit alone requires 5000 in 24 hours. That means fewer tires for civilians. *Continued conservation of your tires is essential.* Your Independent Seiberling Dealer can help you make them last longer. You can trust him—he is an Expert in Rubber.

SEIBERLING
TIRES

**RETAILED ONLY BY FREE, INDEPENDENT BUSINESS MEN
DISPLAYING THIS SIGN OF QUALITY**

Night Life in the Sky

Continued from page 19

than any sky has ever been before. It was very beautiful, too, with a glowing moon and the stars close. I knew that I was an inferior soul, because the beauty was not going to soothe my spirit or hold my attention. The beauty was a vast emptiness in which we roared alone and the beauty was a good deal too scary for my taste.

Now the conversation began on the radio; or rather it had been going on all along, only it seemed clearer now. Somewhere on the distant, dark snow-covered earth, men would be sitting in a hidden caravan crouched over the black magic radio instruments, and a voice came from wherever they were speaking a very technical code, and this plane obeyed that voice.

At hundreds of miles an hour we fled blindly through the night. A night fighter pilot is directed by radio instruments to his quarry, which he cannot see, and he must not fire until he has a visual (that is, until he actually sees and identifies the other plane) and he can be as close as 200 yards from the enemy plane before he is certain of it. Until that time, one swerves and swoops, climbs and falls alone, like a strange mad bird obeying the voice of the ground control.

It was easy to realize how busy the two men in the cockpit were; the radio operator must interpret these directions and give the course to the pilot, who must instantly drive the plane according to these rapid, changing orders. They would be so completely and fiercely absorbed in their work that they would have little time to think, or so I imagined it. All standards in war seem insane; these men fly every night, often twice, and sometimes three times a night. This is their job, and they do it as if it were perfectly normal.

We were over Germany, and a blacker, less inviting piece of land I never saw. It was covered with snow. There were mountains; there was no light and no sign of human life, but the land itself looked actively hostile. Then the voice from the ground said something, the pilot said "Roger," and the plane simply vaulted up the sky.

This ranked easily as one of the nastiest sensations I have ever felt. We climbed in a matter of seconds from 11,000 to 22,000 feet. That does not sound like much written out but it felt like nothing human. One's body turned to iron and was crushed down, feeling as if an enormous weight were pressing on something that would not yield. My oxygen mask was too large and had to be held on. As I held it with my right hand and held onto some kind of steel shelf with my left hand (so as not to fall backward off my darling little crate), I thought that (a) my stomach was going to be flattened against my backbone, and (b) that I was going to strangle.

Guided to Our Destination

This loathsome set of feelings went on, and meantime the radio conversation sharpened and went faster and louder, and I knew, though the words were muddled, that we were being led to our quarry. I had now reached a stage of dull resignation and I only prayed that we would stop doing whatever we were doing, and do something else.

The plane stopped climbing and now it was just hard to breathe. An added charm is that one's nose, a reasonably earthy instrument, flows steadily in this cold and of course is unwipable; presently, since the temperature inside the plane was thirty below zero, one finds oneself with a small frozen river on one's face. This is mentioned only in passing because it is a minor matter but there it is.

The plane, driven on by the loud ground voice, was roaring high and straight through the sky. Then for no reason I could discover, we turned over on a wing and dropped sideways a few miles toward the ground. That, too, was an undesirable sensation; one's insides seemed to drain away, leaving one empty and weak and not at all certain which side was upright. The pilot said something to me in a nice cozy voice, but I did not understand. He repeated it. I gathered that we had just dropped through the sky that way in order to avoid flak at Cologne. It appeared that we had been following a friendly plane which must have been a bomber and was anyhow copping the flak above Cologne. It seemed very restful to be flying level at 11,000 feet again. The radio voices chatted to each other, apparently saying what a pity the whole thing had been, and better luck next time.

Everything seemed pretty calm now except for the fact that we were still over Germany, which was a no-good place to be. Then the pilot called to me over the intercom and, looking where he told me, I saw the trail of a V-2. It came from somewhere deeper inside Germany and was, at this distance, a red ball of fire and it rose perpendicularly from the ground and passed out of sight over the top of the sky in a few seconds.

Then there were gun flashes to the west where the front seemed to be waking up. There was one huge gun which opened like a blast furnace, only I could not tell whether it was theirs or ours. On the ground now we saw fixed flares, and again did not know what they were; then there would be the sudden quaking, soundless fire of the guns.

Closing in for the Kill

Then the ground voice spoke again, giving brisk orders, and the plane flicked neatly over on a wing and glided steeply downward. The pilot was asking questions, and more orders came from the ground. I could tell that we were hunting and getting close. It seemed to me by now that this had been going on forever; one had sat since the beginning of time on a wobbly crate in the middle of heaven, and there obviously was no end to it.

Then the plane slowed terrifyingly. It felt as if it were standing still in the air, and at the same time the pilot's voice cracked angrily on the radio. Nothing happened. There was some reply from the ground, and the pilot said very angrily, "For God's sake." The snow-covered land was nearer now and so were the gun flashes.

The pilot spoke again on the intercom. We had been on the trail of an authentic enemy plane, but due to some miscalculation on a ground dial, we were guided wrongly. We were therefore briefly in the unfortunate position of getting shot at rather than doing the shooting, but luckily the Heinie did not wish to fight and had streaked off west and lost himself. The pilot was furious.

And now we were going home, as the time limit was nearly up. Suddenly the pilot said, "See the flak?" I had seen it to the left. I thought it was low and far away, and I was sad for the unlucky men who were getting it. This proves forever the "Ignorance is bliss" school of thought: the flak was shooting at us, the distance was too close for comfort, and I imagined that the shells went no higher than the tracers.

We did another quick aerial pirouette and roared for home.

We landed as we had taken off, which is to say like a bolt of lightning. We had been out a little over two and a half hours, and the major was almost blue with cold. He had not been heavily dressed, because he could not fly the plane if his body was hampered by all that clothing. So for two hours and a half now, and probably for two hours and a half later that night and every other night, he would sit in a plane in a temperature of thirty below zero and simply take it. He did say in passing, "Gosh, it's cold!"

The major was rather depressed about the evening. It had been a boring patrol; nothing had happened. There was one good chance of a fight and it had been mucked up and, all in all, he felt browned off. So we climbed stiffly into the jeep and went back to the squadron shack. The other planes of this mission were coming in, landing at that soul-shaking speed, and a new mission would be leaving within a few minutes.

THE END

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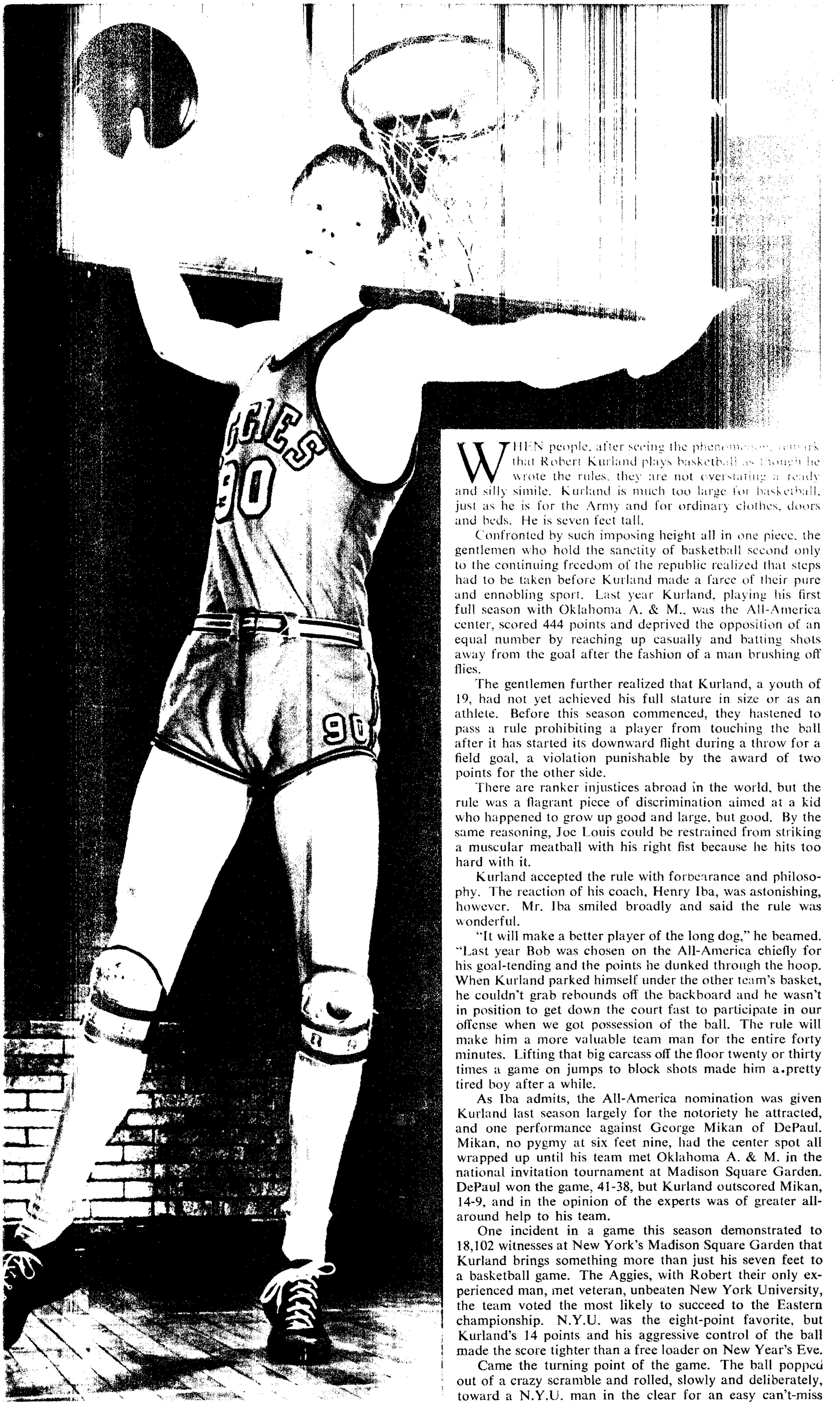

HIGH GUY

WHEN people, after seeing the phenomenon, remark that Robert Kurland plays basketball as though he wrote the rules, they are not overstating a ready and silly simile. Kurland is much too large for basketball, just as he is for the Army and for ordinary clothes, doors and beds. He is seven feet tall.

Confronted by such imposing height all in one piece, the gentlemen who hold the sanctity of basketball second only to the continuing freedom of the republic realized that steps had to be taken before Kurland made a farce of their pure and ennobling sport. Last year Kurland, playing his first full season with Oklahoma A. & M., was the All-America center, scored 444 points and deprived the opposition of an equal number by reaching up casually and batting shots away from the goal after the fashion of a man brushing off flies.

The gentlemen further realized that Kurland, a youth of 19, had not yet achieved his full stature in size or as an athlete. Before this season commenced, they hastened to pass a rule prohibiting a player from touching the ball after it has started its downward flight during a throw for a field goal, a violation punishable by the award of two points for the other side.

There are ranker injustices abroad in the world, but the rule was a flagrant piece of discrimination aimed at a kid who happened to grow up good and large, but good. By the same reasoning, Joe Louis could be restrained from striking a muscular meatball with his right fist because he hits too hard with it.

Kurland accepted the rule with forbearance and philosophy. The reaction of his coach, Henry Iba, was astonishing, however. Mr. Iba smiled broadly and said the rule was wonderful.

"It will make a better player of the long dog," he beamed. "Last year Bob was chosen on the All-America chiefly for his goal-tending and the points he dunked through the hoop. When Kurland parked himself under the other team's basket, he couldn't grab rebounds off the backboard and he wasn't in position to get down the court fast to participate in our offense when we got possession of the ball. The rule will make him a more valuable team man for the entire forty minutes. Lifting that big carcass off the floor twenty or thirty times a game on jumps to block shots made him a pretty tired boy after a while.

As Iba admits, the All-America nomination was given Kurland last season largely for the notoriety he attracted, and one performance against George Mikan of DePaul. Mikan, no pygmy at six feet nine, had the center spot all wrapped up until his team met Oklahoma A. & M. in the national invitation tournament at Madison Square Garden. DePaul won the game, 41-38, but Kurland outscored Mikan, 14-9, and in the opinion of the experts was of greater all-around help to his team.

One incident in a game this season demonstrated to 18,102 witnesses at New York's Madison Square Garden that Kurland brings something more than just his seven feet to a basketball game. The Aggies, with Robert their only experienced man, met veteran, unbeaten New York University, the team voted the most likely to succeed to the Eastern championship. N.Y.U. was the eight-point favorite, but Kurland's 14 points and his aggressive control of the ball made the score tighter than a free loader on New Year's Eve.

Came the turning point of the game. The ball popped out of a crazy scramble and rolled, slowly and deliberately, toward a N.Y.U. man in the clear for an easy can't-miss goal. Half the width of the court separated Kurland from the ball. He took off in a breath-taking swan dive, crashed up on the ball and tossed it over the shoulder to a teammate, who was fouled by the chagrined N.Y.U.s as he threw his shot. The field goal and the foul were made for a three-point play. Oklahoma won the game, 44-41.

There is an inevitable tendency in these matters to label the hero a one-man team, and in Kurland's case it is something more than a figure of speech. Although the big boy is the only regular who played with a major team prior to this season, the Aggies again are the class of the Southwest and have been selected to compete for the national college championship. Without Kurland, the Aggies would be a team from Hunger, Oklahoma; with him they are a threat to any outfit in circulation.

As informed clients know too well, the emphasis on height in basketball has exposed the public to freaks, misrepresented as athletes, who have nothing to recommend them but size. Not so with Kurland. Joe Lapchick, the St. John's coach who was the Original Celtics' center and is picked automatically on every all-time, all-star professional team, says Robert would be an outstanding player if he were six—not seven—feet tall.

"The kid is great on sheer ability," Lapchick insists. "What amazes me is the way he has improved. I was out of town with my team when he first played in New York in 1942. When I asked about Kurland, everyone laughed and said he was just an overgrown clown. I saw him the next year and I saw a boy who knew the game and could run, shoot and handle himself. He has another year to go and he'll be still better, but right now I've got to rank him with all the big men who have played the game."

Kurland's most striking feature is that he does not impress you as a seven-footer, a fact that has impelled skeptics to measure him, in sections, with a tape. His manner is alert; he moves decisively and gracefully. He is a thoroughly nice, normal kid unburdened by affectations or neuroses, but somehow you suspect he would be happier if he could take off a few inches.

Most teams operate on the tenable theory that the Aggies can be licked if Kurland is given a going-over or forced out of the game on personal fouls. As a consequence, he is a target for all the slick, strong-arm tricks in the book, ranging from the "cloth block"—a quick tug on the pants to hold him back—to unabashed football blocking. The latter has not been attempted since one deflated individual gave Kurland the works. Robert turned a back-flip in midair and landed on the villain's chest with all of his 215 pounds. Time out was called, but not for Kurland.

The "get Kurland" (out of the game, or his goat) strategy once brought gratifying results; as a freshman, he had red hair and the impetuosity of youth. He still has red hair, but he has learned there is no justice in a harsh world for a big man. When he threatened to punch holes in a ruffian's ugly puss, the customers always were with the other—smaller, naturally—guy, and Kurland was too conspicuous to escape official detection when he attempted to retaliate subtly. He resigned himself to concentrating on basketball and now he rarely commits more than two fouls (less than half his quota) a game.

Giants on Both Sides of the Family

It was no surprise to the Kurlands of Jennings, Missouri, when their son began to grow out of his clothes at an alarming rate. There are big people on both sides of the farmer family: Pop is 6 feet 2½ inches, and Mom is five nine. Grandpa Kurlandowski, who Americanized the name during the Civil War, was six feet four, and a maternal uncle held the household record at six feet six until Robert came along and passed him.

Too big to play with the neighbors' children, he spent most of his time alone, fishing in the Mississippi or hunting, until he entered high school and was seen by Walter Hulon, the coach. Hulon got him out for the basketball team. At first, the kid was pretty awful, but gradually he learned how to make his hands and feet move in accord, and Hulon dispatched a note to his old college chum, Hank Iba, who blinked slowly and reread that passage in which Hulon said he had a seven-footer who might turn out to be a pretty fair country player.

Iba pointed like a bird dog for Jennings. There was strenuous competition for Kurland, but Iba is a man of persuasive personality and sold the boy on the cultural benefits to be derived at Oklahoma A. & M.

Much of the credit for Kurland's development properly belongs to Iba, the most consistently successful coach in the Southwest. Although Iba's teams owned numerous titles, he did not achieve national prominence until the Aggies appeared in the national invitation tournament at Madison Square Garden in 1938. The Aggies were beaten in the first round by Temple, the eventual champion, but they played so well that Ned Irish booked them in the featured spot for the opening program the following season. The Aggies outsmarted stylish C.C.N.Y., 36-34, and the critical Eastern experts elected Iba a brother in the lodge of masterminds.

Earlier in his career as a high-school basketball coach in Oklahoma City, Iba had a sensational record. Then Maryville, Missouri, Teachers' grabbed him and presently he was winning everything in sight. During the four years he was at Maryville, Iba put seven players from the obscure school on the All-America, had a winning streak of 42 straight games and almost disrupted the Missouri I.A.A. by winning the Conference title each year. Colorado U. decided to go big-game hunting and made a prize catch in Iba, who did all right in his one season there by finishing second in the Rocky Mountain Conference. At about the same time the Southwest went basketball crazy and the Oklahoma Aggies began to make overtures to Iba, and he moved to Stillwater in 1934.

(Continued on page 84)

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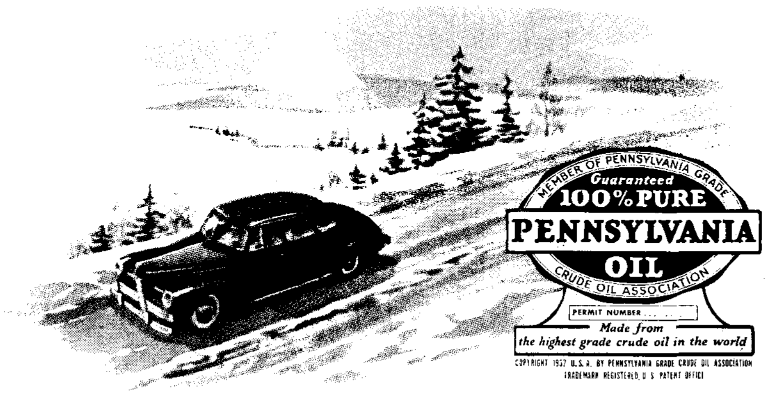
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Pablo and the Gringos

By Isabel Malone

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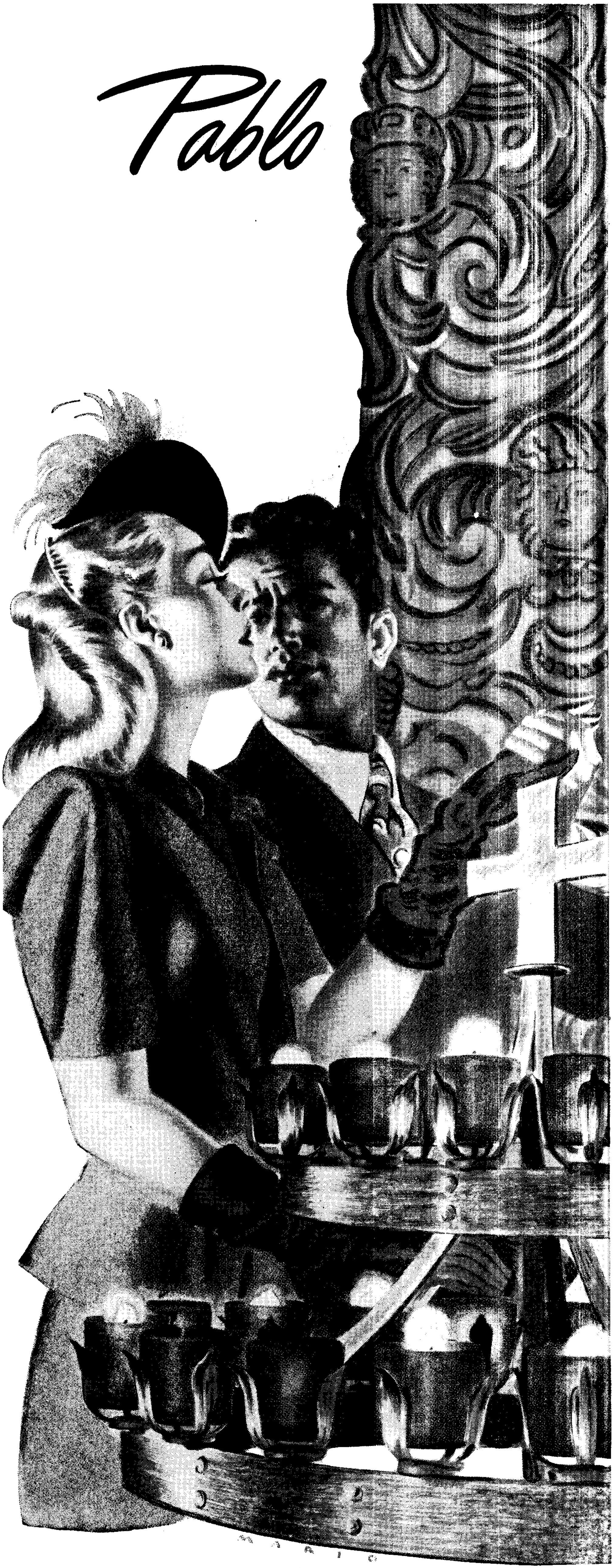

They stopped before the most revered object of the cathedral and Clara reached up and touched it. "No! No!" Pablo said, shocked. "You must not do such a thing!"

People don't often see their dreams come alive, but Pablo, who dreamed of Utopia—and of a goddess to go along with it—got a glimpse of both

ALL day, Pablo rode on the train. Since he had but one idea—escape from Mexico to a Utopian United States—the hours ground out in a maddening and tortuous manner. It did not seem possible that the short distance from his native town of Santa Rosalia to San Luis Rey could take this shabby slow train the greater part of a day.

Once his friend, José, the conductor, sat down on the seat beside him. "I've been wanting to talk to you, Pablo," he said. "Where are you going dressed up in those new clothes? To the bullfight?"

Pablo looked down with pride at his new navy suit and pressed his fingers on the sharp crease in his trousers. "I'm going to meet American friends in San Luis Rey," he said.

From beneath the visor of his cap, José stared at Pablo with a queer little sparkle of humor and envy in his eyes.

"And is one of the friends by any chance a woman?" José twirled the thick gold chain which hung his watch to the top button of his vest.

"Yes, an American lady."

José laughed a deep belly laugh and climbed to his feet. "Well, good luck to you, Pablo—good luck!"

The train stopped with exasperating frequency at every wayside station. Indians and mestizos clambered on and off, women and children sold tortillas and bread at the windows. Toward noon, Pablo bought a hot tortilla filled with pork. He wanted to buy a second one, but he pulled out his precious pesos and counted them carefully.

Here is a whole month's wages, he reflected, a whole month of work in the railroad shop, and I shall need every one of these pesos for the week end if I wish to make a good impression on my friends.

Restlessness and irritation gnawed at him, as it had so often in the past years. After ten years of hard work, he thought, I've had only a slight increase in pay, eighty pesos a week instead of fifty! Is that enough to satisfy a man? And in the United States, I've heard that they pay a skilled machinist as much as two hundred pesos a week. It is hard to believe. . . . I'm twenty-eight now. Soon I shall be old, and where shall I be then? I have little to show for my life, very little indeed.

One depressing thought led to another. Of course, I might marry Marina. Every man should have a wife, I suppose. Marina is, without a doubt, a very pretty girl, but what a life we would have! . . . There would be the children, too many of them. In the evenings, after a hard day of work, I would go to the cantina for a little peace, a talk with my friends over a bottle of tequila, while Marina at home would grow duller and fatter with the years, as women do. And life would be well over.

Pablo drew himself up straighter in the seat and frowned. There would be nothing at all to show, he thought, that I, Pablo, am of full-blooded Spanish descent and that I am a graduate of the secondary school. There would be nothing to show that I have American friends, that I am an accredited member of an international chess organization and that I play with considerable success correspondence games.

Pablo took from the inner pocket of his coat the letter from his gringo friend and read it once more. Creased and recreased and marked with Pablo's thumb prints, he had read the letter perhaps twenty times.

"Though you and I have never met each other," the gringo friend wrote, "after all the chess games, I feel that we are well acquainted. I am planning a short business trip to Mexico with my wife. Would you meet us for a week end in San Luis Rey?"

Would he, indeed! San Luis Rey was a stop on the main line to Mexico City. Nothing more wonderful could have happened. Might it not be possible, perhaps, through the gringo friend, to take another larger step to the border and Texas, and then to a job in the United States?

AS PABLO discovered, there were two hotels in San Luis Rey and both of them were impressive. The Palacio, the home of a former Spanish grandee, dated from colonial days. The other hotel, one block down, was a modern structure in the style of a suburban villa. Its dining room, plainly visible from the street, had great glass windows with wrought-iron gates which stood wide open.

He inspected the two hotels carefully. Which one would my friends prefer, he wondered, as he paced up and down waiting the arrival of the train from the border. He wanted to arrange a dinner for the gringos, but the pros and cons of the two hotels weighed heavily upon him. In his anxiety, his hands felt damp and cold, and a load like a pain lay in his stomach.

At seven-thirty, he walked rapidly across the plaza and through the streets to the station. A long, streamlined train such as he had never seen before pulled in. From one of its many cars, a white-coated porter stepped down, followed by a stout middle-aged gringo, who, in turn, helped down a blond and slender woman.

These are my friends, Pablo thought. He wanted to rush forward and greet them, but he stood momentarily paralyzed and stared at the woman. No, never in life had he seen anyone like her! She resembled photographs of Hollywood stars he had seen, to be sure. Those had been photographs, however; this was a woman, full-blooded and alive.

Presently he collected himself and flung his arm, in the Mexican fashion, around the fat shoulder of the gringo, Morgan Smith.

Morgan drew back at once, a look of embarrassment on his large features. "Well, well, Pablo, it was good of you to come," he said in very bad Spanish.

Pablo sensed that something was not quite as he had hoped. Could it be that the gringo was not as glad to see Pablo as Pablo was to see the gringo? Crushing the small feeling of disappointment, Pablo turned then to the blond woman, Clara, and bowed low over her hand. He smelled the fragrance of her soft white hand, close to his lips.

She chattered in English, and the harsh sounds rasped in his ears. She wore a blue coat and, on her golden head, a blue hat with a red feather. The Mexican women in the

(Continued on page 54)

The Die is Cast . . .

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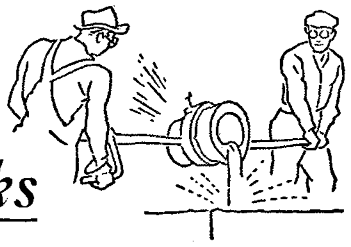

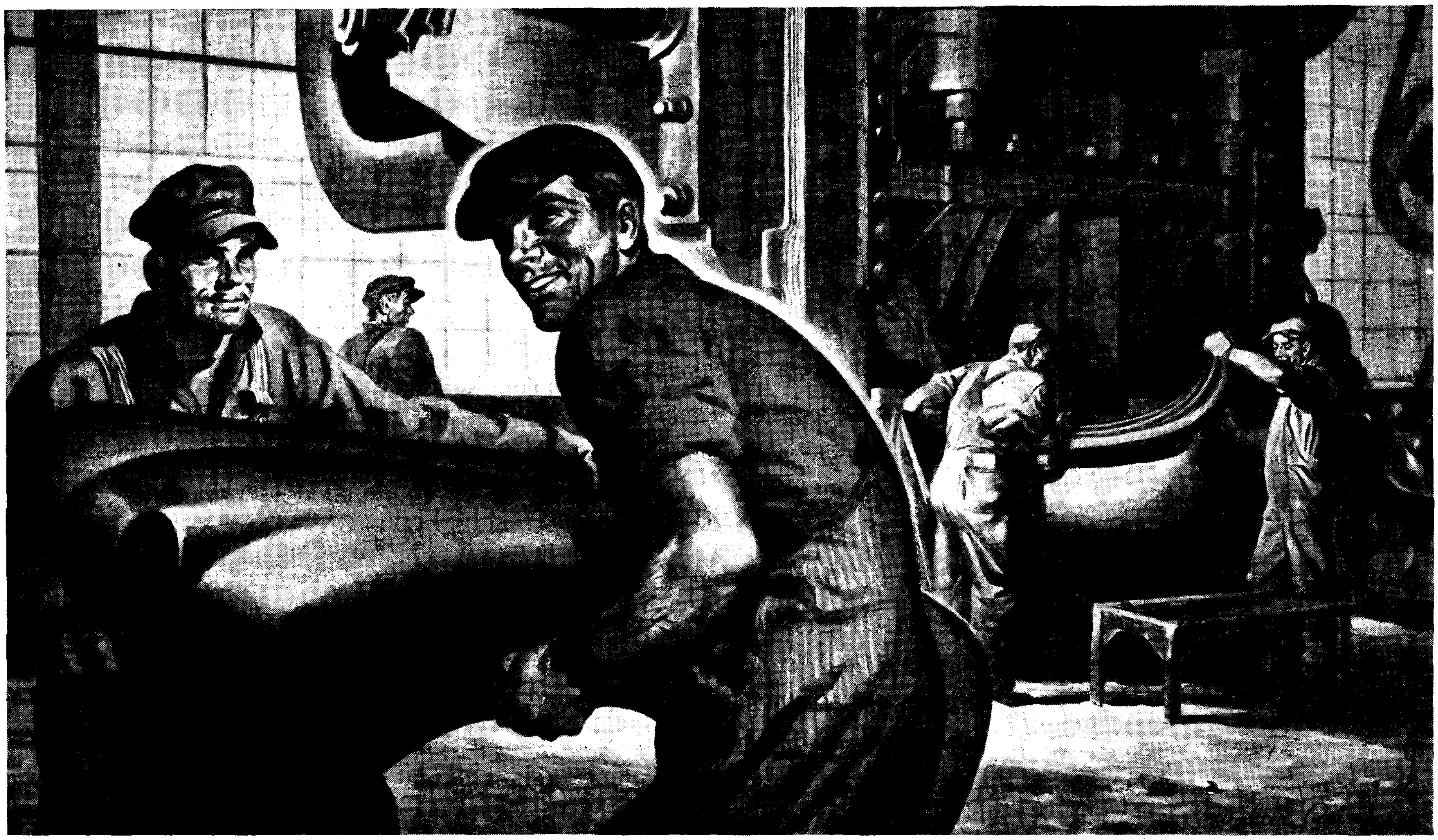

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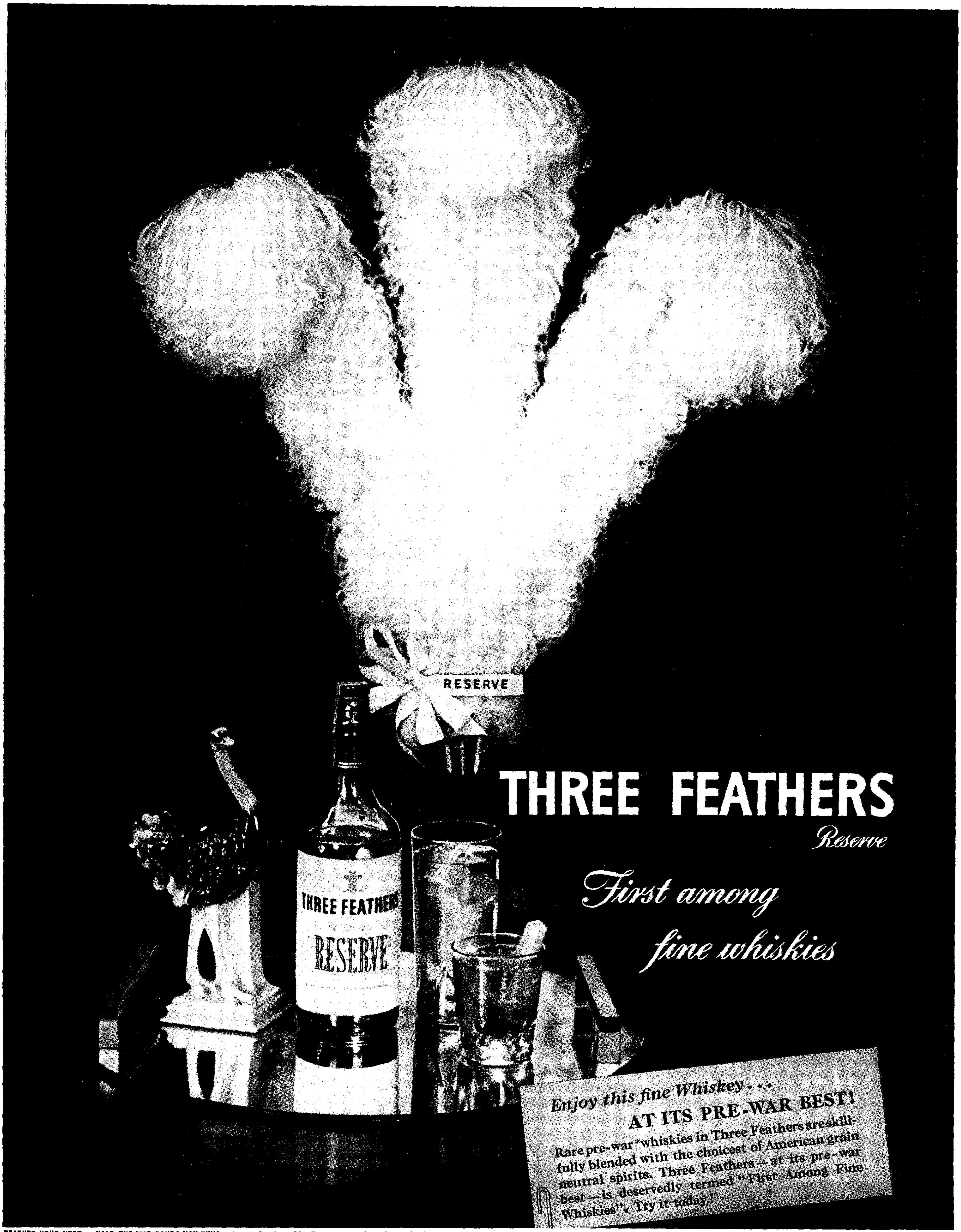

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FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!...Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. *The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

We Lived to Tell

Continued from page 24

We left Zamboanga the morning of September 5th. We changed course over and over as we sailed, evidently zigzagging in a general northerly direction along the coast of the Philippines. Restrictions were growing tighter daily. We were not allowed on deck even to empty our latrine cans, and when there was an alert, the guard not only fastened the hatch cover but placed a tarpaulin over it, cutting off the air completely. The ship had been carrying cement, and the white dust filled the hold and coated our parched lips and throats. The only water was the sweat that gathered on the steel deck plates overhead. We would wad a shirt and throw it up against the steel plates, to gather a few little beads of moisture, and then wring out the shirt over our bare chests.

We had been under way a couple of days, and we were making pretty good speed that fateful afternoon of September 7th. Gene happened to glance through the ventilation crack, and he saw a curious sight: a Jap bugler was standing on deck sounding an alarm, his eyes straining sideways in terror. Then the Jap machine guns topside broke into a loud staccato, evidently firing at something in the water.

The first torpedo struck with an explosion like the end of the world. Before we could gather our senses, there was a second and even bigger explosion, and the water rushed through a gaping hole in the side of the ship. Everywhere there was debris and thrashing arms and legs. Mangled forms floated in the water all around us, and the hold was full of the screams and groans of dying men. Gene came to under water, and swam upward through the struggling mass of bodies. The hatch cover was blown off in the explosion; he could see light above him. The water was within three feet of the deck as he emerged.

Bert's silver pilot wings saved his life. He had kept them pinned inside his shirt during the March of Death, and all through prison camp he had fought to hang onto them. Maybe it was a hunch. His shirt was hanging from a beam in the center of the hold, and at the first note of alarm on the bugle, Bert instinctively started across the hold after the wings. Thus he missed the full force of the explosion. He wrapped his arms around the beam, as tons of water rushed over him, and he remembered saying to himself, "Well, I guess this is the way they feel when they are going to die," and then he looked up through the water at the light, and he said, "What the hell, I'm not going to die!" and he started swimming. He made it on deck just after Gene.

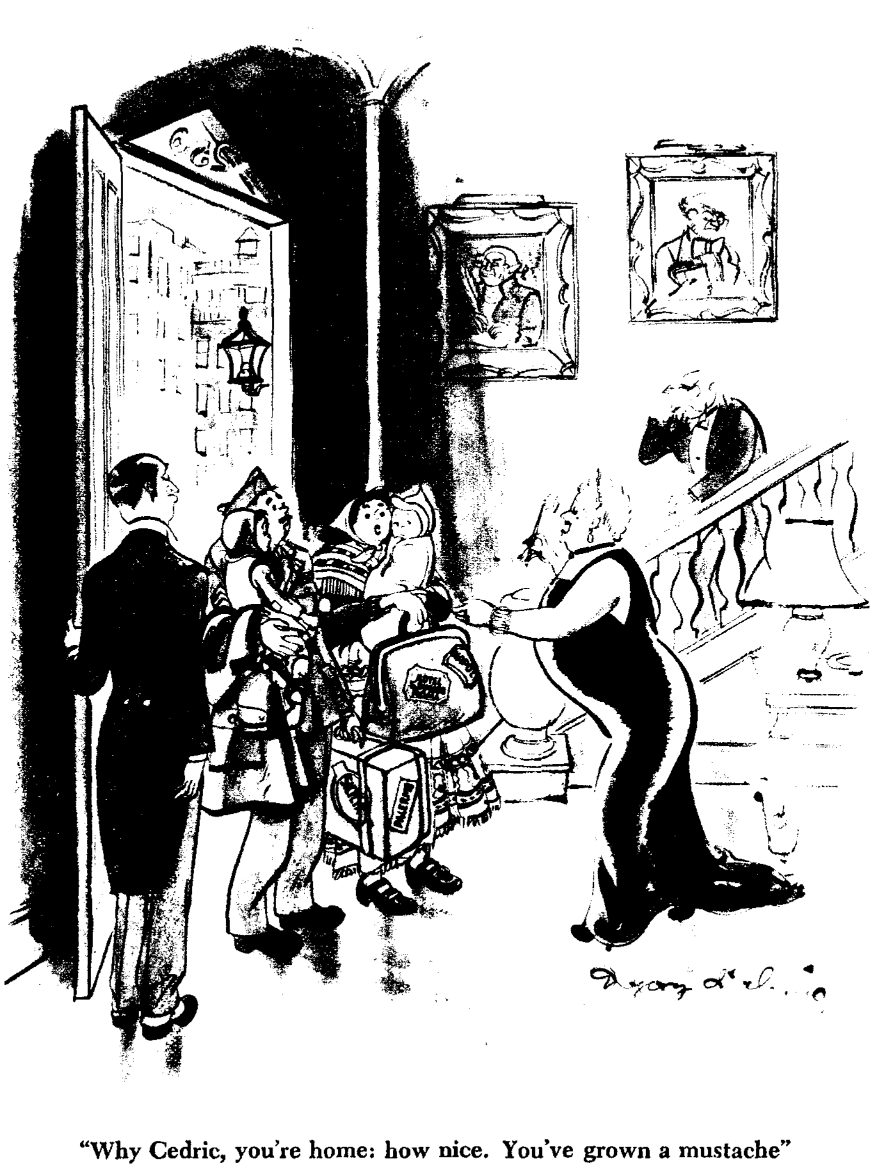
A Mass of Trapped Humanity

Johnny was in the afterhold when the torpedo struck. A flying section of beam struck him in the head; he regained consciousness lying on the floor, pinned under a dozen bodies. The hold was so full of cement dust that he could barely see. The face of the man lying on top of him was bloody, and Johnny put his hand to his own face and looked at it and decided that he was all right. He started clambering over the dead bodies.

The Japs were firing into the hold, and they tossed a couple of grenades down among the mass of trapped Americans. A lieutenant was pinned under a beam and called for help, and Johnny tried to work him loose, but the weight of the sagging deck held him. The boat was beginning to tilt and settle, and Johnny scrambled up the tumbled Jap luggage and made his way to the deck.

Seven Jap officers were lined up on the bridge of the ship with .30-caliber rifles, picking off the Americans one by one as they came up out of the hold. Little Caesar, our most hated guard at Davao and Lasang, was waving a pistol, and directing them in a high, hysterical voice. Gene emerged on deck with two other men. Bullets were pinging past him and slamming against the deck. He heard a dull thud, and the man on his right slid back into the hold. The deck was littered with mangled Jap bodies, laid open like butchered meat by the blast of the torpedoes. Gene stepped over the body of the interpreter (the obsequious Mr. Wada, who was lying dead across the cradle of a lifeboat) and vaulted the rail into the water.

WELCOME HOME! by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"Why Cedric, you're home: how nice. You've grown a mustache"

COLLIER'S

The ship was listing to port and settling faster and faster in the water. The shore line of an island was about two miles off. Johnny, on deck, looked around for something to keep him afloat. Dazedly he picked up a bashed-in Jap canteen, and emptied the water out of it before he realized it wouldn't be much help. He took off his pants, and stepped to the rail. The debris-filled water was now almost flush with the deck. A little sergeant standing beside him couldn't swim; he just stood there and looked at the water in silence as Johnny struck off. Bullets were spatting the water around him. He purposely swam near a bunch of Japs in the water, figuring the guards wouldn't shoot into their own men. His G-string had come unfastened, and it trailed behind him in the water, tangling in his legs as he swam.

Gene steered clear of a group of American prisoners clinging to a section of hatch cover. He realized that the rifle fire from the sinking ship was being directed at them, and he headed off alone in another direction. An American officer was struggling in the water, his shoulder shattered by a bullet, and Gene supported him with one arm while he worked a couple of four-by-four planks together to make a raft.

Bert spotted him and swam toward him, and together they kept the wounded man afloat. There was a Jap in the water near them, wearing a life preserver; he was Fish Face, the Nip lieutenant who had conducted some of the most brutal beatings at Davao and Lasang. Bert swam behind him, untied his life preserver and yanked it away, and then grabbed him by the hair and forced his head under water until he stopped struggling.

Evidently the blast of the torpedo had locked the mechanism of the ship's whistle, and it screamed steadily like a child that has been hurt. The Jap officers stood on the bridge of the doomed vessel, still firing at the Americans in the water. The ship capsized so rapidly that they had no time to free the lifeboats from their davits; the boats went down with the ship. The Japs braced themselves on the slanting deck, singing a war chant as the water rose toward them. There was a crackling sound like crumpled tissue paper, and the ship broke in half and went down.

Eluding the Jap Bullets

Small Jap patrol boats from other ships in the convoy were cruising in and out amid the debris, hunting down and shooting the swimming Americans. A young enlisted man floundered toward Johnny and grasped the other end of a plank he was holding. Johnny asked him if he could swim, and the soldier said, "No, sir, not very well," and Johnny started to say, "Don't worry, we'll make it somehow," but before he could get the words out, there was a shot from a Jap patrol boat, and the boy's head fell forward.

There was a hole in his forehead, and blood ran down his face and into the water. Johnny dragged the body along with him, in hopes that the Japs would think they were both dead and would not fire again. When he was out of range, he used his foot to push the dead man off, and started swimming for shore.

Several seaplanes were flying overhead, dropping depth charges in an effort to hit the American submarine which had fired the torpedoes. One plane came right over Johnny and started strafing him in the water, but it quit because there were Japs near by. The exploding depth charges had one advantage: They kept the sharks away. The water was filled with gasoline and oil from a Jap tanker in the convoy which had been torpedoed, and probably that also helped discourage the sharks. We could feel the gasoline sting and burn in our open wounds as we swam.

We were constantly encountering Japs in

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MEAT POT PIE

FRANKFURTER STYLE

1 tbs. shortening
2 cups diced carrots
3 cups diced potatoes
12 small onions
1 lb. Skinless Frankfurters
bouillon cubes *or* meat extract, salt to taste
pastry for 1 crust pie
1 box frozen peas *or* 1 lb. fresh peas

Place cooked vegetables in casserole lined with pastry dough. Add four cut up frankfurters. Melt shortening, add flavor, 2 bouillon cubes dissolved in 3 cups hot water. Pour over vegetables. Top with ring of pastry. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) about 20 minutes. Place remaining franks in open center 10 minutes before removing from oven.

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TRADEMARK
NO SKINS! NO WASTE! NO EQUAL!

First sight, first bite . . . will prove why SKINLESS franks and wieners are so tempting and popular. With no skins to burst open in cooking, the savory meat juices are saved for eating. And such tenderness! SKINLESS frankfurters disappear completely from every plate without a skin to leave as waste. Find out for yourself, tonight, what a world of difference there really is! Ask for your favorite brand of frankfurters made the SKINLESS way.

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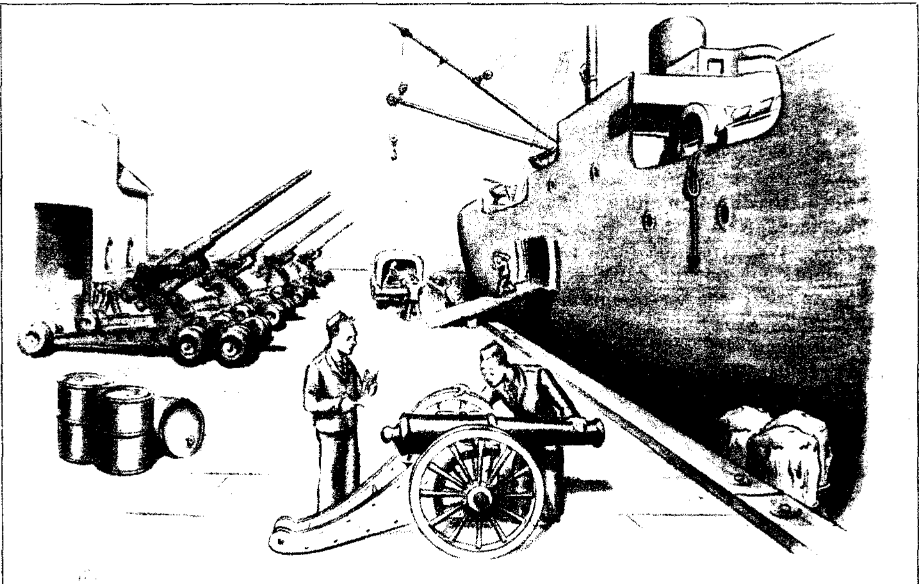


"It says—'Paid for by the War Bond purchases of the Berkham County Daughters of the American Revolution'"

COLLIER'S — COLES S. PHINIZY

the water, and fighting them with bits of stick and our bare fists. Bert and Gene saw Lieutenant Hosheda clinging to a spar, but he was too far off to get at him. The torpedoed tanker had run up on shore and beached by now, and her crew had broken out the twin .50-caliber machine guns and were training them on the American survivors. Bert and Gene realized they had to split up in order to present a smaller target. The wounded man they were carrying had passed out from loss of blood, and they could see he was almost gone. They strapped the single life preserver around him, and then struck off in different directions through the machine-gun bullets thudding around them.

The Prospect of Revenge

They were about halfway to shore when they spotted Little Caesar floundering in the water, making his way laboriously toward a life raft full of Japs. Pete also had escaped from the ship and was swimming beside them, and he gave a curious whinny of excitement. Pete had never regained his full speech after his brutal beating by Little Caesar that rainy afternoon on the railroad embankment at Davao. For two years there had been only one thought in his befogged mind, and that was revenge. Even the thought of freedom could not make Pete forget now. He turned and started after Little Caesar, his arms flailing the water.

Little Caesar saw him coming, and he kicked his short legs in terror as he struggled toward the raft. Pete came up to him, grabbed him around the neck with one hand, and with the other hand reached under water and took Little Caesar's pistol out of his holster. The raftful of Japs were approaching fast. Pete backed water a foot, and pointed the pistol at Caesar's head, and pulled the trigger. There was only a faint click. He pulled the trigger again and again, but the pistol missed fire. The raft was alongside, and Jap hands hauled Little Caesar aboard. He grabbed a saber, swung it downward, and slashed Pete's face in half with a single stroke.

The thing that saved the rest of us was the rapidly growing darkness. The Jap patrol boats couldn't spot the swimming men in the uncertain half-light. They cruised back and forth, announcing through megaphones that if the Americans would surrender, they would be shown mercy. Some of the men were so exhausted that they fell for it. We learned what happened to them from a staff sergeant later. He was one of thirty survivors who were picked up by a Jap patrol boat. They were taken aboard a freighter, and their hands were tied behind them. Then the Japs lined them against the rail at the stern of the ship, shot them one by one in the back of the head and pushed the bodies into the water.

The sergeant managed to cut the ropes around his wrist with the frayed end of a steel cable, knocked down a couple of the guards, and raced the length of the deck to the other end of the ship. There he hid in the small compartment holding the anchor chain. After the guards had stopped searching, he climbed down the anchor chain to the water and swam to shore. He was the only one who lived to tell.

Johnny almost didn't make it. There was a strong tide running inshore, and he found himself being carried nearer and nearer the beached tanker. In the darkness he could see the red bursts of machine-gun fire, and he heard the bullets ripping into the water all around him. Somehow he managed to swim against the tide and fight his way toward shore. He never knew where he found the extra strength. Perhaps it was the cold water that his parched body seemed to soak up; perhaps it was the sheer exultation of being free. The weight of those two and a half terrible years had been exploded in one shattering instant. It was like being blasted out of the grave, he said. The torpedo had blown him back to life.

He half swam, half crawled through the surf and onto the slanting coral ledge, got to his feet, and started dodging up the beach through the intermittent machine-gun fire from the tanker, ducking from boulder to boulder. He paused for a moment in a small fisherman's shack; just as he left, a burst from the machine guns cut the shack in half.

He reached the fringe of bushes at the edge of the beach, and something made him halt. He listened. From the thicket ahead of him came a low, distinct hiss. The leaves parted, and a Filipino face poked through. He beckoned to Johnny, and his lips spread in a white-toothed grin.

Johnny threw his arms around him and kissed him.

Saved by a Cover of Darkness

The strong tide carried Bert and Gene past the tanker, and down to a narrow point of land that projected into the ocean. Several times the Jap patrol boats cruised near them in the darkness, but the boats always changed course in the nick of time. They made the last hundred yards on sheer nerve and clambered up onto the beach almost at the same moment. They lay on their stomachs on the coral sand gasping for breath, still unable to believe it was true.

Another officer, Lieutenant Playter, had made it just ahead of them, and they found two enlisted men a little way down the beach. They were all in pretty bad shape; Bert's eardrum had been broken by the explosion, there was a piece of shrapnel embedded in his hand, and one of the enlisted men had a hole two inches deep in his ankle, gouged by a piece of flying steel. Playter was the worst off; his arm was ripped open from the elbow to the shoulder, and he had a hole in his thigh as big as a baseball. When the prison ship went down, Playter had been caught by the propellers and dragged under water. The prop tore free, along with a chunk of flesh out of his leg, and he struggled back to the surface.

Wounded or not, the Americans knew they could not stay where they were. The Japs could cut them off at the neck of the peninsula as soon as it was light; they had to reach the jungles in the interior of the island before daybreak. When the moon had risen, they started walking, supporting Playter and the injured enlisted man. Sometime that night they lost contact with the other enlisted man; they never saw him again. A tropical rain began toward morning, and the cool sweet water on their bare bodies was straight from heaven.

They were making very poor time through the tangled underbrush that covered the low peninsula, and they forced their way to the water's edge, and splashed ankle-deep through the shallows. The jagged coral slashed their bare feet, and they left a wake of blood in the water with each step. By dawn they were safe in the jungle, and hid in a grove of wild bananas to rest up for the next night's march. Playter's leg was in such bad shape now that he couldn't walk, and the others were too weak to carry him. They realized that gangrene would set in soon, but they were at a loss to know what to do.

There the Filipinos found them, fed them coconut, boiled bananas and water. They cautioned the Filipinos not to mention that Americans were hiding there, but the natives could not resist spreading the good word. That night Filipinos, young and old, came to welcome them. They held a big fiesta but the Americans were too exhausted and sick to take any part in it. They lay in the *nipa*-leaf shack, praying that the Japs wouldn't hear the singing.

They learned from the Filipinos that another group of Americans was a few kilometers away, and next morning they started down the trail in hopes of getting medical aid for Playter. His leg was getting worse each hour. The odor of gangrene was noticeable now, and he was delirious with pain. As they reached the village, other Americans greeted them with shouts. Johnny ran toward Bert and Gene, and helped carry Playter into the hut where a Filipino doctor was waiting with antiseptics and instruments.

The arrival of their party brought the total number of survivors to forty-seven. All that night and during the next couple of days, other stragglers arrived, a couple at a time, limping down the trail or riding on carabaos or being dragged on sleds when they were too sick to walk. As each new group arrived, the rest of us would look over to see if some particular buddy of ours had made it from the torpedoed ship. A man would run from one person to another in the group, begging for news of a friend. "Did you see so-and-so in the water? . . . Do you think he had a chance?" Altogether eighty-three Americans survived out of the seven hundred and fifty who had been aboard.

Most of the men were wounded by bullets or fragments of the hand grenades the Japs had thrown into the hold, and all of us were dazed and partly deafened by the explosion. Still we could laugh. A G.I. arrived wearing two Jap officers' coats; he explained casually that he had borrowed them from a couple of Japs he met in the water. A captain showed up with a Jap bayonet and a Jap pistol. He traded the bayonet to a Filipino woman for a souvenir knife, and swapped the pistol for a pair of shoes.

We stayed until we were in shape to travel. Playter's leg was healing nicely; they did not have to amputate. At last we received the wonderful word that we were to be evacuated to a prearranged rendezvous by an American submarine.

That night at the appointed hour, we were rowed out to the sub in little Filipino bancas. We could see its dark shape looming up ahead of us, as big as a battleship in the strange tropic night. The natives held the little boats alongside, and the crew of the sub reached down and helped us aboard. Bert felt a huge warm hand grab him and pull him up. Bert didn't realize how thin he was; he was just skin and bones, and that big American sailor lifted him as though he were a little child. Another sailor steadied him and lowered him through the hatch.

We stood there and looked around us. We looked at the instrument panels, the dials, the wheels and compass and gadgets. Everything was American. The deck plates, the ladders, the steel handrails were made in America. The sailors were American: husky, healthy, clean, not like the Japs. We looked at them, and they looked at us, but nobody said much. They said, "How was it?" or "How do you feel?" and we said, "Okay," but it was hard to say anything.

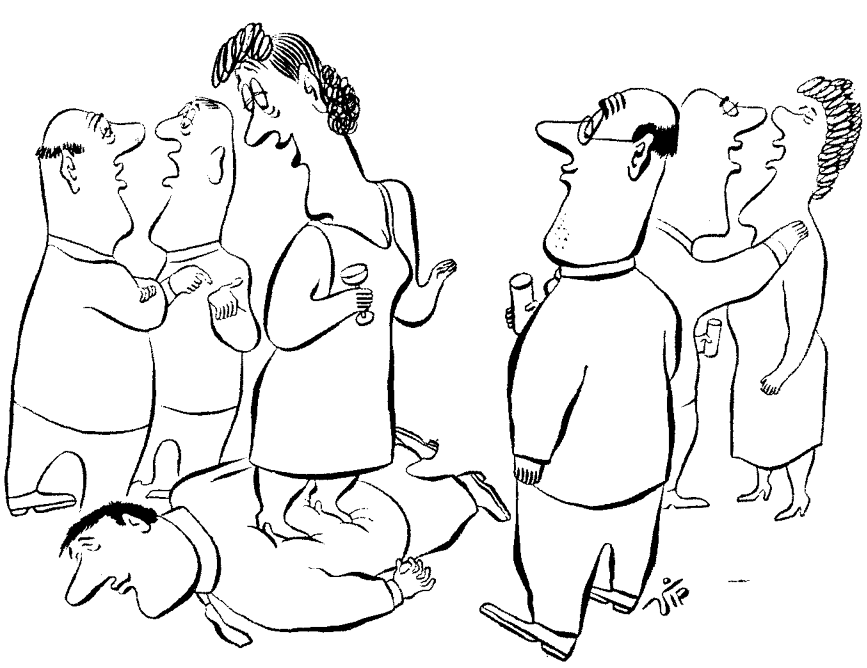
A Little Bit of Heaven

Then the mess cook stuck his head in the door and said, "Hey, youse guys, how's to make with some chow?" in a beautiful Brooklyn accent, and suddenly we wanted to cry. We stood there and blubbered like a lot of damned fools, and we couldn't help it. We had been away so long, and now we were home.

It's a funny thing, but you have to be away from America to find out what it means. Words like patriotism and love of country take on a different meaning after three years in a Jap prison. We had changed, but not the way you would expect. Our folks when we got back were afraid we might be tougher or harder, but it wasn't that. We were just bigger. The things we used to take for granted once, we didn't take for granted any more. We had learned a lot in three years. We learned about the Japs, but we learned more than that. We learned about Americans.

We sat down at the sub's long mess table, and they brought us vegetable soup full of vegetables, and pitchers of fresh milk, and plates of bread. We didn't wolf that bread, though. We just took a bite and sat back and rolled it around on our tongue and let it go down slowly. That wasn't bread. That was cake.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I've been wondering all evening why I've been so tall" VIRGIL PARTCH

Hop out of bed
HAPPY

PROMOTES SOUND SLEEP

A cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime induces sound, restful sleep—without drugs. It has the power to relieve "nervous tension"—and to prevent digestive unrest that often causes night-time tossing. Also supplies food elements *known to be necessary* for sound sleep.

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First—taken warm at bedtime it promotes sound sleep *without drugs*.

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So why not turn to Ovaltine—starting *tonight!*

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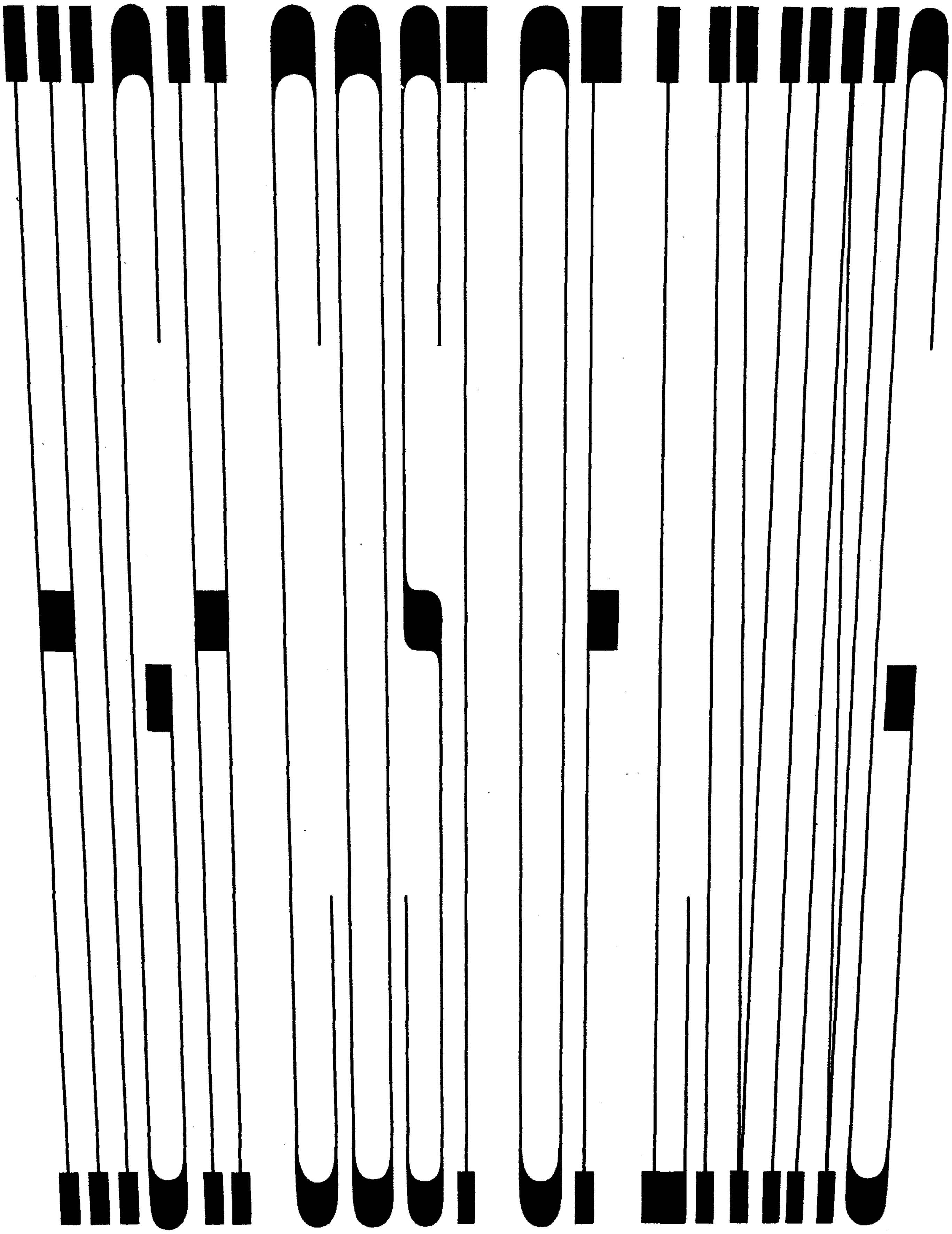
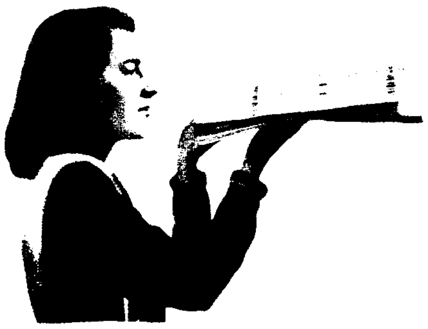
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT!





(The lines at the right may look like a mystic maze. But if you close one eye and tilt this page to the position shown, you can easily read four familiar words.)

MAYBE you won't thank us for reminding you of the H C of L. But *it doesn't seem nearly so high when you look at it in the light of your electric bill!*

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That's especially good news now, but it continues a long-time trend. Electric prices have been coming down so steadily that *the average American family gets about twice as much electricity for its money today as it did* 15 *years ago.*

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★Names on request from this magazine.

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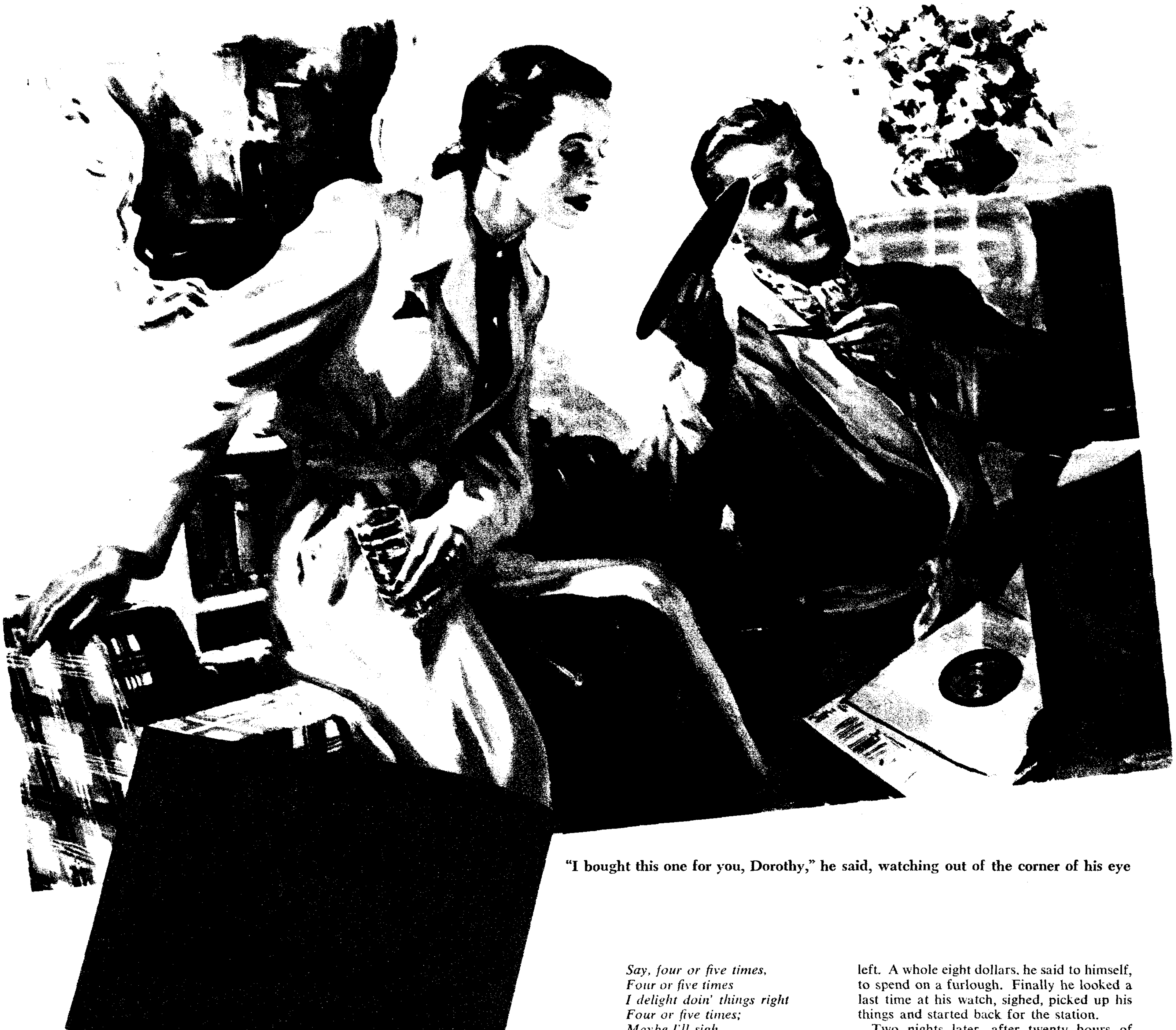

"I bought this one for you, Dorothy," he said, watching out of the corner of his eye

BY LEON DORAIS

THE man in the Army uniform (which was the way Atwood thought of himself: he was still self-conscious about being referred to as a soldier) stepped off the bus carrying a zippered canvas bag and walked the remaining three blocks to the railroad station. Atwood was slightly built, a tall and slender man with sloping shoulders who had worked indoors all his life and looked it. His face seemed constantly to be on the verge of scowling, and lines were beginning to cut sharply into his forehead and at either side of his mouth. He went directly to the check stand, left his bag, then crossed the room to the telegraph counter and took a blank. He wrote rapidly, knowing precisely what he wanted to say: "Arriving Saturday five-day furlough. Assignment definite but still pending. Love. Barney." Although his train was to leave in less than three hours he had not wired sooner because he had lost trust in words and promises and it was not until just before he boarded the bus in camp that the furlough certificate was actually given to him; it was there in his pocket now, tangible and specific, so it was safe, finally, to tell his wife that he was coming.

When he had paid for the telegram he checked his watch with the station clock, verified the train schedule and went outside. He went back up the street past the bus stop and, after walking several blocks, turned into a small, cluttered music store. He waited until the proprietor, who knew him by sight, came up to the counter and saw who it was.

"I've got that album for you if you want it," the proprietor said. "They came in over a week ago."

"Do you mind letting me play them first? I may not want them all."

"Why, of course," the proprietor said. "Go ahead."

The album was a reissue of four records that Jimmy Noone and Earl Hines had made during the time they had been playing at the Apex Club in Chicago in 1928. Barney looked through it until he found the one he particularly wanted. He put it on the turntable and waited through the opening choruses for the dogged rackety refrain, remembering it just as he had heard it in the original years before:

Say, four or five times,
Four or five times
I delight doin' things right
Four or five times;
Maybe I'll sigh
And maybe I'll cry
And, if I die
I'm gonna try to do it
Four or five times. . . .

When the record came to an end he grinned ruefully and took it off.

That'll make Dorothy laugh, all right, he thought, with grim humor. Well, it was a nice conceit, anyway.

He still had a good margin of time and, as there was no one else in the shop, he took out the rest of the records and played the album through, listening to the old tunes, the old music. When he had finished, handling them gently and carefully, he put the records back into their envelopes. He looked at the owner of the shop and smiled. "Oh, hell," he said. "I might as well take them all. I've got five days at home to listen to them."

With the album under his arm Barney went back the way he had come, stopped in a book store and bought two reprints and three magazines, then went on a few doors farther to the only saloon in the town equipped with bar stools and drank four leisurely Scotch-and-waters. After paying for his drinks he had exactly eight dollars left. A whole eight dollars, he said to himself, to spend on a furlough. Finally he looked a last time at his watch, sighed, picked up his things and started back for the station.

Two nights later, after twenty hours of ten-cent-limit poker, playing in the first streak of luck he had had since being in the Army, Barney had run his eight dollars up to sixty-seven. He sat in the dimly lit coach with a pocketful of worn and crumpled dollar bills, thinking in a kind of bemused and abstracted way of this small windfall, while the train bored through the dark across the empty Nevada desert, thinking that now his wife would not have to worry about money for a few days, that at least she would not have to pay for his furlough, too.

In the morning he shaved carefully and cleaned himself up as well as he could, but there was nothing to be done about his shapeless O.D. uniform. By the time the train was crawling up to Los Angeles he had long since got his few things ready, and when at last it rolled into the station he was the first one off the car. As he neared the crowd of people roped off at the end of the long exit corridor he got a glimpse of his wife, standing a little to one side by herself. She had not seen him yet and for a moment he slowed just to look at her: a very small well-rounded girl in a blue linen dress that he could not remember having seen and wearing a wide-brimmed yellow straw hat she'd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

COLLECTORS' CORNER

HERE IS A BRACE of exquisitely wrought XVIIIth century Spanish pistols with Miquelet locks and barrels signed by Aldazabal. Acquired originally by Giovanni P. Morosini, this brace is part of the collection presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by his daughter Giulia.

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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

bought the summer before. Then she caught sight of him, raising her hand involuntarily to her mouth and taking a step toward him, but in that moment he rushed across the intervening distance and picked her up bodily, holding her that way, her feet dangling in midair, until she was almost out of breath, before he set her down.

"Barney, my Barney!" she cried, as if the words were a kind of plea, talking and crying at the same time.

"Yes, darling, yes," he said at last. "It's me. It's Barney, all right. Let's not stand here any longer this way. Where'd you leave the car? Come on, let's go out to the car."

On the way to the parking lot, and even after they had reached the car and Barney had driven away from the station and headed out Sunset Boulevard, they could not seem to find the words to say to each other. They had been married exactly ten years, and they were both old enough now, Barney thought, to have the sense to appreciate each other, but he was nevertheless a little astonished that he could be so excited after being away from her only five months.

IT GAVE him a profound satisfaction to drive his car again, to lose if only briefly and temporarily the anonymity of a soldier, and he intentionally raced the car in and through the frenetic Los Angeles traffic. Dorothy watched him as he swerved before a streetcar and accelerated across an intersection just as the lights changed. He could feel the pressure on his arm as she involuntarily tightened up; street traffic invariably rattled her and she dreaded having to drive the car herself.

"How does it look?" she asked him finally.

"Do you think it's going to look any different after only five months?" Barney looked sideways at her and grinned. "I don't know what in the world I expected to feel, but now it's just as if I hadn't been away at all."

"You're tired, aren't you?"

"Pretty messy," he admitted. "Sitting up on a chair car for two days and nights is strictly from hunger. But what I really want is to get out of this woolen strait jacket."

"We'll be home in just a few minutes, darling."

"Home? That's right, it is, isn't it?"

They lived in a small redwood house on a winding steep road in the Hollywood hills that they'd had their eye on for almost a year before it had been vacant, and they had been in it just eight months when Barney was drafted. He pulled up in front of it and stopped the car, twisting the front wheels at a sharp angle to the curb to hold the car against the grade, and then they got out and walked up the long flight of wooden steps to the house. It was just as he remembered it: the half-wild garden, and the three acacia trees shading the patio he had paved with flagstones, and the enormous white carnations he and Dorothy had planted when they first moved in.

The house was bright with the hot afternoon sun and there were flowers everywhere. Barney walked through each room in turn, looking at the crisp, spotlessly clean curtains and the gleaming floors and the furniture that had taken them years to accumulate, piece by piece, and that Dorothy fanatically kept waxed and dusted. When he came to the bathroom he opened the door and gazed around. "No flowers in the tub?" he said.

He put the plug in and turned the water on full force. "The first thing I want is a bath. Not a shower, hot *or* cold, just a plain ordinary bath."

"Nobody's stopping you, dear," Dorothy said, laughing. "Take your clothes off and jump in."

Barney lay in the hot water for fully twenty minutes without stirring. Finally he roused himself and called to Dorothy. "Light me a cigarette and then come in and talk to me," he commanded. "I can't get used all at once to taking a bath in privacy. I get claustrophobia with the door closed."

"Look, you're home now, Barney."

"Sure, I know. New dress, isn't it? You look wonderful in it."

Dorothy's face lit up. "Then you did notice it. It's the only thing I've bought since you left. I went right out and got it after your wire came."

Barney looked at his wife and grinned wickedly. "There was a little dame sat next to me on the train. She was about nineteen or twenty but she didn't look as young as you do and she wasn't half as pretty."

"You expect me to believe that?" Dorothy said.

"My best girl."

"Ah, Barney. You say nice things so seldom that when you do they're appreciated."

"I don't want to spoil you."

"Barney. Tell me something. What's it really like? I mean, apart from all the things you've told me in your letters."

"Well, it's like this: Any resemblance between Army life and human life is purely coincidental."

"I really want to know. Be serious."

"You think I'm not? A captain was interviewing some of us once, and he asked a man what he *actually* thought of the Army. Then the captain took another look at him and said, 'No, on second thought perhaps you'd better not tell me.' And that's the way it is, too. But you get used to it after a while. I don't know how, or why, but you do. . . . Light me another cigarette, will you?"

Dorothy lit it for him and put it between his lips. She straightened up and half turned away, her back to him, and then said with a casualness that was just perceptibly forced: "Your wire upset me a little, dear, when I first got it. I thought I was going back with you. Now . . . they won't send you overseas, will they?"

"Darling, the war *is* overseas, you know."

"That isn't answering my question."

"They may and they may not. The only thing certain is that nothing is certain." How could he explain the way it was? he thought. No one understood that you were no longer one who could do things; you were one now to whom things were done. "All I can tell you is what the lieutenant said. He told me not to worry, to take the furlough and when I came back I'd be assigned on the post."

"But, Barney," Dorothy protested. "I don't understand. Oh, I'm afraid. I can't bear the thought of anything happening to you."

"Well, after all I *am* in the Army. But I don't think they'll send an old man like me across. Anyway, let's not anticipate."

Why couldn't he come out with it and tell her? he thought. Why keep on lying to her? For this furlough could mean only one thing, that he was going across, and despite himself whenever he thought of it he felt for a brief moment as if he had ice in his stomach.

"Let's stop talking about it," he said roughly. "It won't do any good to keep hashing it over this way. Get out of here now and let me finish my bath."

BARNEY dressed in a T-shirt and a pair of old loose slacks and came out to the kitchen to watch Dorothy fix the dinner. She opened the refrigerator and took out a mixing glass half full of Martinis. "You don't know how much trouble I had finding decent vermouth. I hope these are good, Barney; I made them the way you like them."

"You thought of everything, didn't you?" Barney said.

He lolled back in his chair, taking an occasional swallow and watching his wife move about the kitchen. She was just five feet and one-half inch tall—she never let him forget the extra half inch—and she was thinner and better shaped than when he had left. Her thick red-brown hair glinted in a shaft of the late-afternoon sun that came almost horizontally through the opened windows. Ten years, thought Barney. Ten years ago last month. He wanted nothing more than just to be with her—to be sitting in a sunny kitchen, having a drink with her, eating her good food.

Her family had had some of their money left when he had married her and her mother had given her five thousand dollars as a wedding present. She had put it in a savings account, and little by little as he had gone from job to no job and back again, from one paper to another, and in and out of every kind of hack writing that he could get, the money had dwindled, a fifty here and a hundred there, until there was barely a thousand of it left. While there was a chance of

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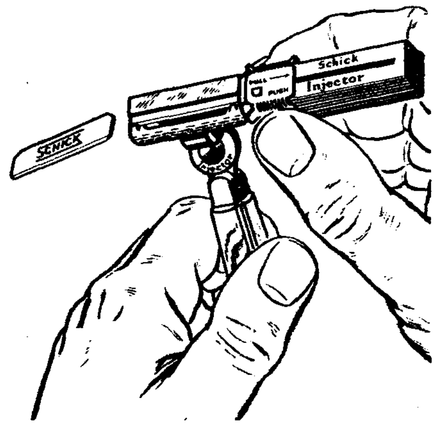

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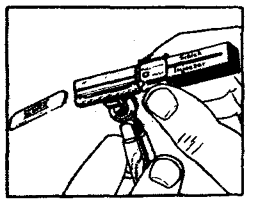

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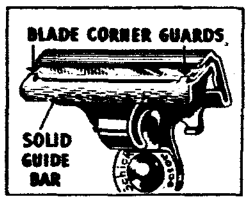

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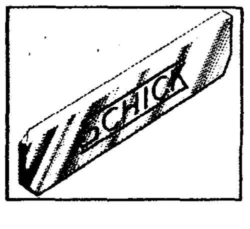
. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

her joining him at camp they had decided it would be better for her to wait rather than take a job and she was having to dip into the little that remained in the bank to supplement the monthly allotment. Since he had been inducted she had sent him money and bought him things, and whenever he thought about it he had a feeling of cold helplessness.

"I have a little surprise too," he said then. "Your old man hit a few hot licks on the train. Hot for him, that is." He told her about the poker game and insisted that she take fifty dollars of the money, and she finally agreed when he became almost angry in his stubborn insistence.

"Aren't you ready to eat yet?" she asked him after that. "Look what I've got for you." She held a broiler in front of him on which were two beautifully trimmed thick steaks, the meat aged and rich and dark and heavy with juice. "And if you think *that* didn't take some doing. How often do you think I have good meat?"

"I know, I know," Barney said, grinning. "They give us meat, but it isn't like anything you ever saw when the student cooks get through with it."

THEY sat a long time after dinner, not talking a great deal, content to be together, completely alone with each other, until finally Dorothy rose and began to clear the dishes from the table.

"Oh, let them go until morning," Barney said sleepily.

"I never like to do that and you know it," Dorothy said with finality. "You go along to the living room. I won't be long."

"Let me help you with them."

"I should say not. This is your furlough; you think I'm going to have you washing dishes? No K.P. for you." She stopped to look at him closely; he was slumped back in his chair with his eyes closed, and the lines of the faint, perpetual scowl were partially erased from his face. The basic training had filled him out somewhat; his shoulders and chest were thicker and his skin was tanned and clear. "Barney, how is K.P.? Is it as bad as they say?"

"It ain't good," Barney mumbled. "It just sort of numbs you after a while. . . . Hell, I'm tired. I can't keep my eyes open."

After she had finished in the kitchen Dorothy found him in bed asleep, the light shining in his face. She undressed and got in beside him, making no effort to be quiet, but he did not even stir.

They lay in bed until late in the morning, and when they got up at last Barney insisted on helping her with the breakfast. Neither of them dressed: it seemed to Barney an unparalleled luxury to lounge about the house in a bathrobe and slippers free to do exactly as he pleased when he pleased. Over Dorothy's protests he dried the dishes for her and insisted on making the bed. She resignedly let him have his way. "The mailman goes for a walk on his day off," she said. "I should think you'd have had enough of that sort of thing."

"Ah, but let me show you how it's done in the Army," Barney said. "There are, as you've no doubt heard too many times already, three ways to do a thing: the right way, the wrong way, and the Army way. This is the Army way."

He folded in the ends of the sheet quickly and expertly, and Dorothy watched him with an amused tolerance, and yet impressed a little in spite of herself. He had never before in his life even been able to get a sheet smooth on the infrequent occasions when he had helped her.

"You see how it's folded," Barney announced. "Me demonstrating this nonsense for you reminds me of a corporal we had when we first got to camp. Corporal Hardin, from Mississippi or Tennessee or some place around there. I think he used to be an attendant in an Elks' Club in Memphis. 'Now,' he'd say, 'y'all take the co'nah and tuck it in thisaway. Then yo' pull the sides of the blanket thataway until yo' get it so tight yo' can bounce a half-dollah on it. An' any bed that ain't made right Ah'll jist teah it up until y'all learns how.' "

Barney gave the blanket a last vicious tug and stood for a moment, staring at it. "*That* character," he said at last.

Dorothy shivered a little. "Are there many like him?" she asked.

"They crawl out of the woodwork no matter where you are. And they don't all have Southern accents. Oh, well. Come on, I want to play the machine. I think I missed it as much as anything."

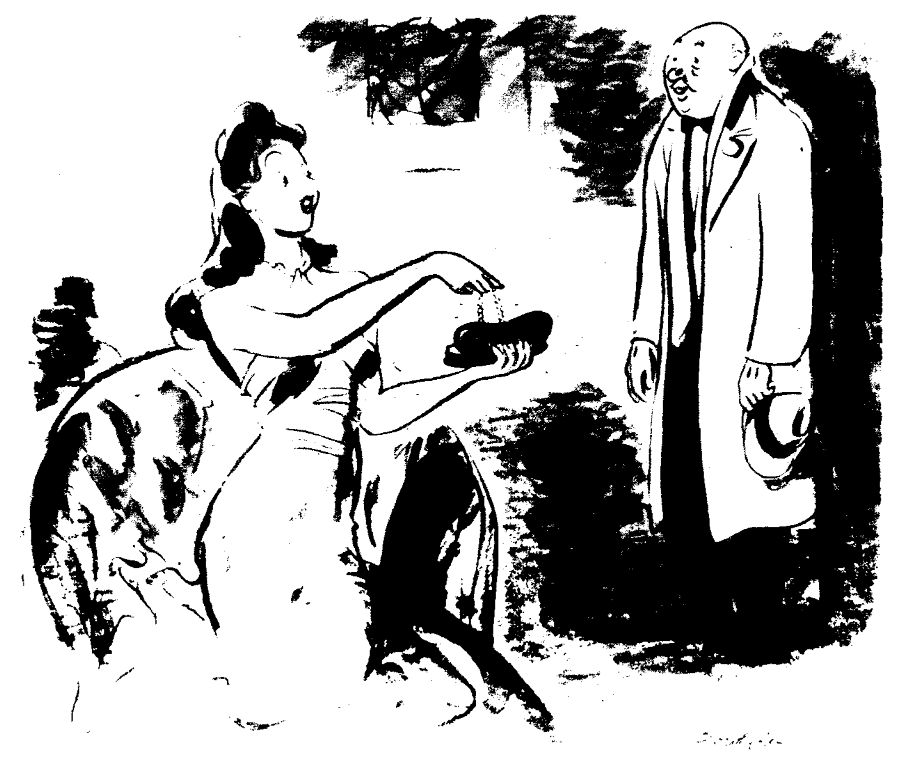
He went to the case where he kept his records, carefully arranged and catalogued, and unwrapped the album he had brought home with him. He entered the titles in his file and then went through the shelves of the case, carefully selecting the records he wanted to hear the most. Dorothy had disappeared, but as he was loading the phonograph she came back with two glasses and a bottle of Scotch.

Barney took the bottle and held it lovingly.

"And not even opened," he said. "What else have you been hiding from me?"

"It isn't every day my husband comes home on furlough."

They had a long drink together and then Barney turned on the phonograph. He had had the machine made to order and it had cost him much more than he could afford at the time, but Dorothy had wanted it as much as he had, and they had bought it, even though it had meant another three hundred dollars drawn from the savings account. He played a Biederbecke and an Armstrong and



COLLIER'S "Why Mr. Worthington! I'm going to call you Charles!" GARRETT PRICE

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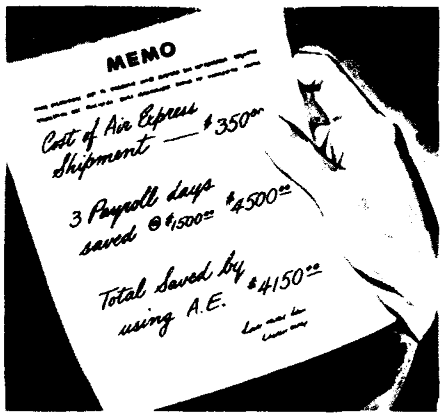

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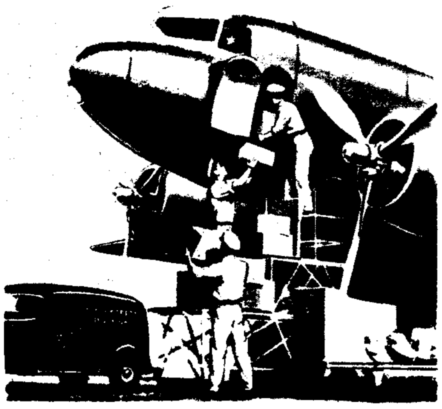

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You'll tell the man at the pump to "fill 'er up," just as you used to do, and off you'll roll to the Alaska Highway, or the Minnesota lake country, or the Grand Canyon.

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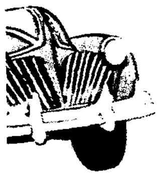

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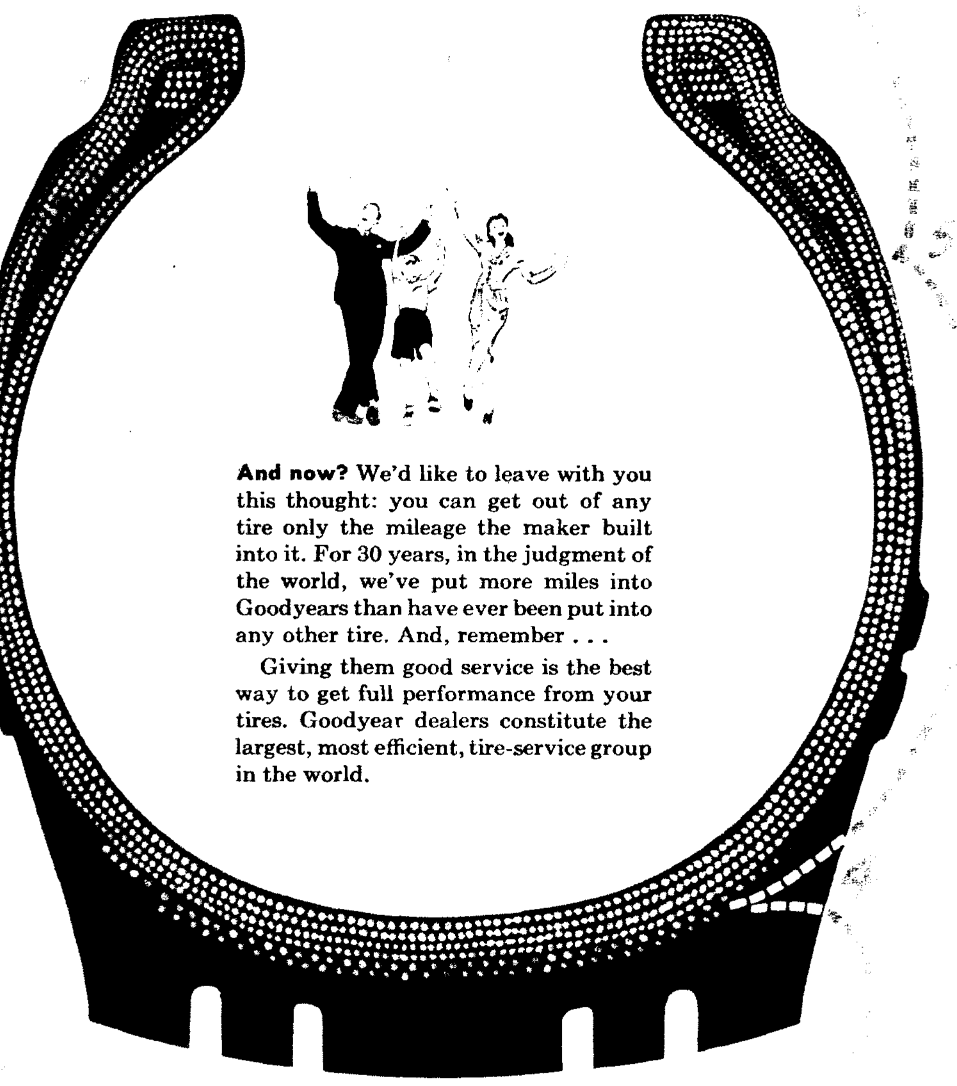

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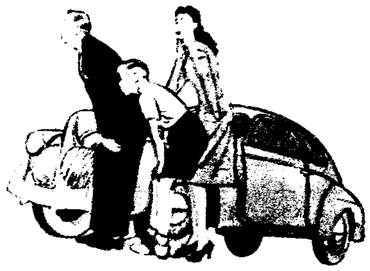
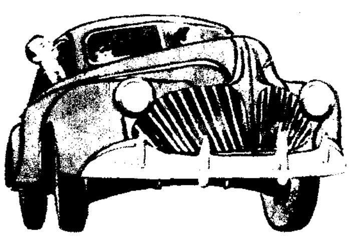


4. **Now we come** to Goodyear's double cord "breaker strips." These break the force of a road shock by distributing it over a wider area, and thus make harmless a jolt which might otherwise injure the tire or even cause a blowout.



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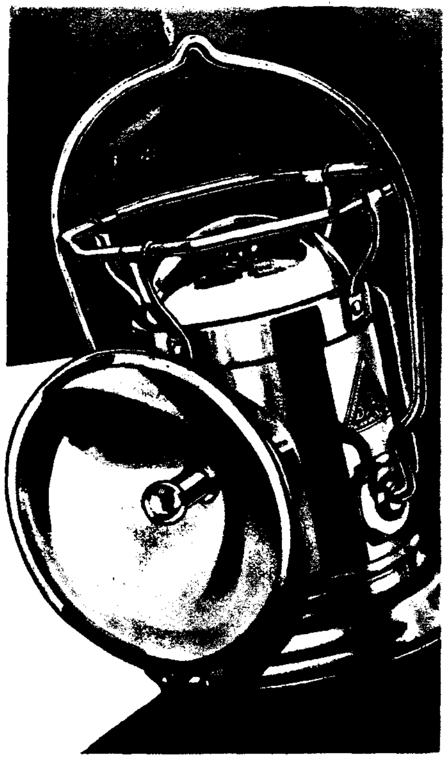

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Through steaming tropic jungle or the cool woods of Maine, on a South Seas beach or at the lake shore cottage—where there's no power*line* there's a job for a Delta Power*lite.*

For night use on fishing trips

In war or peace, wherever there's need for a rugged, dependable light, Powerlite goes along to light the way. More than a million Delta Powerlites have gone with the Army, Navy and Air Corps—all over the world.

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Our entire output still goes to the armed forces. That's why countless peace-time jobs for Delta Powerlite must await its return from the war fronts. But the return to civilian use will see Powerlite improved . . . the sturdy, dependable Powerlite that went to war . . . better fitted than ever for a thousand peace-time uses.

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KEEP BUYING *more* WAR BONDS

a Bechet and a Spanier for a starter, and then Jimmy Noone's Four or Five Times.

"I bought this one for you, Dorothy," he told her, watching her out of the corner of his eye. Dorothy listened to the words and laughed delightedly. She came over to him and bent down and kissed him.

"You're a sweet and wonderful guy," she said in a soft voice, "but you flatter yourself. Play the record again."

They sat in the house all afternoon drinking the Scotch and playing records, both of them in bathrobe and slippers, comfortable and happy in the house they both liked so much. The long day wore away at last and the sun went down and it got dark and they discovered that they were very hungry. They dressed finally and went down to the car, and Dorothy curled up next to him and went to sleep while Barney drove slowly and cautiously through what were to him at that moment slightly incredible Hollywood streets, to a seedy little Russian restaurant where they ate beef à la Stroganoff until they were gorged.

AFTERWARD they came out of the restaurant and walked slowly through the bland warm night, walking arm in arm like children. "Let's go home," said Dorothy, when they reached the car. "Drive nice and slow and take me home with you."

"Don't go to sleep again."

"I won't. I just feel good. I love you. Did you have a good time today? Did you do what you wanted to do?"

"I'm dreaming. I'm not really here; I have to get up at five-thirty in the morning and stand reveille."

"No, dear," Dorothy whispered. "No reveille. Not tomorrow morning," and then she went to sleep and Barney started the car and drove home.

But the next three days were subtly different. Both of them seemed unmeaningly to be forcing things a little, and they kept thinking that time was passing faster and faster, the very minutes slipping through their fingers; a feeling of strain grew up between them that neither was fully conscious of nor quite admitted. Dorothy tried to reconcile herself to another period of waiting in which she would be left alone again, this time with the responsibility of selling their furniture and all the details involved in giving up the house. On the afternoon before Barney was to leave she finally got him to help her, and they made a meticulous inventory of everything they owned and set a price on the things that were to be sold.

"The phonograph and the books and my civilian clothes you'll have to store at your sister's," Barney said when they had finished. "I hate to think of leaving the machine behind but I don't see how you can bring it with you. But if Helen so much as scratches one of my records I'll knock her teeth out."

Dorothy had a brief but lucid picture of her prim young sister even listening to his records—her dislike of jazz was almost a profession—but she decided against opening that subject again. "All right, dear," she soothed him. "I'll wrap them individually in cotton wool if you insist. How much do you think I ought to ask for the car? And how do I go about selling it?"

"What do you mean, selling it?" Barney asked sharply.

"Well, why not, for heaven's sake? You certainly don't want to store it, do you?"

"Look, Dorothy. I don't get it. What is all this about storing the car, or selling it? I want to keep it. How do you think we'll get another one?"

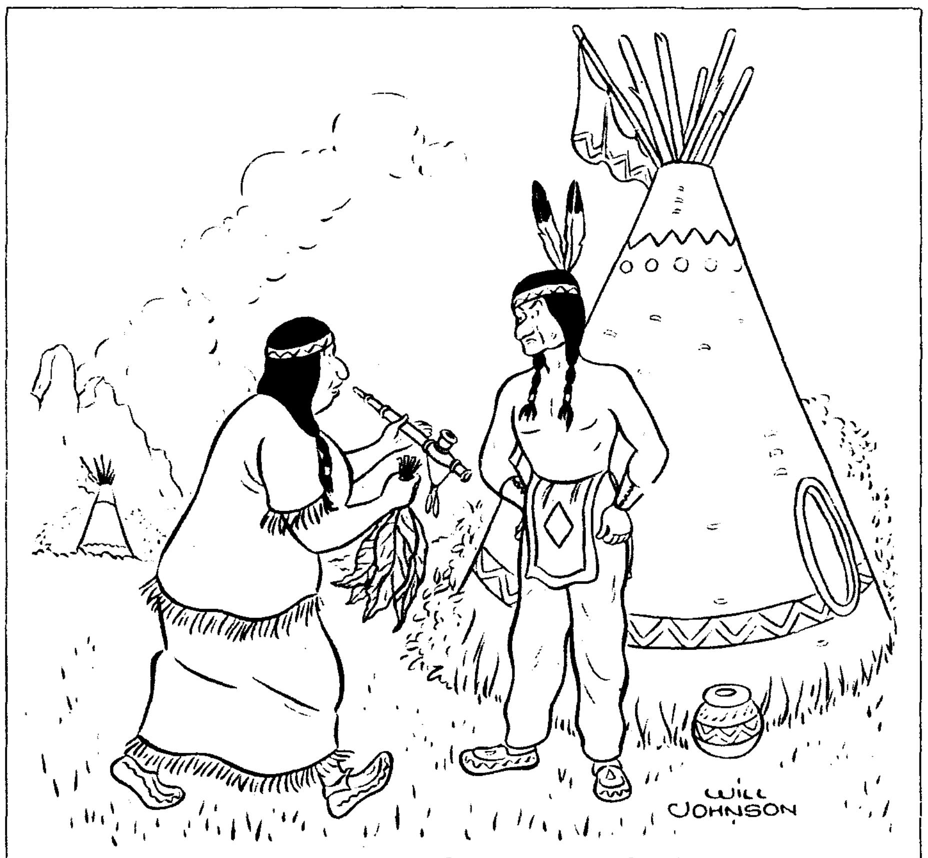
"Barney, love, if you think for one minute that I'm going to drive that car fifteen hundred miles or so across country all by myself you're battier than I thought. You know I despise driving anyway and I'm not very good at it—"

"Good Lord!" Barney interrupted savagely. "Every time there's something important that means you have to extend yourself a little I never can depend on you. You can't drive the car. You can't do *this,* you can't do that. What the hell *can* you do, anyway?"

"Don't talk about depending on *me!*" Dorothy flared. "You're not so darned dependable yourself. Going down to the office that time with that horrible hangover after making such a fool of yourself and practically ordering that Mr. Havermann out of the apartment the night before. . . . Good heavens! The things you've done—"

In an instant they were shouting at each other, dredging up every old hurt and indignity that came to mind in a torrent of bitter recrimination, until suddenly Barney, in the midst of a long senseless tirade, cut himself off short and slumped into a chair. He felt a little sick.

"Dorothy," he pleaded. "Dorothy, let's stop this!" She was striding up and down the room, holding a cigarette that she had been too agitated to light. "I don't want this," Barney said in a voice that was like a small boy's. "What are we doing, screaming at each other this way? I come home on a furlough. I only have five miserable days, they're almost gone. I have to go away again



"You'll have to try learning to smoke this —the trading post was out of cigarettes"

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of genuine hard rubber
will be back again

tomorrow, and here we are . . . here we are. And over what? What a jerk I am sometimes."

Dorothy stopped pacing and dug into the pocket of her dress for a book of matches. Her cigarette was mashed in her hand; she put it in an ash tray and tossed the matches aside. "If you want me to, Barney, I'll try to drive the car back. I can join the automobile club or something."

"Oh, forget about the damned car. We'll decide about it later. After I get there. There'll be plenty of time."

"Yes. There's no hurry. You write and tell me what to do."

"We'll work something out. Don't worry."

"Oh, Barney." Dorothy looked steadily at him and then she began to cry a little, quietly and without disfiguring her face. Barney fumbled for a cigarette and thought of all the other times in the past ten years he had made her cry; they were not thoughts he liked to have and sometimes at camp he had gone to bed with them, unable to sleep, and he had lain there in the dark and unreal barracks, smoking chain-fashion, until the thoughts had been exorcised. And he would soon have a lot of time to think of this, too, he thought.

"Dorothy, honey," he said then. "Let's don't cry. I've got such a little time left and I don't want you to cry while I'm here."

"I'm all through now," she said and she was. "It's just that . . . oh, when I got your wire I *knew* something had gone wrong. I'd been planning so on going back with you, and now I won't. I'll bet I don't even go back at all. I'll bet you don't even get assigned."

"Ah, Dorothy, don't say that; you'll be coming very soon. The lieutenant *promised* me, I tell you. Now come on. Let's get dressed. We're late already."

"All right. All right, Barney. I won't be but a few minutes. I'm sorry I was angry."

"You're sorry! What do you think I am? Now you have something else to remember."

"That's enough of that. I'll hurry now so you can't say I kept you waiting this time."

BARNEY'S train left at ten the next morning. Dorothy got his things ready and packed his bag for him and they drove to the station early so that there would be no last-minute rushing.

She went with him while he found a seat and then they stood together in the vestibule of the car to wait. Barney kept glancing nervously at his watch in spite of himself. The five days had gone; it seemed to him they had done so much less than they should; he felt frustrated and bitter and once he caught himself almost wishing for the train to leave.

"We shouldn't have quarreled that way, Dorothy," he said.

"Don't talk about it, please."

His arm was around her and he moved his hand gently, caressing her, feeling the smooth firm flesh beneath the fabric. She was his best girl, she was the whole world. "I don't even know how I came to start it in the first place," he said roughly. She looked up at him and he grinned a little, a sort of quick twisting of his mouth. "You're a strange little creature," he said. "For such a small girl you can make an awful lot of noise, though."

"Don't tease me, Barney dear."

"Ah, I'm not. Can't you see I'm only trying to tell you—" At that moment, from outside, came the "All Aboard," and the porter, standing at the car steps, looked up at them and said, "I'm afraid you'll have to get off now, lady."

"Goodby, darling," Dorothy whispered, and pulled Barney to her and kissed him with fierce possessiveness. "Oh, my dear, you're leaving me again!"

"Be a good child," Barney said. His voice was not entirely steady. "I'll send for you the minute the thing is set." It was all he could find to say.

Then she had to get off the car, and she waved to him once just before the porter dropped the floor plate and slammed the door. Barney ran inside the car to his seat and stood at the window, but the train was pulling away and Dorothy could not see him. He watched her as she walked away from the tracks to the incline, a little girl in a blue linen dress and a straw hat, walking firmly with her head stiffly erect, holding her face tight and trying not to cry, and then the train had taken him away and she was out of sight. Barney blinked his eyes. "His lips knew her lips, his arms knew the twining of her arms, he knew the deep woods of her hair, he loved her."

He took his seat and smiled wryly, thinking that he could not even think of love in his own words. . . .

On the morning after his return to camp he learned that his assignment had fallen through and that he was being shipped, and on the third day he boarded a troop train bound for a port of embarkation. In his pocket was a letter which said: "I knew what you were trying to tell me. I knew all along. Forget the quarrel. Just remember me here waiting for you. . . ."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

officer of a code he and his wife had doped out before a certain cruise. "I don't want to know exactly where you are," the wife had said, "but I would like to know whether it's the North Atlantic or South Atlantic." "Okay," said her husband. "If I say something in a letter about our refrigerator, you'll know I'm in the North Atlantic." Some weeks weeks later the wife got a letter in which the officer suggested that now might be the time to trade in the refrigerator; it was getting old, and so forth. Weeks after that the officer had a letter back. "What do you mean, trade in the refrigerator?" his wife wrote indignantly. "You know perfectly well it's in perfect condition." And maybe we shouldn't mention it, but some of the boys who don't like to write home practice a tidy bit of deception that saves them a lot of time. All they do is write 'Dear Sis,' slice a large square out of the middle of the letter with a razor blade, and then sign their names. If they don't pull it too often the censors take the rap for all the cutting."

NOTE to Quent Reynolds, George Jones, Frank Morris and Ralph Teatsorth, who wrote America's Greatest Naval Battle, recently published in this outstanding weekly: We have a letter from Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, Director of Research of Historical Foundations of World War II, in which he says that "your series of revelations is the most brilliant feat in the history of journalism." Note to Dr. Miller: Your suggestion that we air-mail copies of these three articles to every ship concerned with this epoch-making sea battle is being followed, sir.

A FRIEND of ours boarded a Canadian cruiser. Over the ship's bar hung a large USSR flag—hammer and sickle on red. "Oh, that," explained the officer. "The Russian flag. Oh, yes. When that's up, it means you can say anything about anybody or anything without landing in the brig. What's on your mind?"

WELL, all the hullabaloo caused by the plane priority for Mrs. Elliot Roosevelt's dog gives Mr. Philip Toomer the notion that the Roosevelt family had no idea that such goings-on went on. From Hattiesburg, Mississippi, Mr. Toomer says he's reminded of a little incident that took place in Lexington, Kentucky, during the Spanish-American War. Three mules, suffering from spavin, were shot. Before the Army officials finished explaining this to Washington, the file got to be about an inch thick. And, Mr. Toomer goes on, every time some of the papers reached Division Headquarters from Washington, a clerk would leap out of his chair and yell: "Here come the mules again!" What this has to do with a Roosevelt dog, we don't know. Just telling you what Mr. Toomer had to say. . . . G. W.

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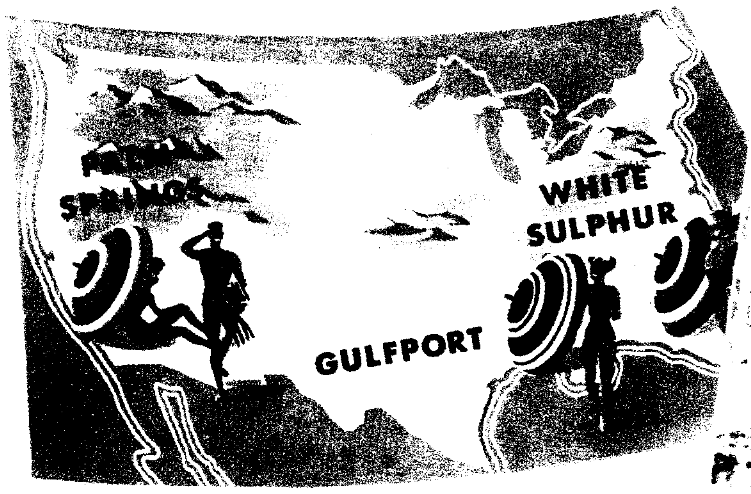

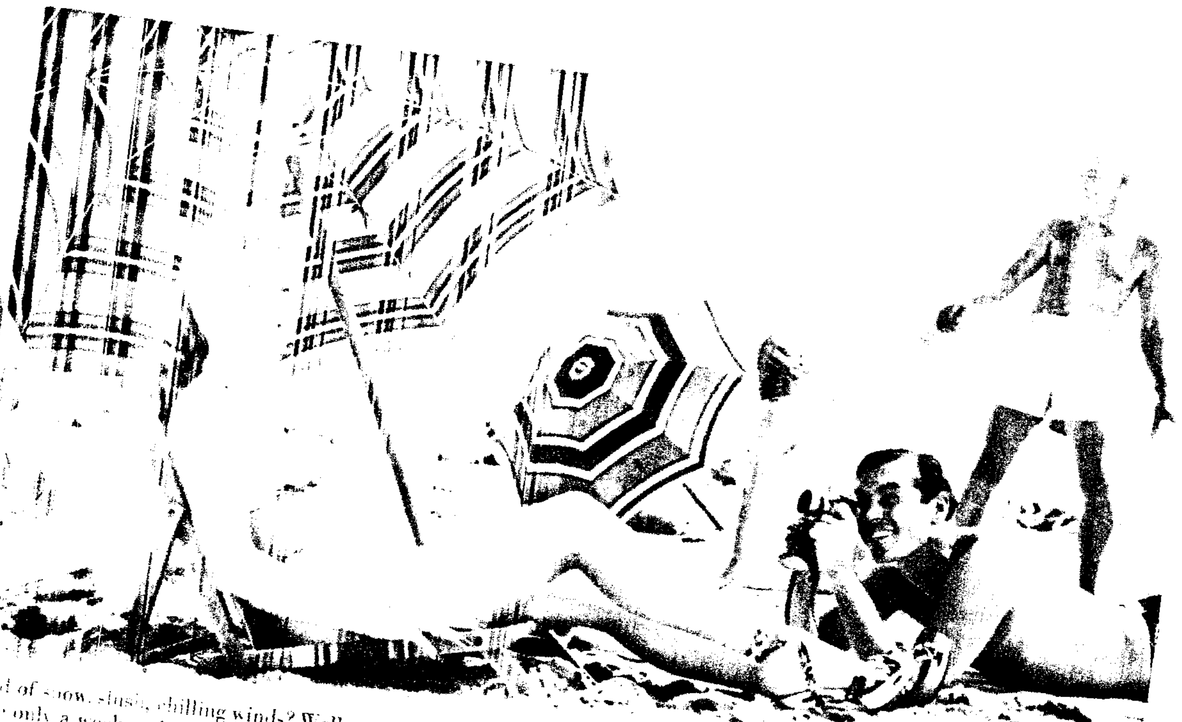

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THREE TIMES JUDGED "THE WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT AIRPLANE"

Wedding Down-River

Continued from page 16

us?" Seth was watching the white, boxlike craft now.

There was a man in a bright red shirt at the sweep. Now he began to blow on a squawky horn, and he was steering his boat right into them. Another man was poling the boat. Everybody on the flatboats had seen the little boat now, and all of them lined up, watching.

The man in the red shirt let his boat drift up against the flats, the boatman who had been poling pulled up his pole, and the man in the red shirt shouted, "Howdy, floaters!" And then to his boatman: "Lash us to 'em, Leatherbritches!"

Leatherbritches did, and the man in the red shirt left his sweep and bounded aboard the flats.

"Howdy!" he said again. "I'm Eb Stoner, my boat's The Merchant, and my boatman's Leatherbritches. And look up there!"

THEY were near the left bank. Up the long slope where he was pointing was a clearing. In the clearing was a cabin with a twist of blue smoke standing straight up from the mud chimney. There was a man chopping wood, and a woman standing in the doorway, looking toward the river.

"That's why I'm running a store boat," Eb Stoner told them all. "Two more years selling calico and axes and truck to you floaters, and I'll have me a place like that! I'll have me a fine home overlooking the river!" He talked fast, and his eyes were very blue and merry.

Zina was standing near him, and she said through stiff lips, "I don't like you calling us floaters."

"Well—"

"We're traveling to New Orleans."

Everybody was enjoying the argument but Aunt Martha. She flew out of the crowd with her neck feathers up.

"Young man," she said, "when we get to New Orleans, we'll be through floating. From the looks of your get-up, you're a permanent floater."

"Right, lady!" Eb smiled. "But one of these days I'll have me a place on the slope if I can sell enough goods—"

"To floaters!" Zina snapped.

"My humble apologies, miss." He grinned. Then he called out, "Come aboard, everybody!"

His craft was a little flatboat with a high cabin. On the outside of the cabin walls were pegs with slab bonnets, men's boots, shirts, axes, tomahawks, hams and varmint traps hanging from them.

"I sell to the landings along both sides of the river," Eb said, as they went on his boat. "And to the—travelers—and I got anything you can buy in Pittsburgh, St. Louiee, Memphis, Louieeville, Natchez or New Orleens." He ended on a little tune. . . .

When the flatboats moored that night, Zina had no sooner gotten a fire going in the earth box for evening mess, when they heard a squawky horn and saw The Merchant drifting in to moor. When he had tied up, Eb came over and greeted all of them as if weeks had passed since this morning.

Everybody was soon smiling over what the women called his pertness, and Mrs. Tucker invited him to have mess with them. By the time the bank fire was going, Eb had everybody laughing but Seth.

As soon as Eb had told his first river yarn, the children were crowded close to him, listening open-mouthed. When he started on his second tale, Seth stood up, scowled down at Zina, who was listening intently, then strode off to his boat.

For three days Eb overhauled the flats some time during the day, lashed on for a chat and tied up where they were every night.

On the fourth afternoon, Aunt Martha sent Zina to stand with Seth, and she went dutifully. He sulked for a while, then said, "We'll pass Natchez in a couple of days. Maybe we'll be rid of that damned peddler then." He was scowling at the river.

"He's a merchant," Zina said.

Seth's scowl turned red. She looked out over the river, too, and icicles of silence crackled between them until the sound of the squawky tin horn came over the water.

"There's the damned pestiferous monkey now," Seth said. "Wouldn't surprise me if he blows at us all the way to New Orleans."

THE children all came running when they heard the horn. Eb kept blowing until his craft was alongside. Then he leaped aboard, carrying something tied up in his big red handkerchief.

"Oranges," he told the children. "Got them at Hickory Hill Landing."

The children were screeching and trying to climb up his legs and onto his back. He shoved the bundle at them.

"Divide them equal," he said. "Come on," he told the grownups excitedly, "got something to show you. Just got it this morning from a keeler."

They crowded onto his boat. He hurried behind the counter and brought out a wooden box a foot square and set it on the counter. It was stuffed with linsey, and wrapped in the linsey was a little paper parcel.

The women pushed in close, and Eb looked at Zina. "Let your black eyes get ready to shine," he told her. "They've never seen the match of this."

Quickly he unwrapped the treasure and held it up. It was a wide gold bracelet, delicate with filigree, and set all around with red stones. The women sucked in their breaths and crooned and smiled, and Eb watched their sun-browned faces, beaming.

He handed the bracelet to Zina, and she felt the cool richness of it in her fingers, and saw the deep red stones glow darkly, and she said, "Oh!"

The bracelet was the trip down the river, and New Orleans, and dreams and all that could ever be. "Oh," she said another time, and the word came from so far down inside her, it was just a whisper.

"It came from a pirate ship," Eb said proudly. "It came from over the sea, where it belonged to a princess. So said the keeler who stole it from the gentleman in New Orleans who bought it from the pirate for a pretty penny, and the keeler sold it to me for a jug of Monongahela."

Some of the men were gathering in now.

"Do you want it?" Seth asked. He was

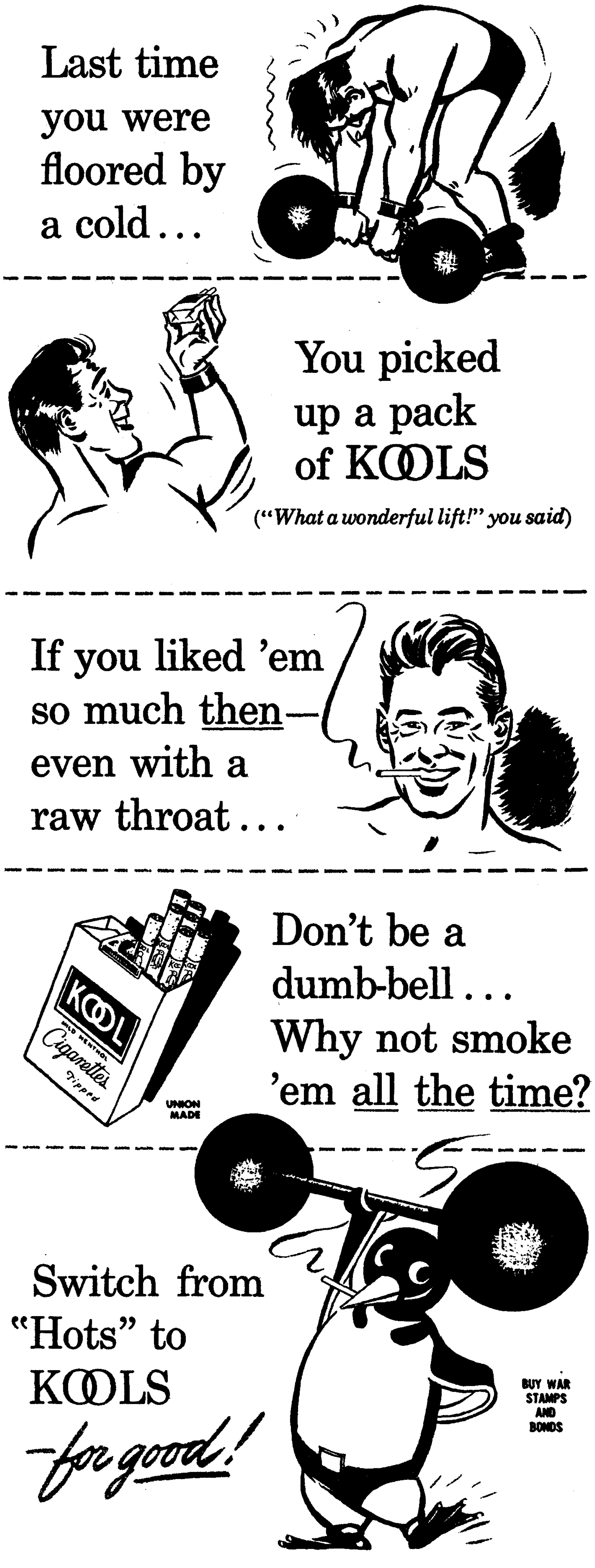
(Continued on page 50)

NAVY NAMES

In naming its ships our Navy ordinarily has followed a traditional formula. For example, ships of one type are named for states; those of another type for sea creatures. Listed below on the left are the names of ten Navy ships. See how many you can identify as to type by marking the correct number opposite the type of ship in the right hand column. Score yourself 10 points for each correct answer. Answers on page 77.

1. Mackerel	**( ) Battleship**
2. Portland	**( ) Seaplane Tender**
3. Lexington	**( ) Submarine**
4. Raven	**( ) Destroyer Tender**
5. Albemarle	**( ) Cruiser**
6. Platte	**( ) Hospital Ship**
7. Relief	**( ) Mine Sweeper**
8. Maryland	**( ) Destroyer**
9. Plunkett	**( ) Aircraft Carrier**
10. Prairie	**( ) Oiler**

—Jack Cutting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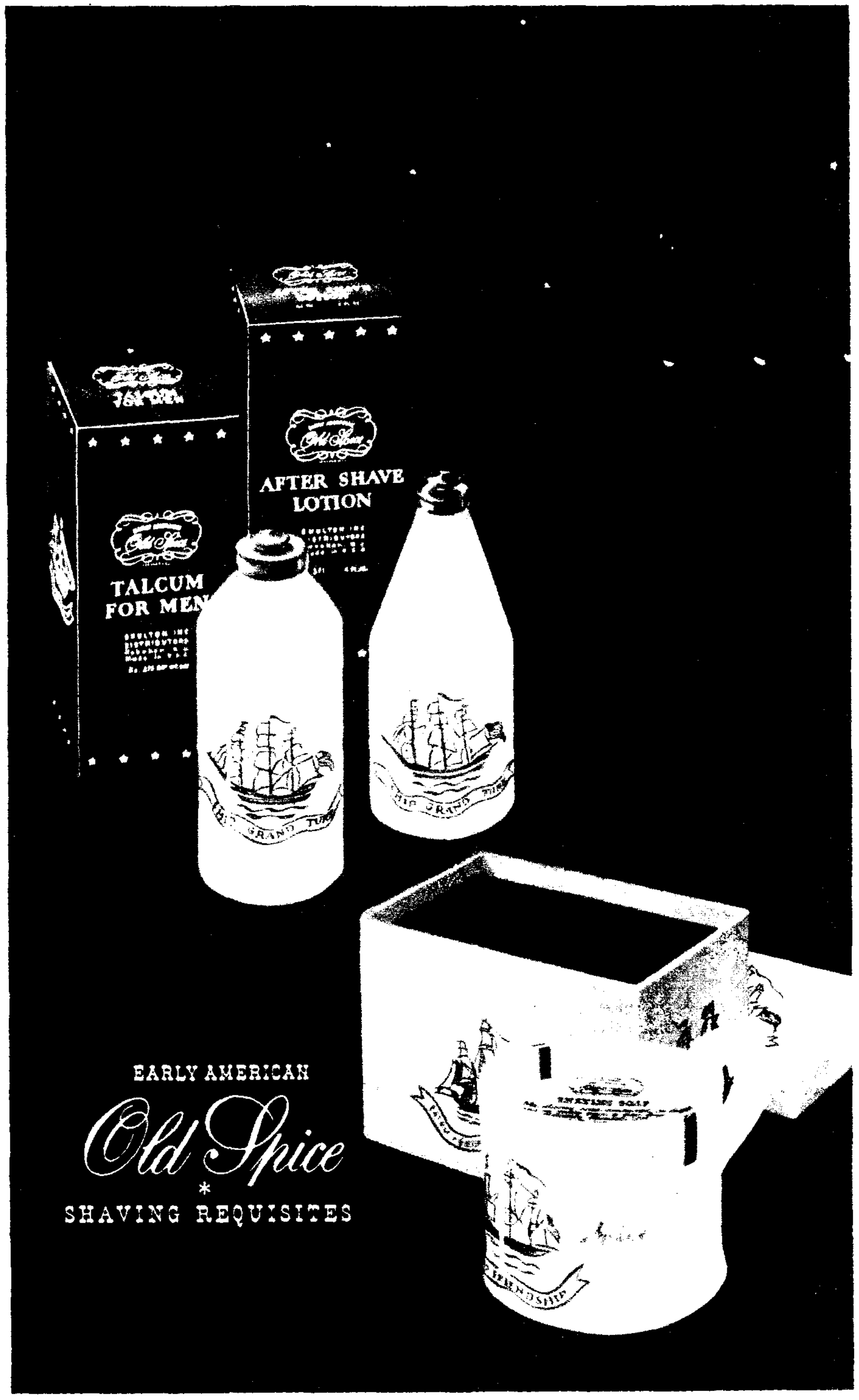

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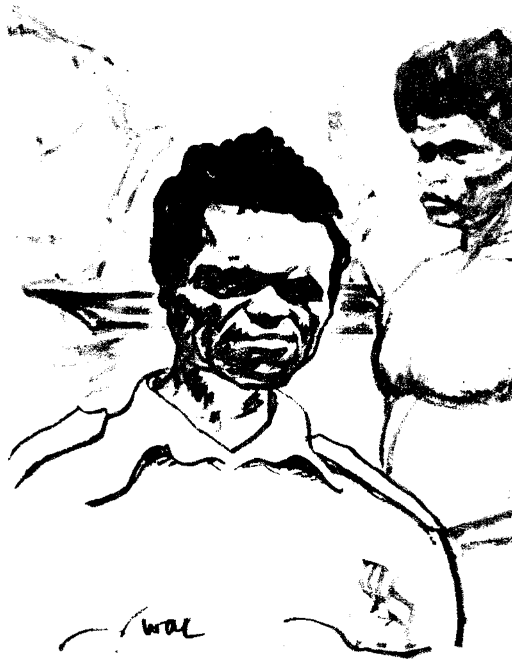


THE Heroes

Sergeant Major Vousa

XXI

THE war has made a mess of many definitions, but civilization, in particular, is a word that has been stripped of all former meaning. For long years the world applauded the art, culture and progress of Germany and Japan, and in the same breath bemoaned the savagery of the Fijians, Papuans, Melanesians and other heathen peoples of jungle islands in the far Pacific. Head-hunters, cannibals, "half children and half devils!" And yet today, while Germans and Japs plumb new depths of inhumanity, the "savages" hold true to those high standards of human behavior that are the hope of mankind.

They have suffered torture and death rather than betray; they have starved that white men might eat; they have been eyes and ears for Americans, Englishmen and Australians, careless of danger, and they have carried wounded men down mountainsides and through pestilential swamps, and have saved many lives by their tenderness and compassion. Countless instances attest ideals of conduct that do not fall short of true nobility.

There is the case of Corporal Sefanaia Sukanaivalu who had marched side by side with the Americans when they landed on Bougainville. A member of the Third Battalion of the Fiji Infantry Regiment, he and his fellows were used for long sweeps behind the Japanese lines, both to get information and to keep the enemy in turmoil. All went well until the day when the corporal and his men ran into a trap, losing half of the platoon before he could withdraw. Crawling out into the open, frizzle-haired little Sukanaivalu

Wedding Down-River

Continued from page 49

just behind Zina, and he put his hands on her shoulders and looked over at Eb with defiance in his eyes and in the sag of his lips.

Zina looked up at Seth. Then her eyes went to Eb, and they were wide. The crowd was quiet, and there was a tightness in the quiet.

"It's not for sale," Eb said, smiling.

Seth got loud. "That's what you got your truck in here for, ain't it—to sell?"

"Not this little trinket."

"All right, keep it then," Zina said stiffly. She put it down, and Eb began wrapping it.

"You peddlers are devilish clever at getting to a gent's pocketbook through his woman," Seth said. "What's your confounded price?"

"It's already promised."

"Who to? I'll buy it from him."

"It's not a gent. It's being saved for the future Mrs. Eb Stoner!" Eb laughed, his eyes blue and friendly.

Everybody began laughing, but Seth spoke out above their clatter. "A gold and ruby fixin' for a woman that's going to live in a hut in the wilderness! Pardon, ladies." He pushed his way out.

"I hope you're not disappointed," Eb said to Zina.

SOMEONE outside shouted before she could answer, and the people all crowded onto the flatboats which were floating close in to the left bank. The steersman who had called out was pointing to a man running along the bank. The man was staggering through the brush, his clothes torn to shreds, shouting hoarsely. "Help . . . help. . . ."

Seth was yelling excitedly to the steersman. "Turn ashore!" Then he ordered men to the broadhorn oars.

Eb Stoner was running aft, shouting, "No . . . no . . . pull away . . . it's Indians!"

The man on the bank fell to his knees, pulled himself up and went staggering along again.

Seth ran aft, and the others followed him. "Pull in!" he shouted to the men at the sweep. The men at the broadhorns were hesitating.

Eb reached the sweep ahead of Seth. "It's an Indian trick!" he yelled. "They'll kill us!" He grabbed the sweep from the steersman.

"You running these boats?" Seth yelled.

"No, but I'm telling you forthright it's an Indian trick! Pull to midstream, man! We're close enough for them to pitch arrows at us now!"

"Cut your damned peddler's box loose!" Seth shouted. "We're setting ashore!" He grabbed the sweep from Eb.

Zina seized the oar. "No, we're not!"

Seth's face was craggy with stubbornness. "We're swingin' in."

"Then cut Uncle Horace's boat loose!" Zina hung on to the oar, glaring at Seth. The only sound was the diminishing voice of the man on the bank.

Seth let go the oar. "Pull to midstream," he said to the steersman. Then he stalked off to his own boat, his face square with anger.

"Look!" Eb yelled.

They were downstream from the pleading man, and Eb was pointing a little ahead to an open ridge. A big bear was loping awkwardly along there.

"Give me a musket!" Eb said.

Someone brought one, and he pulled up and fired. The report crashed out into the stillness, then came slamming back. The bear jerked upright, the skin slid to the ground, and an Indian went leaping into the bush.

"Should have let one of your men pop him," Eb said. He looked around at the others. "The varmints were trying to snag us ashore to hunt bear when their first trick failed."

The men swore wonderingly. The women, frightened now, were first quiet, then shrill in sudden, relieved chatter.

Zina said quietly to Eb, "I suppose all floaters are foolish like us, and you hang

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

carried two wounded Fijians back to safety, but Japanese fire riddled both legs on a third attempt.

"Retreat," he called, in the loudest tones he could muster. "I order it."

Disregarding his command, the Fijians charged, only to be beaten back with heavy loss. Again he shouted to them, and again they shook their heads and made a second heroic effort to rescue their comrade. As the corporal saw them re-forming for another desperate charge, he lifted his voice in a last message of gratitude and farewell and then raised himself high above the scattered dead, inviting the fire of the Japanese. The volley tore the head off his shoulders.

A Soldier of the Solomons

Sergeant Major Vousa is another "savage" whom the British have honored with a decoration. A tall Melanesian, he had retired after some years in the Solomon Islands constabulary, but, on the outbreak of war, returned to serve with the Protective Defense Force.

At the time of the Japanese invasion of Guadalcanal, Vousa and sixty other natives constituted the "army" of Major Martin Clemens, the one British officer on the island. Compelled to fall back, Major Clemens and his devoted men took refuge in the deepest jungles, living the lives of the hunted.

After two terrible months, Sergeant Major Vousa came back from a scouting trip with the cheering word that American forces were coming over from Tulagi. Straightway, Major Clemens and his small force set off over the jungle trails.

Under Vousa's skillful guidance, they crawled, waded and swam until they reached the beach and offered themselves to the Americans. Now Sergeant Major Vousa was in his glory, for they made him Chief Scout, and gave him a helmet, a shirt and some khaki shorts. Not that he wore them very often, but the pride of possessing them was enormous.

Nobody ever saw him rest. Day in and day out, on foot or by boat, he covered the island, and his many narrow escapes came under the head of miracles. At last, however, his luck ran out, a rotten branch dropping him from a tree directly in the path of a Japanese patrol. At that, he might have got away but for a little American flag that he persisted in carrying. After it was found, his glib talk about being a "friendly native" fell rather flat.

Tying him to a post, the Japs put Vousa to the question. Where were the Americans? What was their force? How were they armed? In what direction were they moving? Were more troops coming to reinforce them?

After every refusal to answer the Japs went to work on Vousa with their knives and clubs. They slit his face into ribbons, beat and cut his arms and legs into a bloody hash, and after six hours of this, made a pincushion of his upper body with their bayonets. Only when satisfied that he was dead did they leave him to the ants.

Recovering consciousness, Vousa worked free from his bonds, and found strength to stagger off into the jungle. Poulticing his wounds with leaves, and making tourniquets out of vines, he dragged through mire and tangle until he reached the protection of the American lines.

Surgeons tried to take charge of him, but he would not let them come near until he had made his report, giving information that enabled the Americans to deliver a surprise attack, and destroy an important enemy concentration. When the medicos finally took over, all agreed that he did not have a chance to live.

But Sergeant Major Vousa only grinned.

Today he is as well as ever, and even prouder, for, in addition to his American flag, he now has the George Cross, sent him by the King of England. . . . GEORGE CREEL

---

around to look after them." She turned and started away.

He followed. "You're not foolish," he told her. "You'll be going through Dead Horse Gulf late this afternoon," he added when they were back by his boat. "It's bad water. River makes a big bend around a rocky point. Bad current. Planters and sawyers too. Sawyers are—"

"I know," Zina said. She stopped and faced him. "I know what sawyers are, Mr. Stoner. They're trees stuck to the bottom of the river, and their limbs sometimes poke holes in the bottoms of boats."

He was grinning. "That's right. And you folks—"

"Floaters."

"Aw, Miss Zina, I apologized for calling you that."

SHE looked up into his smile, and into the clear, endless cool-warm blue of his eyes. Slowly she smiled, too.

"We'll look for the bad water," she said.

"Unlash your boats and go on through, one at a time. Nobody could handle this raft of boats in that water."

"We will," she said, and started away.

"Oh, Miss Zina!"

She stopped.

"We'll be to Natchez in a couple of days," he said. "That's as far down-river as I go."

She just stood and looked at him.

"I know where we could all go to a dance tonight."

After he said that, he turned away and went to the sweep of his boat. Leatherbritches was ready with his pole. A man on the flats threw Eb's line off.

Eb was grinning and looking toward Zina but not at her, and when Leatherbritches had poled away, she called, "Where?"

He looked at her then, and she was smiling.

"Log Landing," he said. "You'll sight it about sundown. Left bank. The logging people have a dance whenever a crowd ties up there, especially if anybody's got Monongahela or brandy. I got both."

She was walking along the running board.

"If you can get Seth to tie up there, we'll all go," Eb called. And he knew she would.

"What was he mouthing about now?" Seth asked.

"A piece of bad water we go through this afternoon."

Seth smiled down at her. "We don't need his advice, way you know the river."

Zina smiled back at him. She knew why he was suddenly so friendly. She supposed every jealous man tries to cover up his jealousy that way. She said, "We reach Log Landing tonight."

"I think it'll be safe to keep going all night," Seth said. "Everybody is anxious to get along, and there'll be moonlight."

She waited a little, then she said, "The book says to tie up at night."

Seth snorted. "The peddler said something about a dance tonight, didn't he?"

Zina wasn't looking at him, but she could feel the smile leave his face.

"Yes. A dance."

There was one of their frigid silences, longer than usual, then Seth growled, "All right. We'll go to the dance."

She thanked him with her smile. Far out, down-river, The Merchant was crossing to a landing on the other bank. Eb Stoner was at the sweep, his red shirt bright against the sun-white of his boat.

THEY had moored the flatboats at Log Landing, and the earth fires were going when The Merchant slid in out of the dusk. Ed tied up on the downstream side of the landing, and he and Leatherbritches came to have mess at their fires.

He waved toward the high, sheer bank just downstream from his boat, and told how the loggers rolled their logs down the slope and calked them at the edge of the bank in ricks.

"When they're ready to raft them down to Natchez," he said, "they kick the stakes out and let them fall over the bank into the river, a rick at a time. Quite a sight, all those logs splashing into the water."

After supper, he hurried to his boat and changed clothes. He was soon back on the landing, telling them to follow the road up

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

Salute to the Army Nurse

She's a registered nurse, newly commissioned in the United States Army—leaving for duty. She answered the urgent appeal . . . knowing that thousands of nurses are needed . . . knowing that her nurse's training means life itself to Americans wounded in battle.

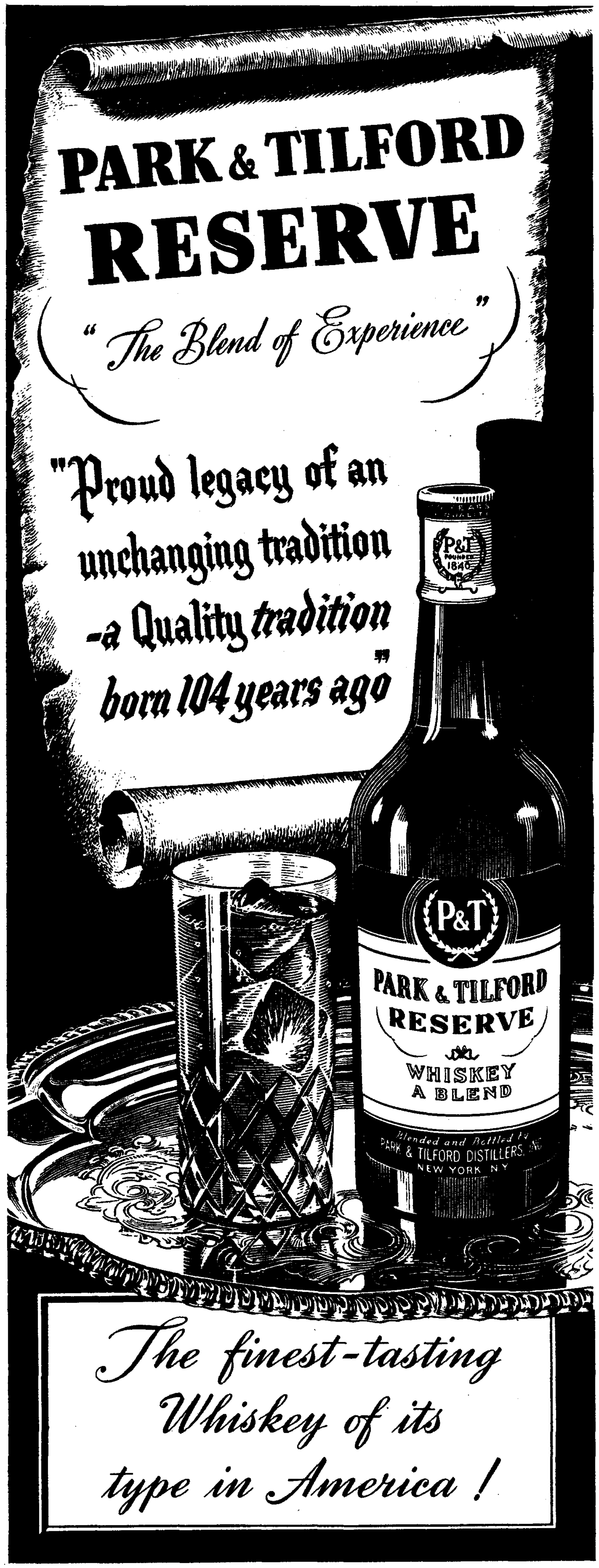
She and thousands of other women with loyal hearts and trained hands are bringing the hope of life to the wounded and the hope of health to the ill. To them, Canada Dry "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—an old family friend—says: "Keep up the good work".

Canada Dry believes it is fairer to distribute war-shortened supplies equitably throughout the country than to supply a few localities generously and others not at all. For this reason, your dealer may sometimes be short on Canada Dry Ginger Ale. But he'll have it soon again. Just keep on asking for it.

CANADA *WORLD FAMOUS* **DRY**

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

✚ **GIVE TO THE RED CROSS 1945 WAR FUN**



PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

"Proud legacy of an unchanging tradition—a Quality tradition born 104 years ago"

The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

the slope to the timber, then to the first big cabin. "I'm going ahead to tell them there's a crowd coming," he said.

He yelled to Leatherbritches to bring a jug of whisky and one of peach brandy, then went long-legging it up the road.

The flatboat people all came together later, leaving Sarn Tucker with the boats. "I'll come back to spell you off," Seth told Sarn. "Give you a chance to come up and wash your gullet."

Zina wondered what had come over Seth to make him think of another's pleasure. She let him take her arm, and the crowd of them went up the landing road. It was a long, steep slope and, off to each side, long ricks of logs bulged up in the moonlight.

They came up to the timber, and through the first trees to the cabin. They could hear the sound of many voices before they got there. Then they saw the men standing and squatting around in the yard outside the cabin, and a big, thick-chested logger called to them.

"Howdy and welcome!" he bellowed as he came to meet them. "My name's Graham, ladies and gents! Glad you came!"

He herded the women in and shoved them at a peppery woman with smooth brown hair and piercing brown eyes, and yelled out that this was his wife.

Zina had time to see that the cabin was just one big room lighted by many candles socketed in wall pegs. Then the music started, and the men began to come in.

THE room was filled with the smells of sweat and whisky breath, with the sounds of laughter and stomping, and the clatter and squeak of the fiddle and banjie pulsing out Nappy-Cot and Petty-Coat.

"Get one couple in the middle o' the square,
Where Grandpap died in his cow-hide chair!"

The sweating caller was up on a stool singing out the calls.

Zina found herself and Eb ringed in by the other dancers who clapped and stomped out the beat.

Zina got one glimpse of Aunt Martha over against the wall, her face sharpened with disapproval, but she didn't care. Seth had gone back to the boats to relieve Sarn, and Eb was the best dancer she'd ever partnered. All the other men wore boots, but Eb wore moccasins, and was as light on his feet as an Indian.

He had shucked his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Laughing, he threw his big red handkerchief to her. She backed away and tied it around her waist. Then she settled her comb in her hair, and they met in the center of the ring.

The caller's voice shrilled above the snare and thump of the music.

"Bow to the gal with the handsome smile,
Swing your Sally in Pittsburgh style!"

Eb's face was streaming sweat. His sandy hair stood up stiff, and his mouth was wide and laughing. Zina looked up into his laughter and went to him, hands out.

"Prance with the man in the Bolivar coat,
He comes a-courtin' in a Kaintuck boat."

The shouting and laughing and clapping and stomping was fairly buckling the loft floor overhead.

"Meet your gal in the middle of the ring,
Both cut a single and double pigeon wing!"

Zina was laughing, and her new calico dress whirled out as she and Eb spun.

The girls called encouragement to Eb, and the men backed Zina. Through it all, the caller's voice wailed:

"Backs to the wall, heel and toe,
Swing your lady in calico!"

The ring opened into two lines then, and Zina and Eb pranced apart, one to the head of each line.

It was then that Seth came through the door, shouting, and the music stopped. His clothes were wet, and his chest was heaving.

"Hey, peddler—your boat!" he said to Eb. He darted a glance around at the loggers. "Somehow it came loose! I saw it drifting, and tried to catch the rope!"

He paused to gulp in breath. "It drifted down, right under that high bank," he went on. "I had to give up! I waded back to the landing, and then I heard them! The logs—rolling over the bank! Piled over your boat! Buried it!"

Eb was running for the door, the men crowding after him.

"Bring torches!" somebody yelled.

Everybody was rushing out of the cabin and starting for the river.

Mrs. Graham caught Zina's arm. "None of our people did it, girl," she said.

"Of course not," Zina said. "It was an accident."

Mrs. Graham looked straight at Zina with keen brown eyes. "No," she said. "Our men do better work than that. Those rick pegs have to be knocked out."

Zina knew now why Seth had offered to spell off Sarn Tucker. She went with the other women, back down to the river. There wasn't much they could see by the moonlight and the wavering torches. The men were along the edge of the water, some in skiffs. Logs were in the water, floating away, and The Merchant was standing on end, mashed into the mud.

IN THE darkness, Zina wrapped what she would need into a bundle, then took her square-toed shoes in one hand and felt her way to the other bunk. When she touched Uncle Horace's shoulder, he reached out in the dark and found her hand, and she knew he hadn't been asleep. He eased out of the bunk, and they slipped out of the boat cabin and along the running board to the landing.

It was chill and very dark, with the darkness that the dawn wind would soon be blowing away.

"Tell Aunt Martha not to worry," Zina whispered.

"I'll tell her. Put your shoes on, Zina. You'll catch cold."

She bent and slipped them on quickly.

"I figured it this way about you two," Uncle Horace whispered. "I never was set on your marrying that sulky Seth anyway."

She hugged him, hard.

"You close the curtain around your bunk?" Uncle Horace asked.

"Yes."

"We'll be shovin' off in a little. We'll be fifteen miles downstream before she'll know you're gone."

"Goodby, Uncle Horace."

"Goodby, honey."

She went up the landing road. The moon was hanging in the west now. She crossed the deep clearing and went into the timber, walking through spots of moonlight on the brown road.

MRS. GRAHAM wouldn't hear of her going down to the river until after she'd eaten breakfast. Sunlight layered out from the top of the bluff, hitting the water far out when she came back down the road.

The flatboats were gone from the landing, but The Merchant was still on end in the mud. She could hear Eb and Leatherbritches talking inside the boat. She started along the edge of the water, walking barefoot in the cold mud, holding her skirts up. She was nearly to the boat when Eb climbed out. He had the bracelet box under his arm. When he saw her, he jumped down into the mud and came to her without taking his eyes off her. They stood together in the mud at the edge of the water.

She was smiling, and he watched her smile, then his mouth moved awkwardly, and he said, "You . . . I didn't know . . . I didn't think you'd . . ."

She said, "You never can tell what a floater will do."

He shifted his weight and lifted one bare foot out of the mud, and stomped it down again. His mouth got over its surprise and began to grin.

He pointed across the river to a rift of wood smoke. "That's Morgan's Landing," he said. "There's a preacher over there. You scared to go over in a skiff?"

She shook her head and held out her hands for the bracelet box.

He said, "Will it do for a ring—for a while?"

"Better," she said, holding the box in both hands and smiling up at him over it. "It's bigger. It'll hold a husband better."

THE END

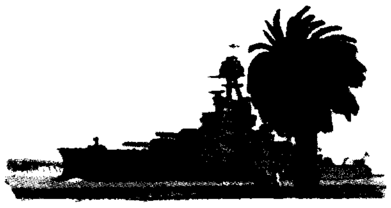
YOU'LL AGREE, THIS IS THE TIME
FOR ALL OF US TO STAY ON THE
JOB AND FINISH THE JOB...BUT

WHILE YOU'RE WORKING - HAVE FUN PLANNING

Now IS the time to PLAN your postwar vacation. And planning IS half the fun —particularly if you have the new, free picture booklet: "What To Do and See in Peacetime Southern California." It illustrates many spectacular places to visit, describes scores of diversions and experiences, tells about our long tradition of fine accommodations and wonderful service. Of course, until the war is won we must devote ourselves to work. But have the fun of PLANNING now. Start today by mailing the coupon below for your free copy.

Southern California is still busy producing for Victory-

4 Million Tons Is a Lot of Ships—Southern California shipyards, powered by Boulder Dam, have almost equaled the tonnage Germany owned in 1939: Liberty ships, Victory ships, larger and smaller cargo vessels, and a sizable fleet of destroyers, frigates, patrol boats and landing craft. Today our harbors are jammed with ships, ways, outfitting docks, dry docks . . . crowded with the thousands of people who build and repair our supply lines.



Plastics for Special Delivery—A loaded parachute doesn't land like a feather . . . it hits with a good hard bump. Today, shock-absorbing parachute drop-containers are used, so strong and cleverly made that binoculars, delicate radio equipment or even fresh eggs won't break on landing. Just one of many hundreds of plastic products for war (200 go into aircraft) that are keeping this important Southern California industry up to its ears in work.

Orange Juice Flows Overseas—The equivalent, in concentrate, of more than 100 million glasses of fresh orange juice was sent overseas last year from Southern California groves—vitamins to prevent exhaustion in combat, to improve night vision, to keep British children healthy. Add to this 15 million ounces of canned juice for Army camp and Red Cross use, and 39 million boxes of fresh fruit for the people at home. Yes, our growers, packers and processors have been busy!

A Warbird Hatched Every 20 Minutes—The largest concentration of aircraft manufacturing in the world! Perfect flying weather, which brought plants here, permits outdoor production lines, uninterrupted test-flying, a steady flow of deliveries. Liberators and P-38's, Mitchells, Black Widows, Constellations and dozens of others take off in a constant stream . . . 50 different types of winged punishment for the enemy.

Mail Coupon Today—*These are just a few highlights among many which will make your postwar trip to Los Angeles County and all Southern California more interesting. So don't deny yourself the fun of planning with the aid of the free picture booklet. Mail the coupon today!*

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Southern California

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Please send me information to help me plan a postwar vacation in Southern California.

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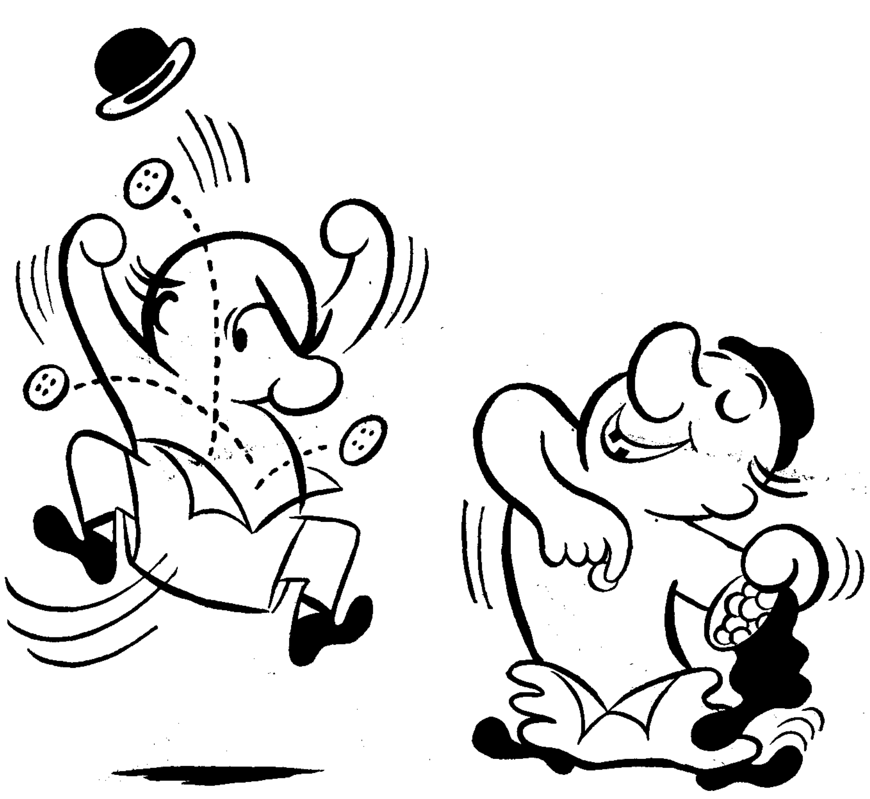
YOU CAN HURRY THE DAY—BUY WAR BONDS NOW

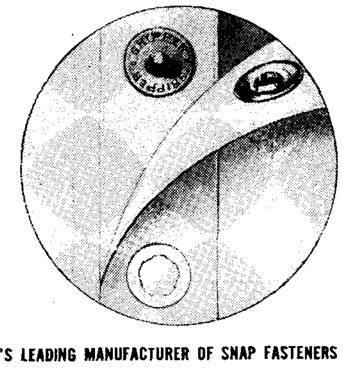


"Button-bother" has me sore,
I'm out to end this blasted war.

I've put my two gold teeth in hock,
I've opened up my savings' sock

I'll buy more Bonds... I'll buy a stack
To bring the Yanks and Grippers back!

HAPPIER DAYS AHEAD! When the war job is done, Gripper fasteners, the fasteners that can't pop off, will be back on men's shorts and more other kinds of clothing than ever before. Until then, our men and machines will work on today's most important job...helping to bring the Yanks back sooner!



GRIPPER* FASTENERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**The snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONN. • AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF SNAP FASTENERS

Pablo and the Gringos

Continued from page 34

station yard were wearing a *rebozo* over their heads or nothing at all, and beside Clara's radiance, they looked lifeless and drab.

Among these short, dark women of my country, she is like a goddess, Pablo thought; she is certainly like a goddess.

"Well, my friend," Morgan boomed, "it's a fine thing to meet you at last. From your letters and the chess games, I had a good idea what you were like."

"I'm very glad to know you, sir, and your distinguished lady," Pablo answered. He looked shyly at Clara, who smiled at him in return with well-shaped red lips. Pablo's cheeks burned. His awkwardness and inadequacy overpowered him. How stupid of him not to speak her language! In what possible way could he approach her or know her?

"We have reservations for the Palacio," Morgan said. "That's your best hotel, isn't it?"

"I think so, sir." Pablo scarcely knew what he was saying. He still gazed, entranced, upon Clara.

"NOW look here, my friend, don't be so bashful. Come in. . . . Come in! Don't stand in the hall," Morgan said to him.

Pablo followed them into their room—a handsome room. He looked with wonder and approval at the elegant furnishings: the two double beds with their heavy-fringed counterpanes and the innumerable groups of chairs, tables and stands. Tall windows reached to the ceiling; lace curtains screened the panes, the shutters and the iron grilles.

Clara did an odd thing; she kicked off her high-heeled shoes, pulled off her hat and lay down on the bed. There she stretched, languid and graceful, like a cat.

That is an odd thing, Pablo reflected; a Mexican girl of good family or a matron of dignity and position would not behave in such an informal way. The sight of Clara relaxed on the bed, however enchanting a sight, made him feel embarrassed and uneasy.

Morgan took a bottle from one of the bags and poured some Scotch into a glass. "Have a drink, Pablo?"

"Oh, no, thank you, sir."

He sat very erect on the straight-backed chair; he had never before been more ill at ease. He could think of nothing to say. What could he say or do in the midst of this strangeness and elegance?

His eyes abstractedly followed the line of Clara's silk-covered legs, the graceful curve of her hip. Por Díos! Was it right that he should sit there while an American lady lay on the bed? Was it not altogether improper and wrong?

CLARA sounded complaining and petulant. "She says the tablecloths aren't clean enough and there are too damned many flies!" Morgan explained, his fleshy face red with exasperation. "I'm sorry, Pablo, but you know what women are like."

"That's quite all right, sir," Pablo replied. "We have another hotel down the street, you know. I think an excellent hotel. Shall we go there for dinner?"

She could not possibly object to the clean, starched cloths of the second hotel dining room, Pablo thought; her discrimination was no doubt a sign of a sensitive nature. They sat down to dinner and Pablo took three quick drinks of tequila. The weight in his stomach lifted at once; his composure returned.

The wide windows opened to the street and passers-by looked in curiously and saw him eating dinner with two gringos. How proud and fine he felt now! The waiters hovered anxiously near as if he, Pablo, were a great, rich man. And what a dinner! Soup, yellow rice, chicken, steak, frijoles, delicious special food, the best his country could offer. It was a far cry from his earlier meal that day—the tortilla on the train.

"I'm sorry the dinner's so poor," Pablo said, "and the service is so bad." But he smiled inwardly over his secret elation and joy. Soon now he would speak of his hopes. Soon he would tell his esteemed friend Morgan, and surely there would be a wonderful change in his life.

Clara chattered continuously, and, since Pablo could not understand her, he merely watched her, furtively at first, then more openly and boldly. As for Morgan he laughed and joked with greater abandon as the dinner progressed, and, for a time, Pablo was puzzled and felt in this odd boisterousness an almost coarse stupidity.

He must be mistaken, however. The gringo could not be stupid! He was a fine rich man and his esteemed friend. It might have been the tequila, the dim lights and the unusual food that gave Pablo these disquieting ideas.

Now was the time to speak of his desires, right now, as Morgan looked at him with a wide, fatuous smile on his face.

"Pardon me, sir, but would it be possible to find employment in your country?" Pablo's voice quivered.

Morgan laughed and gave him a vigorous clap on the shoulder. "What on earth are you saying, my friend? You want to leave this beautiful Mexico of yours? Now why do you want to do that? Have you noticed the sunshine and the pretty girls, Pablo? If I could settle down here, I'd think I was damned lucky."

"But I'm serious, sir. I want to go to the United States. Could you help me find employment, sir?"

"Well, frankly, no, I could not." Morgan's face lost its joviality and settled into lines of shrewdness, amusement, and, at the same time, pity. "My friend," he went on with a note of kindness, "you wouldn't find what you're looking for in the United States. You don't know what it's like. You wouldn't be treated well, Pablo. We've got too many foreigners as it is. I advise you to forget that idea of yours, my friend."

Pablo drew back as if he had been struck. He could not answer Morgan. His mouth felt dry and he raised his water glass to his lips; his hand trembled and some water dripped down his chin. Awkwardly, he mopped it off with his napkin.

"I am sorry, sir, to have troubled you," he said.

SAN LUIS REY slept. Pablo, however, tossed between sleeping and waking, although no sound disturbed the silence of the street beneath his window. Again and again, he went over in his mind the bitter rebuff. But should he give up so easily? Should he not fight for what he wanted?

What did he want? Strangely enough, this thing he had wanted—escape to the United States—was no larger now than a tender feeling which was replaced in his heart, by an absurdly glowing feeling that must be love. I have never loved like this before, Pablo thought.

The feeling glowed and circled like a halo around the blond head of the American lady. She was the goddess that meant the United States; in her, was the essence of his dream.

He lay on his back, staring upward. A gray, sad light filled his lonely room. He allowed himself to dream wantonly and recklessly. He could see her again as she lay on the bed. If he could hold her in his arms and possess the mysteries of her beauty, that would be all he could ask of life. And yet, this glowing feeling was almost too fine a thing for ordinary passion.

If he could not possess her—as very likely he could not—he would love her and worship her in his heart. Where, in all of Mexico, could one find so elegant, so charming, so—so modern a woman?

The hours of the night were endless but when the cathedral bells rang out at last, Pablo rose and dressed and scrubbed with particular care. It was Saturday and he would go first to early Mass, then come back for a breakfast of chocolate and sweet bread, after which a miraculous event would take place: He, alone, would take Clara on a walk through the town because Morgan had business to attend to. Perhaps on this walk, he would find a way to tell her of the deep love he felt in his heart—a way that had nothing to do with words.

He waited at the door of the hotel, and when she came with her red-feathered hat on her golden head, he bowed low and mumbled his greetings. His heart beat painfully and his hands felt large and loose and trembling. As they moved down the pavement, side by side, she spoke to him in her unintelligible tongue, and Pablo looked at her, humbly, and longed to understand. Some day he would learn English!

They crossed the plaza to the cathedral. Pablo, with wide gestures of his arms suggested that they enter. Dim coolness, in sharp contrast to the hot sunlight, enclosed them. Clara walked ahead and her heels made a clicking noise on the stone floor.

Pablo gazed with pride at the gold ornaments, the figures of the saints, the lighted candles and the rich windows. Here in this sacred place, he and Clara could meet in spirit. She had stopped before the most revered object of the cathedral: a life-size group of polychrome figures representing the Holy Trinity. As if she were irresponsible and a victim of the deepest ignorance, she committed an outrageous act. She reached up and ran her fingers with their long red nails across the crown of the Supreme Being.

Something hot and strange flashed through Pablo. "No! No!" He spoke quickly, angrily. He snatched her hand and held it. "You must not do such a thing," he said in a low, shocked voice.

Clara laughed lightly and turned toward him. He still held her hand. Even in this dim light, he could see her red lips parted and the gleam of her teeth as she laughed at him. She gave his hand a squeeze and playfully shook it. A wild surge of feeling rose up in Pablo. What was this woman from the other world? How could he know her or understand her? And, after this, how could he worship her?

As he and Clara left the cathedral, he brooded upon a disturbing idea. Suppose, he thought, that the United States, however, magnificent and desirable, might be, like Clara, cruel and incomprehensible. Suppose, if I did go there, that I could never know it, never understand it. . . .

The steady beating warmth of the sun quieted him. The everyday bustle of the street caused him to forget his unhappy thoughts. Interested looks from passers-by made him once more proud. It is not often that one walks about with so handsome a woman, he thought.

Clara stopped before a shop window, displaying rings and necklaces. The shopkeeper, a fat man with a predatory air, came at once through the door, as if he had been lying in wait for victims such as they. He spoke eagerly to Clara in English, and Pablo followed them into the shop. He could not understand their conversation, of course, but he could see that Clara was interested, for she picked up a heavy silver necklace and held it to her throat.

The shopkeeper turned then to Pablo. "I have told the señora you should buy her this necklace."

"Yes, yes. How much is it valued?"

"Only two hundred and fifty pesos, señor," the shopkeeper replied, with an odd gleam in his heavy-lidded eyes. "It's very cheap."

Pablo's heart quickened in embarrassment and slow anger. "Please tell the señora for me, that is more money than I get in one month. Will you please tell her I make a miserable wage. And please say to her that otherwise I should buy it for her."

The shopkeeper laughed, spoke to Clara, and she turned and gave Pablo an amused glance. She opened her bag and fumbled with bills, many, many pesos. They fell in an extravagant flutter on the counter.

"Pardon me, señor," the shopkeeper said to him. "I spoke jokingly. You are her guide, is it not true?"

She laughed at him as they walked in the sunshine of the street; she mocked him. She is not like one of us, Pablo thought; no, indeed, she is not! First it was her country that I wanted. Then it was she. But now I know: she is a tourist, nothing more, and I . . . her guide.

The gates are closed, Pablo thought sadly. I had thought they were opened, but they are really closed. He pushed his hands deep into his pockets and plodded, head down. Clara now walked ahead of him on the narrow pavement, and Pablo did not once look up to gaze upon the movement of her slender hips or the flash of her silk-covered legs.

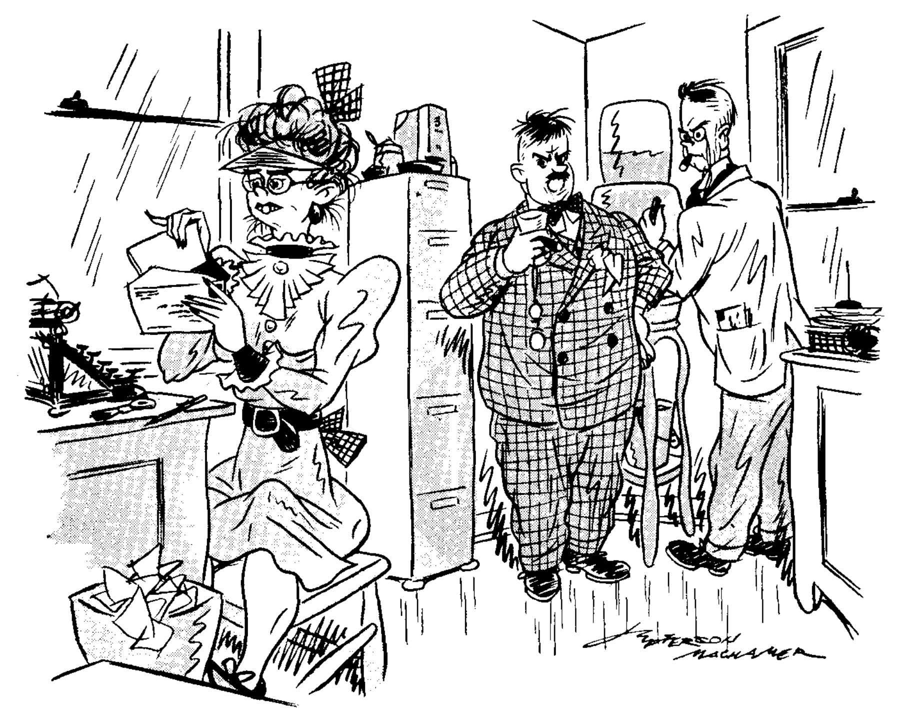
THE train from San Luis Rey to Santa Rosalia took even longer, since it was Sunday and crowds filled the one passenger car. At every wayside station, the Indians and mestizos climbed on and off. Dust settled on the window sills, on the wooden seats and on the skins and clothes of the people. Dirt grayed Pablo's new white shirt. He closed his eyes and let all the conflicting thoughts and the pain seethe in his tired brain.

Toward noon, hunger pains gnawed at his stomach. At the next stop, he reached from the train window and took a tortilla from the basket of a young girl who stood on tiptoe beside the train and stretched her arms up to him. He noticed, as he had never noticed before, the one-room adobe house behind her, windowless and humble. Beside her stood two dirty children dressed in rags, who stared at the train. The girl smiled, and her dark eyes seemed to caress him lovingly.

"Thank you, señor," the girl said.

"For nothing, little one," Pablo replied.

It was a small thing—the smile, the imagined caress—but a flutter of contentment



"Just guess where reconversion is going to start around here!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Taking home ice cream again tonight, Ed?"
"You bet—it's a regular pay-day habit!"

Taking a package of ice cream home to the family regularly can be a mighty pleasant habit. Everybody enjoys this treat so much—as a healthful, delicious dessert, or just by itself. Make it a "pay-day" habit!

* * *

Notice this about packaged ice cream—the quality brands are usually packed in the better containers. For instance, many makers of fine ice cream use Sealright Nestyle containers—sanitary packages made in a plant specializing in protective containers for food products. To help you identify quality, look for the Sealright Sanitary Service Seal on the lid.

QUALITY
Bulk Pack
ICE CREAM

We use SEALRIGHT SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

Sealright

SANITARY PAPER CONTAINERS

The Sealright Company, Inc.
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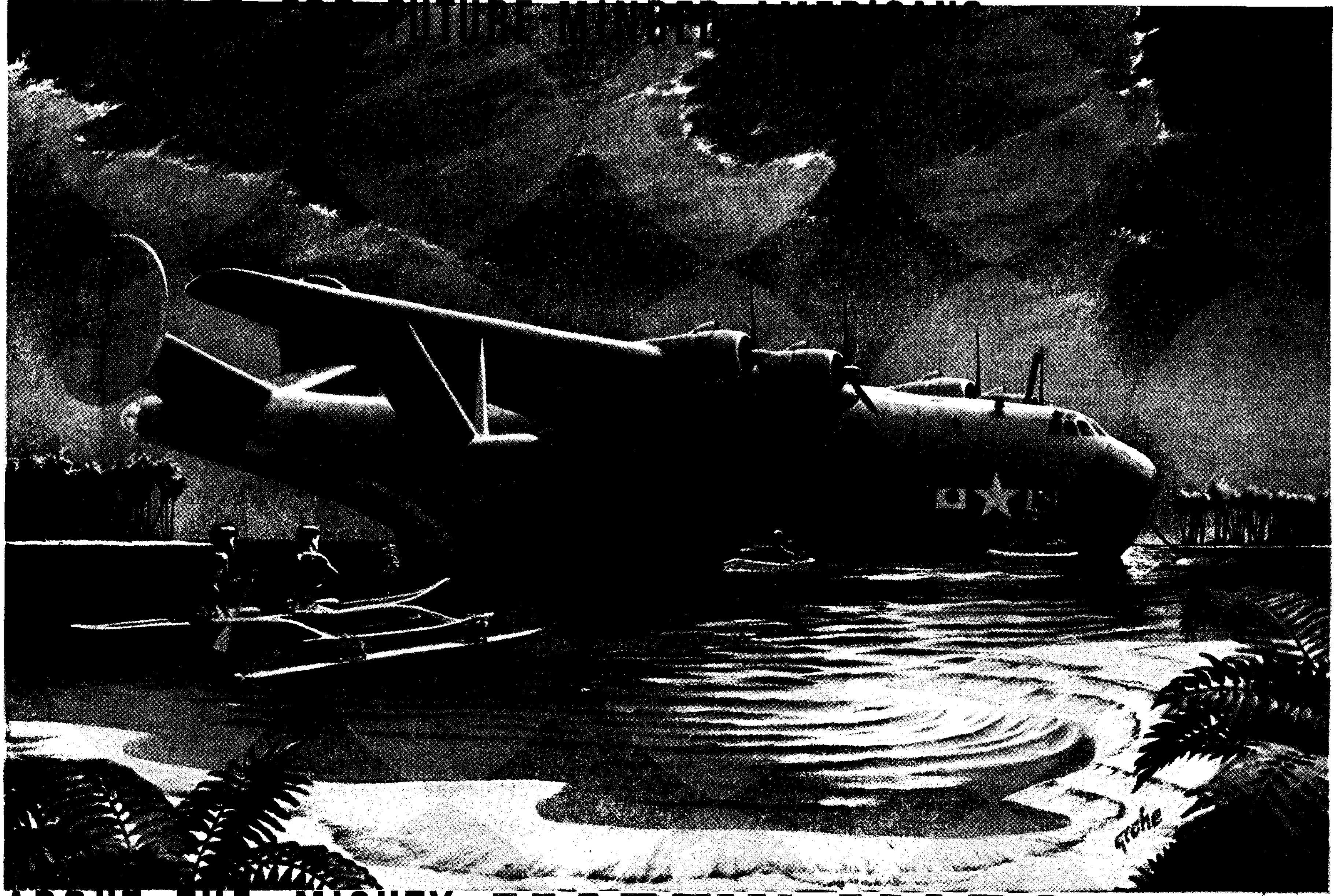
FACTS FOR FUTURE-MINDED AMERICANS



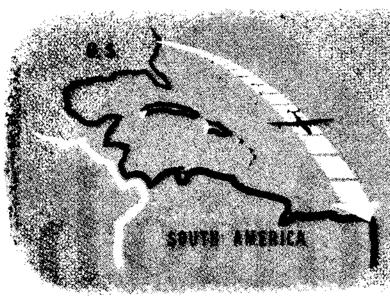
ABOUT THE MIGHTY MARTIN MARS

At some far-flung naval base, special equipment is needed . . . quickly. Big events are in the making; and the war can't wait while plodding freighters cross sub-infested seas. This is a job for the 72-ton Martin Mars, world's largest flying boat. Our Navy's answer to the cry of "more supplies . . . *faster,*" the Martin Mars can carry 20 tons of cargo to the *farthest spot on earth* in 3 days or less. Now in regular service with the Navy, the Mars is the most efficient airplane yet built . . . per pound of material used, per horsepower and per gallon of fuel. Twenty more of these giant ships, each 82 tons, are now being built for the U. S. Navy.

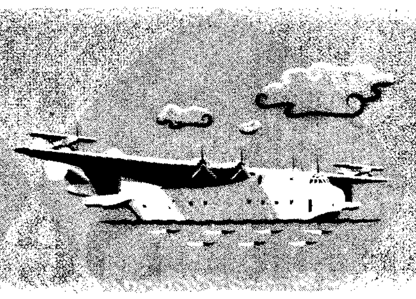
Into the Mars went hard-won Martin knowledge gleaned from construction of the original trans-Pacific Clippers . . . the giant Russian Clipper . . . and the Navy's long-range patrol bombers. From the Mars have come further important findings which will lend added speed, safety and comfort to tomorrow's greater Martin airliners. The Martin Mars is doing more than help win a war . . . she's blazing the trail to a new and brighter tomorrow!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND
GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA

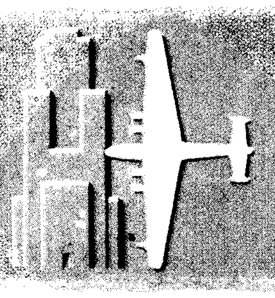
Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



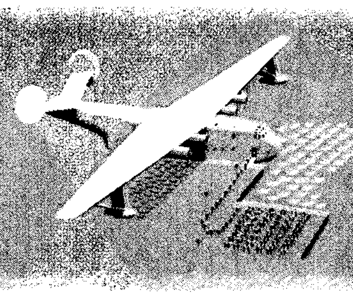
4227 Miles, Non-Stop from Maryland to Natal, Brazil, were flown by the Mars. She carried 16 persons, 13,000 lbs. of mail, broke many records. When fully fueled, the Mars carries more than a tank-car of fuel for her four 2200 h.p. engines.



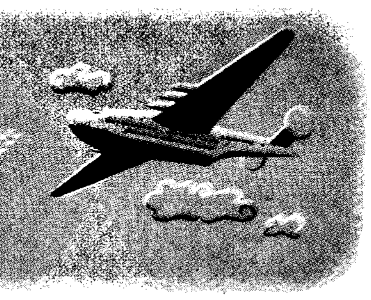
From an Actual Photo of the Mars showing a standard sport plane on each wing, this gives some idea of her size. Mars' wings are so thick that members of the crew can enter them to service or repair engines while in flight.



If Stood on One Wing, the other wingtip would tower 200 feet into the air . . . higher than a 20-story building. One and a half million rivets were used in the Mars. She contains 7½ miles of wiring, 1.9 miles of piping, uses 18 telephones.



150 Soldiers, Fully Armed, could be easily transported by the Martin Mars. Her cubic content is equivalent to that of a 14 to 16 room mansion. When fully loaded, before flight, the Martin Mars draws 5 feet of water.



Already Designed, 150 to 250 ton Martin airliners will someday succeed even the Mars as America's greatest transports. Martin engineers declare there is no practical aerodynamic limit to the size of overocean aircraft.

stirred in Pablo, as if this humble, dusty world, the confusion and the dirt and the dark-skinned bodies pressed close around him, promised all that he desired.

In the evening, the train drew into Santa Rosalia. It was quite dark now, but Pablo noticed, as he crossed the plaza on his way to the side street where he lived with his old mother, that the town was astir with some unusual excitement.

At one side of the plaza, a group of people had gathered and Pablo could hear strains of music.

Ah, yes, he thought, it is the dance to celebrate the saint's day of the municipal president. I had forgotten. He stopped and joined the crowd around the orchestra which consisted of two violinists, a guitarist and two singers.

"*Hola,* Pablo!" one of them shouted to him. "Are you coming to the dance?"

"I don't have to be asked twice," he replied.

HE FOLLOWED the orchestra on its progression through the streets. They arrived finally at the roofed-over market shed which had been swept clean for this occasion. Lamps hung from the rafters and lighted up the gay crowd. Stalls were opened around the edges of the shed where one could buy cakes, fruit and punch.

The señoritas sat at one side, every girl next to her mother, her aunt or her grandmother. The men gathered in animated groups at the other side. The music began in a spirited fashion, and the girls crossed over to the men and selected partners.

"Will you dance with me, Pablo?" Marina asked him.

"With pleasure, Marina." Now that he was close to her, he could see her flushed cheeks and her black eyes. She wore a black skirt and a white blouse trimmed with black ribbons.

She is really very sweet, he thought, and it's quite evident that she likes me.

Pablo swung into the dance, and Marina, whose head reached to the middle of his chest, was an ardent and lively partner. He felt the warmest delight in pressing his hand on her flexible waist.

When the music stopped, Pablo wiped the sweat from his face, and, as was the custom, handed Marina his hat. She took it with her as she went back to the side of the shed to sit down next to her mother.

With the other men, Pablo bought some punch and cakes at the stalls. He carried the refreshments to Marina and her mother, sat down and proceeded to eat with them. In such a way, he redeemed his hat. With his mouth partially filled, he told Marina of his trip to San Luis Rey.

"I have American friends, you know," he said proudly, "and I have been passing the week end with them."

Marina's eyes opened wide and she stared at him above the rim of her punch glass. It's not so bad to have a pretty girl look at one like that, Pablo thought.

When the dance had ended, he walked home with Marina and her mother and said good night to them at the door of their house. He had no desire, however, to return to his own home. Restlessly, he roamed through the town. He had never been more wide awake. Up and down the silent, sleeping streets, he prowled. The moon rose, and white still light washed the fronts of the houses and splashed upon the pavements.

Such was his new preoccupation, it was as if he had not gone to San Luis Rey at all, as if he had not met the gringos or had those burning hopes of yesterday. In this bewitching light, Santa Rosalia wore a strange enchantment. "Have you noticed the sunshine and the pretty girls?" his gringo friend had asked him.

I have seen them all my life, Pablo thought, but tonight, perhaps, I have noticed them for the first time.

HE RETRACED his steps without faltering and with a single intention in his mind. In the quiet of the side street, he stopped before a shuttered window. He stood very still, then coughed discreetly.

A light that shone between the slats of the shutters quickly went out. Pablo waited. He coughed again. Then he reached between the cold, rough bars of the grille and tapped with one knuckle on the shutter.

"Yes?" a small soft voice answered, so near that he involuntarily jumped back. Had she been there waiting all the time?

Tonight he was not the man who had followed Clara humbly through the streets of San Luis Rey; he was a man for whom women wait.

"Marina," he said, and his voice, though little more than a whisper, was imperious and assured. "It is I, Pablo."

THE END

Love Has No Alibi

Continued from page 13

building overhead was little better than a tenement. Under the fire laws there was an exit through the tenement, but the door which opened onto the passageway was kept shut. It could be used, but customarily the Caliente personnel came and went through the club itself.

I took my usual table near the bandstand. I had a good view of the floor, and I was near the passageway, so that when Dana got dressed and was waiting to go on, she could sit with me. Except for sometimes on Saturday nights, I never had any trouble getting that table because it was a pretty bad location and the customers didn't want it. But it suited me fine.

Tonight the place was about half full, which was usual at dinner time. There'd be a show at nine o'clock, and another at 12:30 or one A.M. Dancing from 7:30 until curfew. Two orchestras: a sweet name band and a nifty outfit for rumbas and waltzes. The cover charge was two dollars, and the balance of the expense was proportionate. It was much too rich for my blood, but all the employees knew that Dana and I were friends, and made allowances; they never remembered the cover charge under any circumstances.

The show was good. It started with the gals. They were young and beautifully proportioned and looked lovely unless, or until, you happened to look at their eyes which were mostly hard and wise and blank. There was a famous female singer, a suave young man who worked with a French poodle which was one of the greatest comics I ever saw. Then the chorus again, and finally—as the topper—Ricardo & Dana.

I ORDERED a cup of coffee, lighted a cigarette, and watched the show. I was having myself a lot of fun tonight. In my pocket was the long brown envelope which contained the bank statement. Tonight I could prove I was rich, whether I was or not. I was getting a kick out of that. Fun tonight, too, just being this close to Dana. And fun tomorrow when I started kidding the boys at the bank about the mistake they'd made.

The M. C. called for silence and made a simple introduction of the dance act. Ricardo always made his entrance from the other side of the bandstand. And now as the rich, sensuous music of the tango swept across the floor, Dana rushed in from the passageway. She made a cute little gesture as she passed me, and left me a smile to hold onto. Then she was out on the floor with her partner.

As I watched, I was gripped by an uncomfortable sensation which I never had been able to shake off. I couldn't look at Dana out there and believe that she was the same girl who had been in my arms an hour ago.

On the floor she was utterly different from the bright, gay, natural, bantering young lady I was in love with. She was different in every way. Her face was different, her hair was different, her expression was different, her clothes were different.

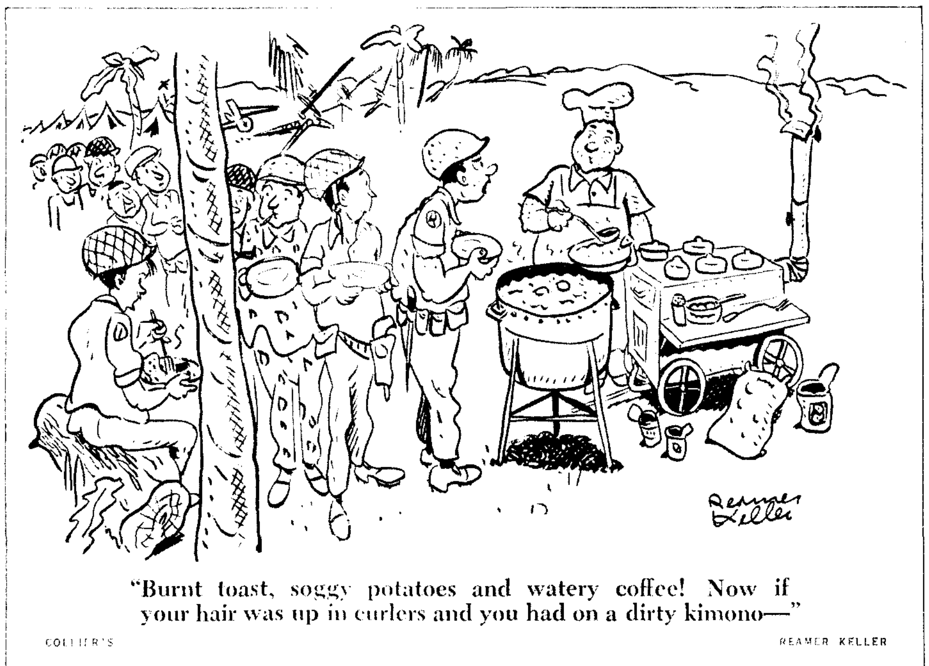
Tonight she was wearing a sophisticated dancing dress which accentuated every lovely curve of her exquisite figure. Her hair, which she usually wore informally waved back from her face and combed casually to fall softly over her shoulders, was now parted on the side and brushed off the forehead. The back was swept up and caught by a jeweled comb. She danced with her eyes half closed, and with her lips parted. She looked passionate and seductive, which was swell with me, except that it was passion and seductiveness in which I played no part.

She danced with her whole body. The rhythm seemed to flow into her from the orchestra and to flow out through her feet. She was in another world—a world in which I did not belong. I felt proud and helpless.

RICARDO was a superb partner. Maybe he danced better than she did. I wasn't a very good critic. But out there on the floor, I couldn't hate him. He was perfection. He belonged in the upper brackets. The team belonged there. They held you breathless.

The personalities as I knew them vanished in the magic of their dancing. They were a unit. As dancers, they belonged together. They went through the intricacies of their tango. The lifts were beautifully effortless. When they finished, there was an instant of silence, and then a wave of applause.

Their second was a gay, lilting polka, and their third a novelty number which finished with a sensational lift and spin. The applause at the end of this was deafening, and they



"Burnt toast, soggy potatoes and watery coffee! Now if your hair was up in curlers and you had on a dirty kimono—"

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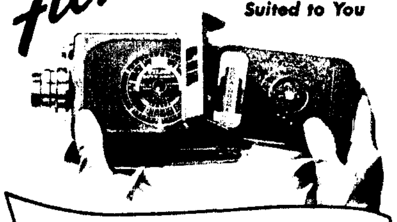

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wound up with a brief and delightful waltz. After three bows, the orchestra swung into a dance number and the show was over. I felt let down, and I wondered why I punished myself night after night by watching this perfection in which I had no place.

Dana waved at me again and vanished in the chilly passageway leading to her dressing room, which was at the farthest end. I stayed where I was and fired up another cigarette. Then someone paused by my table and I looked up at Ricardo.

He was handsome, all right. Six feet tall, weighing perhaps a hundred and eighty, he had the black hair, tiny mustache, olive complexion and gleaming white teeth of the Latin. He was, as the headwaiter had once confided in me, a smart cookie.

He had been born and raised in Brooklyn. He had come up the hard way and knew all the answers. His name was genuine, his father having been Puerto Rican and his mother American. He had learned a fair Spanish from his father. But he was too shrewd to build himself up as a South American. It had been his policy to publicize his Brooklyn background. He played on it so consistently that most people didn't believe him. They thought it was a gag. The Broadway columnists loved it. From a publicity standpoint, he couldn't have made a smarter move.

HE STOOD looking down at me. He was a man now, not a dancer, and I didn't like him. That went double. He said, "You're back, huh?"

"Yes."

"How are you and my wife getting along?"

It wasn't what he said; it was the way he said it that I didn't like. He knew that Dana and I were in love with each other. He knew that we were together constantly. To a man of his stamp, that could mean only one thing. But it didn't seem to do anything more than to afford him amusement. He repeated his question. I didn't say anything.

He went on: "You taking her out between shows?"

"Maybe."

"You know damn' well you are."

There wasn't any use answering that, either. He took out a gold cigarette case and put the little white cylinder between his lips.

"With me," he said deliberately, "she was always cold as ice."

He walked away. I hoped he couldn't see that my fists were clenched under the table. I was still that way when Dana came through the door and said gaily, "Let's go, Rich Guy."

I bought my coat and hat back from the checkroom girl for a quarter. We decided to walk. From one angle that was a mistake because the wind seemed to shoot icicles right through us. From another angle it was good, because it helped sweep Ricardo from my mind. It helped, but it didn't do a thorough job.

We got to our restaurant at ten-thirty. We abandoned our champagne idea. We ordered steaks with mushroom sauce. Plus the usual dinner trimmings. I tried to keep it light, but didn't succeed very well. Over the coffee and liqueurs, Dana leaned over and touched my hand. "What's wrong?" she asked.

I said, "Nothing."

"Try again."

I didn't look at her. I said, "The usual thing."

"Ricardo been baiting you?"

"Something like that." I faced her squarely. "Isn't there something we can do about it, sweetheart?"

"What?" She was very patient with me, considering we'd been over it a thousand times. "There's nothing between Ricardo and me, but we *are* married. He won't grant me a divorce, and so far as I know, or can prove, he's done nothing to give me grounds for one. He swears that even if I went to Reno, he'd follow me there and contest it. And he isn't bluffing."

"It's the act, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you offered to go right on with it if he'd give you a divorce?"

"Yes. But he doesn't believe me. And also . . ."

"Also what?"

Her cheeks were pink. "He knows that I'd marry you. And he is afraid that if I did . . . well, that things might happen . . ."

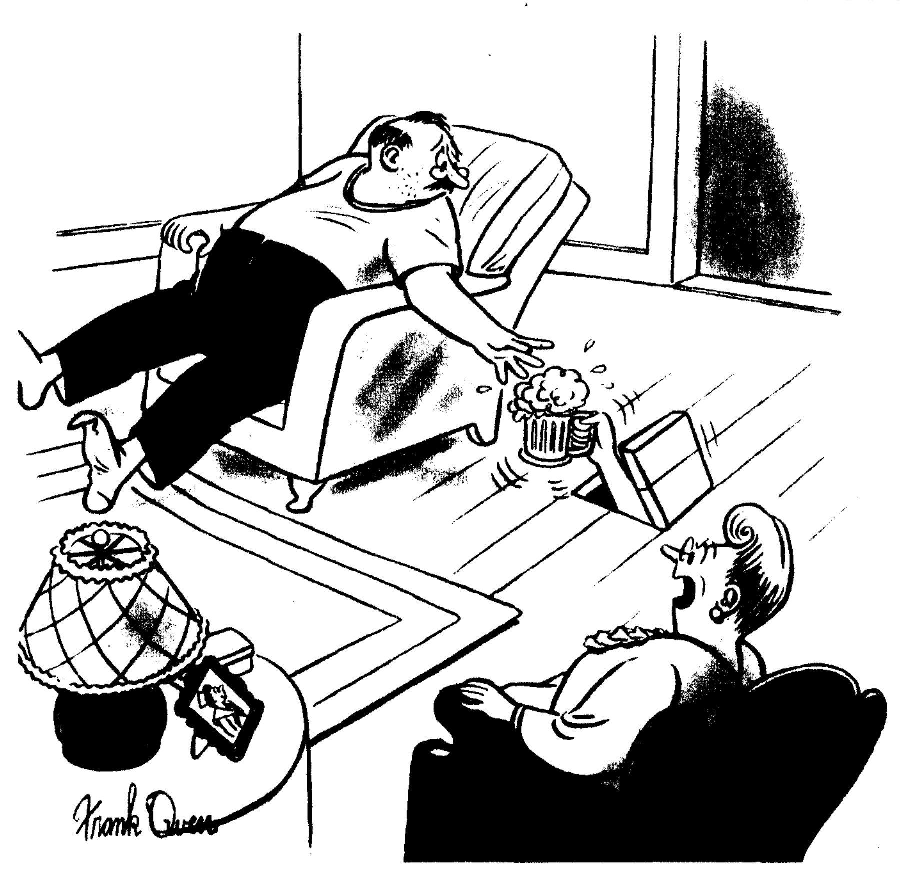
"Children?"

"Yes. He won't take chances."

The grim humor of it struck me suddenly. I laughed. "It's a new method," I said, "but it's certainly effective."

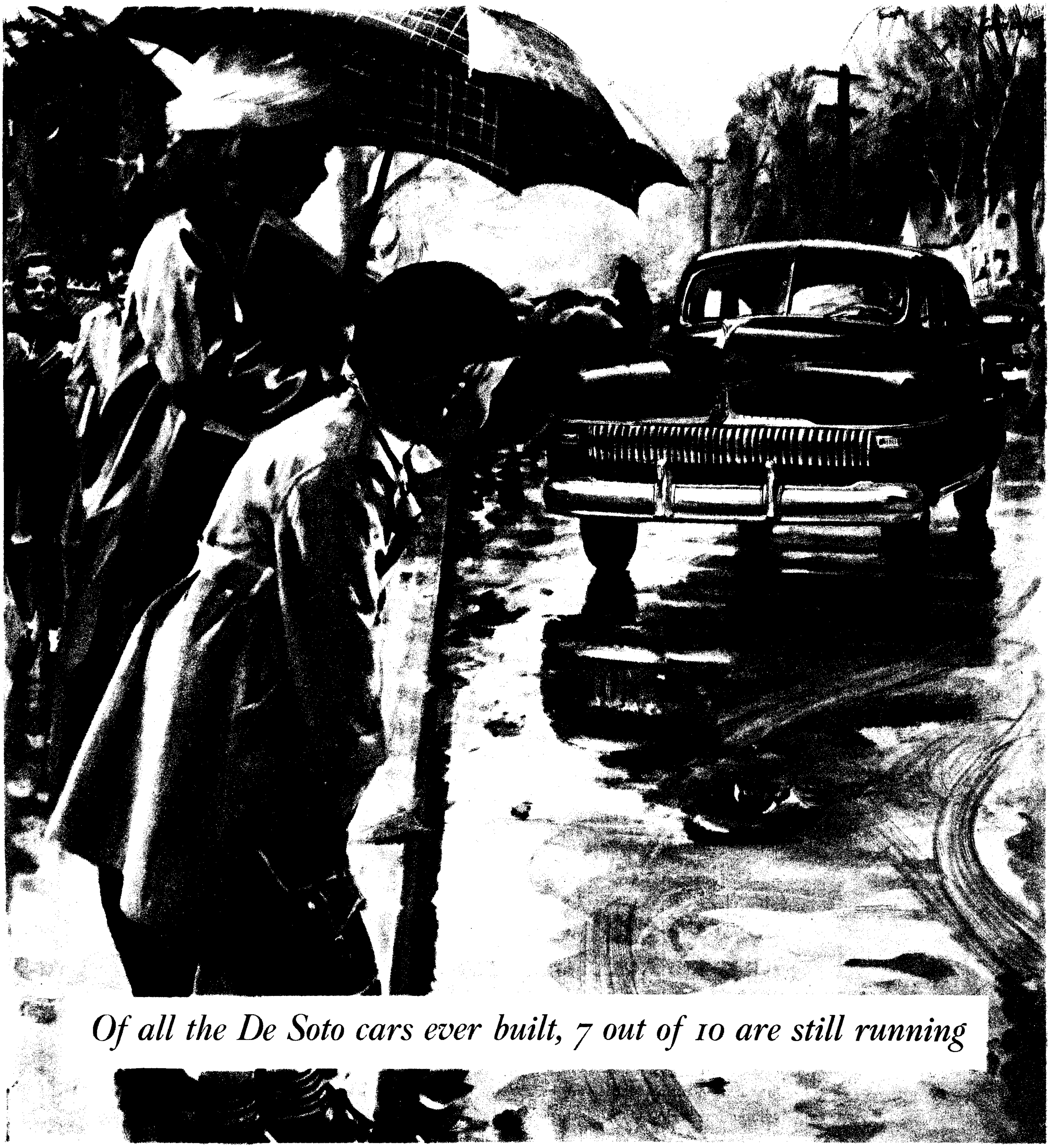
She thought that was funny, too. The laughter helped, but it didn't make the evening what we had wanted it to be. It was grand, but it wasn't perfect. We worked at it, perhaps too hard. At midnight, I took her back to the club and said good night. We made a date for the following night. "But no steak," I warned. "Hash only. I'm going to the bank tomorrow and let them strip me of my wealth." . . .

I knew I wouldn't sleep. I was thinking



"Have your fun now, because next time we move, it's going to be over a hat shop!"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN



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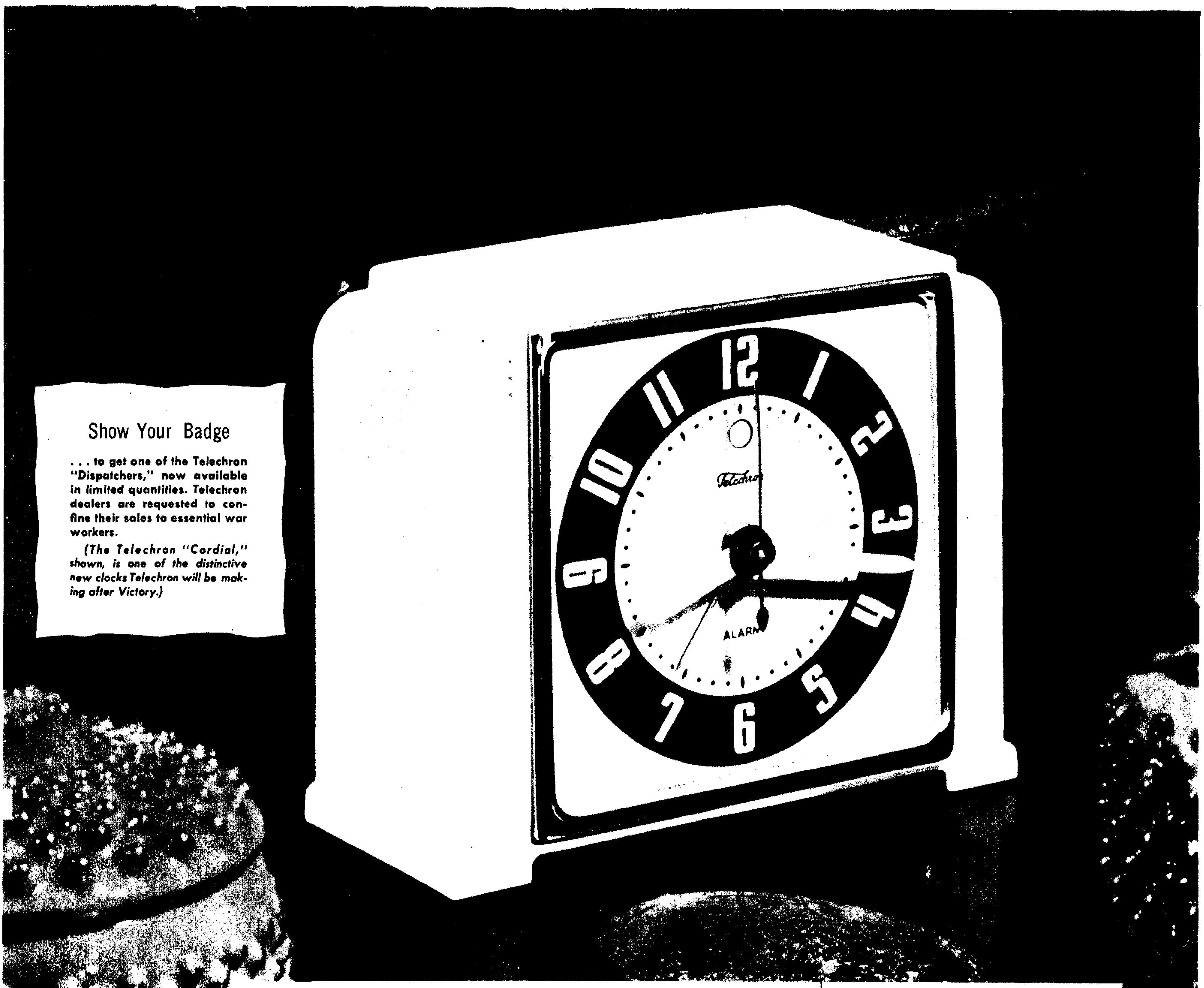

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- War's toll of sick and wounded is rising . . . the need for nurses is urgent. AND EVERY WOMAN CAN HELP.
- If you are untrained — take a home nursing or nurse's aide course. If you are a senior cadet nurse — serve your final six months in an Army hospital. If you are a registered nurse — join the Army Nurse Corps. Visit or write your local Red Cross chapter, or communicate with the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

about too many things. I lay down on the bed and stared into the darkness. The next thing I knew the alarm clock was going off. The hands pointed to 7:30 and it was black as midnight.

I bathed, shaved, dressed, drank some coffee and orange juice and went to the office. I reported to the big bosses. They seemed satisfied with what I had done. I spoke to a couple of the other boys in the drafting room and went out. Nothing to do until Monday.

I went to the bank. It was a branch on the corner near my office. I knew several of the men, including George Larsen, the assistant manager. He saw me come in and said, "Hello." I walked behind the railing and sat down near his desk. I motioned for two other fellows to come over. I said, "You boys never make mistakes, do you?"

George said he hoped not.

"But you wouldn't swear to it?"

"Almost."

"That isn't enough." I pulled the brown envelope out of my pocket and produced the yellow sheet of paper with figures on it.

"Take a look at that," I invited. "Is that a laugh or is that a laugh?"

All three of them glanced at it. Then Larsen said, "What's wrong with it?"

"Wrong? Are you kidding?" I read one entry: "January 28th—by deposit $100,-000."

George said, "So what?"

"So your bookkeeping department is crazy. I never had a hundred thousand dollars in my life, and probably never will have. And if I did . . ."

Again the three men exchanged looks. One of them said, "You think that's a mistake?"

"Don't be absurd. I *know* it's a mistake."

Larsen shook his head.

"It's not a mistake," he said. "On January 28th we received one hundred thousand dollars in cash with instructions to deposit it to your account."

I stared at George Larsen and he did the same to me. He didn't say anything. Neither did the other two immaculate, chastely garbed gentlemen who worked with him. They tried to keep their expressions impassive, but they weren't having much success. After all, a hundred thousand dollars was a lot of money.

I said, "I give up. And I'm asking the sixty-four-dollar question: Where would I get one hundred thousand dollars?"

George smiled bleakly. "You might have held up an armored car," he suggested with what he fancied was hot humor.

"I didn t. I didn't make this deposit, either. I saw it entered on the statement which was waiting for me when I got home last night. I came in to kid you fellows because I knew it was a mistake. I still think so."

"It wasn't a mistake," he said gravely. "So far as we're concerned, it's yours, subject to your check."

I SAT down. So did George and his co-workers. We pulled our chairs into a little circle, and somebody passed a pack of cigarettes around. I said, "Tell me more."

"There isn't much to tell. We were unusually busy that morning. A messenger came in and asked for me—"

"A uniformed messenger?"

"No. Just a man. I knew he was a messenger because when he gave me the package, he also handed me a little book to sign."

"What did he look like?"

"I'm sorry, Kirk, I haven't the faintest idea. I was all messed up with a lot of papers and three people were waiting to see me. It was a plain, ordinary, bulky parcel wrapped in brown paper. I didn't know what was in it or who it was from. I left it sitting on my desk until I'd finished what I was doing. That took about half an hour. Then I opened it."

"What did you find?"

"Money. Lots of money. Fifties and tens and twenties. There wasn't any sequence to the serial numbers—a banker notices that instinctively. The bills weren't packaged. It looked like money someone might have won in a crap game, if you know what I mean. Not new; not old. Nothing to make it look different from any other hundred thousand we might scrape together. With it was a note from you." He fished through a batch of papers and tossed me an 8½x11 sheet with typewriting on it. The note was short:

DEAR GEORGE:

I can't drop by personally, and I don't want to carry this much cash around with me. Will you be good enough to deposit it to my account?

I'll be buying you a drink next week. Until then—watch the wooden nickels.

KIRK DOUGLAS

I said, "Why should I sign it on the typewriter?"

"Why shouldn't you? It might be unusual, but it isn't impossible."

"What happened then?"

"I sent the money to one of the tellers. It added up to the penny. Your account was credited with that amount. The money was spread around in the cash drawers."

"In other words, there was nothing about it that would enable you to separate it from other currency?"

"Not a thing."

I MOPPED my forehead. The thing was getting under my skin. I said, "Look, George—you've known me a long time. You know where I work and approximately what I make. Didn't this strike you as odd?"

"Brother, you said it. I telephoned your office. They said you were out of town. So I did the only thing I could do. Legally or technically—whichever way you want to look at it, the money is yours."

I said, "I didn't write that note, George. I didn't send you the money. It isn't mine, and I don't want it."

"You're stuck with it, just the same."

"What do you mean: I'm stuck with it?"

He explained patiently. "The whole thing was unusual. I had no choice but to follow the directions in that note. It never occurred to me that you hadn't sent it, and it was perfectly good money. The note sounded like you. I certainly couldn't be expected to detect anything wrong about the situation. Lots of queer things happen in any branch of a big bank like ours. I had tried to check with you. No soap. There's no way now of identifying a single one of those bills. If you wanted to draw against it right now, we'd have to honor your check. And that's the picture."

"The more you talk," I said, "the crazier it gets. If somebody wanted to present me with that much money, why did they do it this way?"

"I wouldn't be knowing that. Just as I didn't know whether you'd suddenly hit it rich."

"What do I do now?"

"You can put it in a separate account, if you wish. Or leave it where it is until you find the answer. Meanwhile, one of the ace detectives of the Bankers' Protective Association happens to be with the chief right now. How about telling it to him?"

I nodded. One of the three men walked away, and a few minutes later a man-mountain hove in sight. I was introduced. They said his name was Hanvey. Jim Hanvey.

Hanvey didn't look like a detective. He didn't look like anything except a man who had eaten too much for too long. Large as he was, his clothes were even larger. He had a round face, pink cheeks, sparse hair and a pleasant smile. He had eyes like a fish: gray, dead, sleepy-looking eyes. He took a chair and listened while George Larsen did some explaining.

Hanvey was a good listener, although I wasn't sure he was listening. It looked like 6, 2 and even that he was asleep. Larsen finished talking, and then for quite a while there was a lot of silence. Then Hanvey asked, in a slow, drawling, patient voice, "You got no ideas, Mr. Douglas?"

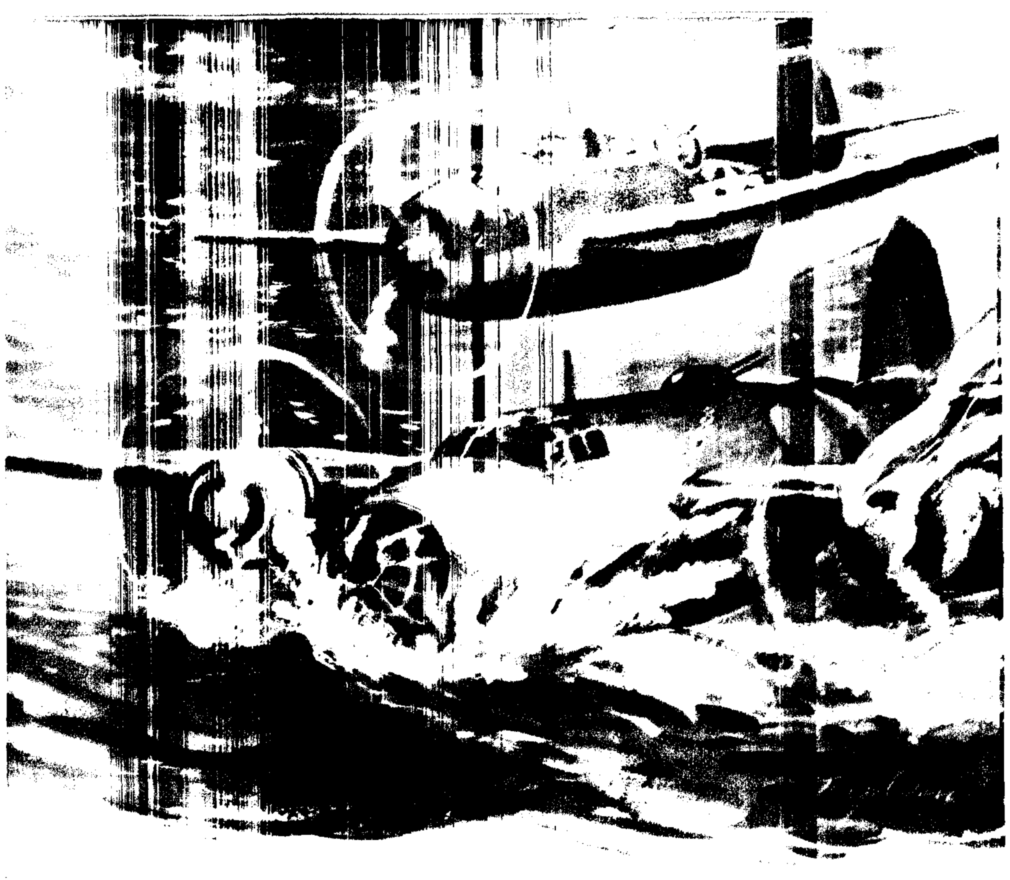
"No. The thing makes a lot of no sense."

"I wish somebody would play a trick like that on me." He gave vent to a tremendous sigh. "I'd buy me a little place in the country and raise chickens."

That didn't seem to call for an answer. He gave me plenty of time, and then he said, "I reckon you want us to look into it for you, huh?"

"Yes."

(Continued on page 62)



Flying two feet above the Jap, Ensign Burgess forced him to the surface of the water. But instead of crashing, he bounced and regained altitude

SEVEN-ROUND K.O.

THE story of an unusual seven-round fight between a Navy Avenger torpedo plane and a Japanese Betty (fast medium bomber) is told in a combat report from the Pacific.

The Avenger, a TBM design by Grumman and built by General Motors was on a reconnaissance mission near the Marianas. The pilot, Ensign Warren C. Burgess, USNR, of Route 4, Elgin, Illinois, sighted the Betty at a distance of about four miles. The Avenger immediately gave chase, both planes skimming low over the water at full speed. After several minutes, the distance was closed and the fight was on.

ROUND ONE

Ensign Burgess attacked on the port side of the enemy plane, firing his wing guns. The Betty's port engine began to smoke, but Ensign Burgess' guns jammed, and he pulled off. During this run, the Avenger's turret gunner, Robert A. Bullock, Aviation Machinist's Mate Second Class, U.S.N., of 4322 Lyndale Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minnesota, succeeded in putting the Betty's turret gun out of action.

ROUND TWO

With his guns back in commission, Ensign Burgess made a second run. His tracers showed damage to the Betty's port wing, but again the guns jammed.

ROUND THREE

Ensign Burgess decided to change tactics. He put the Avenger about two feet above the Betty and began to lower slowly. This treatment soon forced the Betty to hit the water, but instead of crashing, it took a 10-foot bounce off the waves and regained its former altitude.

ROUND FOUR

Retiring to one side for a moment, Ensign Burgess enabled his tail gunner, George A. Hodgins, Aviation Radioman Second Class, USNR, of 503 South Commonwealth, Los Angeles, California, to shoot thirty rounds of ammunition into the Betty's fuselage.

ROUND FIVE

Ensign Burgess decided to employ a new technique. He gradually overtook the Betty, and tried to chew up one of its wings with his propeller. After the Avenger's propeller had come to within inches of the Betty's wing, the Jap's frantic work at the controls managed to get the Betty out of the way.

ROUND SIX

Determined not to let the Betty escape before he got his guns back in commission, Ensign Burgess flew in close formation with the Betty, with only about two feet between the wing tips. He looked over at the Jap pilot and waved. The Jap was not amused, and did not wave back. At this point, Bullock, the turret gunner, became mildly frantic. Unable to get his machine gun on the Jap, he opened the escape hatch and emptied all six rounds of his .38 revolver into the Betty. This did not destroy the enemy plane, but Bullock later said it gave him vast personal satisfaction.

ROUND SEVEN

Ensign Burgess at last got one of his wing guns in operation. He dropped back a quarter of a mile behind the Betty and then began his final attack. The Betty's starboard engine suddenly flamed, and the fire spread to the wing. The blazing wing dipped against the waves, and the Betty instantly did a cartwheel into the water. End of fight.

LT. J. B. GOODMAN, USNR

DRAWINGS BY F. GOLDEN

THE MODERN WIDOW'S ~~MITE~~ Might

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VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

Love Has No Alibi

Continued from page 61

"You understand that it's your business and you can keep it that way if you want."

"I'd rather lay it in your lap."

"It's a big lap." He chuckled. "Mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Go ahead."

His questions were simple enough. My name, age, profession, salary, habits, friends. When I finished, he fiddled with the hawser-like gold watch chain that spanned his vest and said, "We've missed something somewhere. This thing wasn't accidental. Your name wasn't picked out of a hat. It was somebody who knew you. They knew you had an account here and they probably knew you were out of town, so there couldn't be a quick check-up. You say that note sounds as though you could have written it?"

"Yes. There's not much style to it, but what there is, is mine."

"And you have no rich friends who might like the idea of playing Genii to your Aladdin?"

"I haven't any rich friends. And if they wanted to give me that much money, they wouldn't do it that way. What's more: I don't like it."

Hanvey looked me over deliberately. "You're a big guy, Mr. Douglas. You don't look like someone who would scare easy."

"I still don't like something I can't understand."

He asked a shrewd question. "Could you use a hundred thousand?"

"Who couldn't?"

"I don't mean that. I mean, have you got any special iron in the fire? Have you got some scheme on tap which you could put across if you had that much dough?"

"You mean, have I any special use—at this moment—for a large sum of money?"

"Uh-huh."

"No."

"Suppose it was really yours. What would you do with it?"

"Leave it in the bank, I suppose. Buy War Bonds. I don't need extra money, if that's what you mean."

Hanvey said, "It's the screwiest thing I've ever run across. Want me to plug on it?"

"If you will."

"Let's let it ride as it is for a while. Mr. Larsen will pass the word around to watch carefully all checks bearing your signature. Though it isn't likely that anybody would try to withdraw that money with a forged check. Meanwhile, just forget that you've got it."

I shook my head. "Fine chance. Could you?"

"Nope. But I could try."

We talked a little more, and then I went back to the office. I chatted with my bosses and in the course of our conversation, asked them whether they'd made a deposit to my credit while I was away. The senior partner said, "No. Why?"

I tried to pass it off as a joke. I said the bank was crediting me with more money than I had. I didn't say how much. I left the impression that it was a small sum. They both laughed and one of them said something about this being my lucky year. I wasn't so sure he was right.

IT WAS Saturday, and I drifted into a picture show with the idea of forgetting what had happened. I was tired of thinking in circles. But I kept on doing just that. I still don't know what the picture was about. At five o'clock I dropped a nickel in the slot of a pay phone and dialed Dana's number. Her voice gave me the usual thrill. I asked if I could come by her apartment and she said she'd been waiting two hours for just that.

Dana lived in a simple, inexpensive two-room apartment. She had a part-time maid, but she was alone when I got there, which was swell with me. She was wearing a crepe housecoat of black with a broad red stripe down the front. She had on black satin mules and her toenails had red polish on them. She looked pretty as seventeen dollars' worth of lettuce.

Never before had love struck me as so goofy. What a probably excellent picture had failed to do in two hours, Dana accomplished in five minutes. When I kissed her I forgot everything except how lovely she was and how I wished I was married to her. It wasn't until later that I remembered what I had come for.

I sat her down alongside me and told the story. She let me finish without interruption. Then she said, "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard."

I agreed with her. She said, "Have you had any fresh ideas since you finished talking with the fat detective?"

"No good ones."

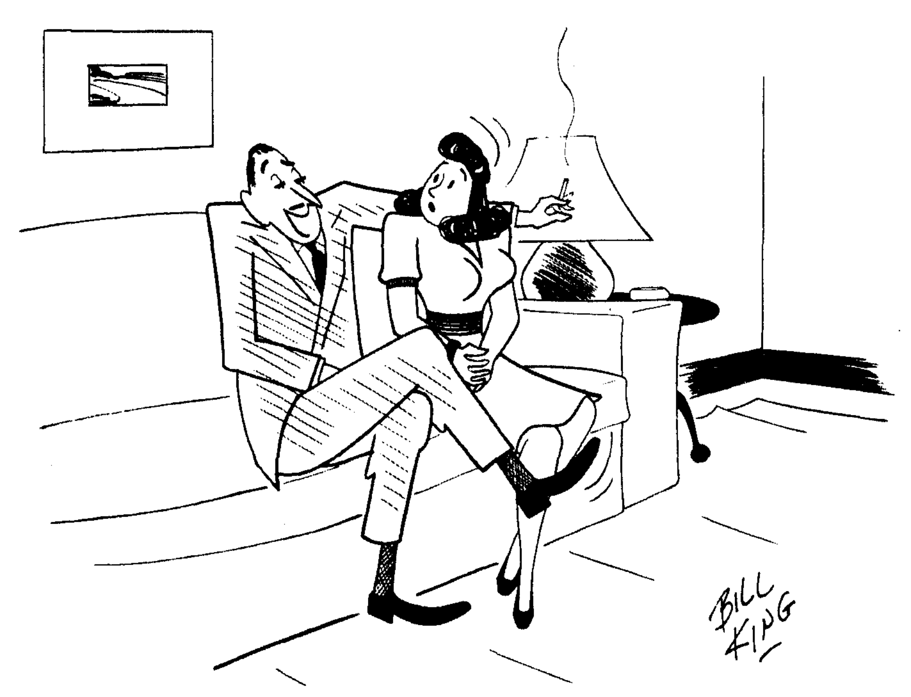
"How about ones that are not so good?"

I said "Ricardo?" and finished with a rising inflection. Her answer was, "Why?"

I said I couldn't figure why. It was scarcely the act of someone who didn't like another person, but if it was part of a scheme to cause trouble . . .

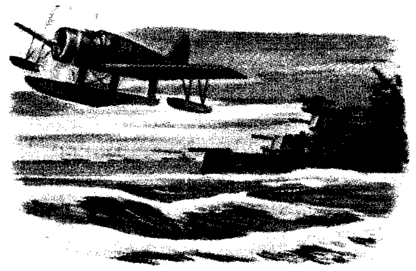
Dana shook her head. "It doesn't come out right anyway, darling. Ricardo hasn't got a dime."

I was puzzled. I knew the act was drawing down fifteen hundred dollars a week. De-



COLLIER'S "A lot of girls wonder if a mustache tickles" BILL KING

Rollers to the rescue



It takes more than a heavy load to stop ingenious American youngsters. They'll find a couple of round logs — slip them under that dinghy — and in no time at all have it high and dry. That's the simple principle General Motors long has used to ease heavy burdens — both in peace and in war. Like this:

* * *

Since the earliest days of General Motors, its engineers have worked continuously to cut down friction and multiply power. Not only in cars and trucks, but wherever shafts turn and wheels roll.

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ducting ten per cent agent's commission, that left $1,350. It was Ricardo's act—his personal property. He paid Dana $300 a week, and the rest was his, minus income tax. I figured that at a thousand a week gross income, a man could be pretty well heeled.

Dana shook her head. "Gambling," she told me. "He's always believed that he can make money work that way. But he'll lose it. He always has, and he always will. Besides, I can't figure any reason why he should put a hundred thousand dollars in your account."

I said, "I can't figure why anyone would. That's what worries me."

We tossed it back and forth and got exactly nowhere. The more we thought about it, the more ridiculous it seemed. She said, "So when we ate steak last night, we weren't pretending. You really *are* worth a lot of money."

"It doesn't make me feel good."

"What will you do about it?"

"Wait. I'm bound to find the answer sooner or later. I can always hope it was a mistake, although I'm sure it wasn't. Whoever it was can have his fortune back any minute he wants it." I leaned forward and my voice tightened up. "But this much I'll promise, my sweet. When I do find the person who did this, I'll also find out why."

She said, "That's a very grim expression you've got on."

"It's the way I feel. The more I think about this, the more I don't like it."

"Meaning what?"

"Not trying to be melodramatic, but it seems to spell trouble."

We both laughed, and forgot it for the moment. . . .

I took Dana to the Caliente, said I'd be back after the show, and left her. I didn't stay at the club for dinner because this was Saturday night and the room was jammed.

I stopped near the checkroom and bought a pack of cigarettes from a girl named Vivian who wore practically no clothes, as though that would make a man want to smoke. She was a cute little number with lavender eyes, platinum hair and sulky lips. She charged me the usual cabaret excess for the cigarettes but didn't object to accepting the lavish tip which was supposed to make everything all right. She asked me whether I'd been away and I said Yes. She asked how Dana was and I said she was fine.

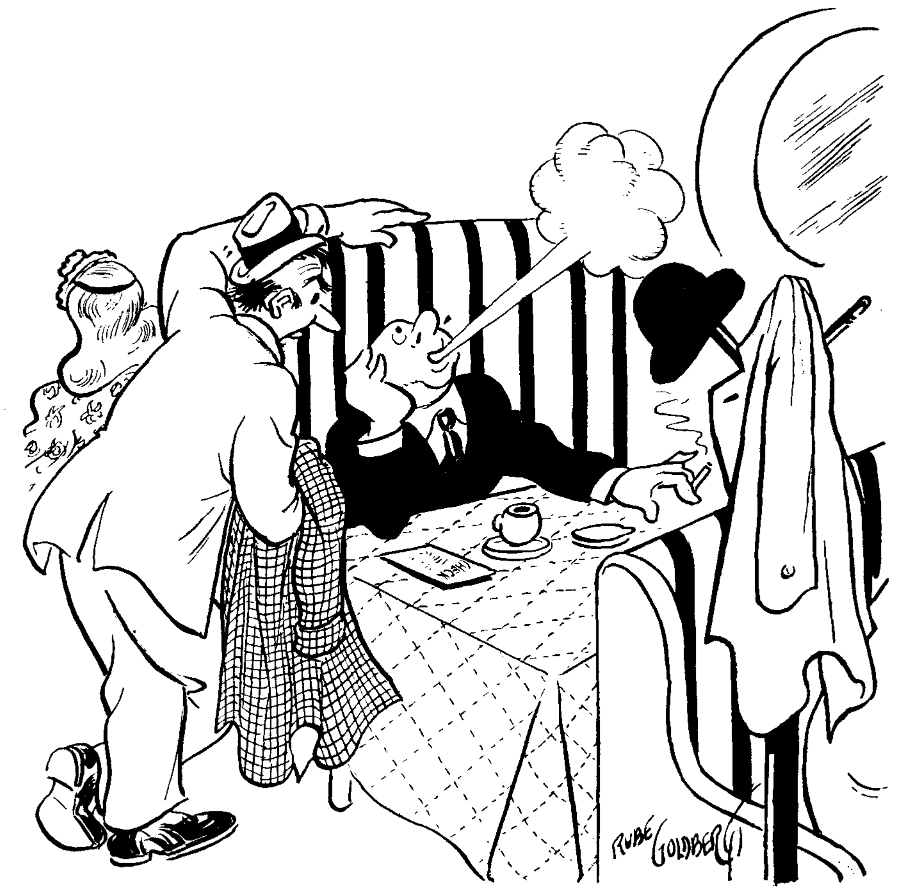
I STOPPED near the curb and chatted with Chris, the doorman. We both mentioned that it was cold. We were both right. I figured I might enjoy a walk in the park, but I wasn't quite as hardy as I thought. As I turned the corner, the wind hit me. It bit into me like a set of false teeth. I went back to the Caliente. I said, "I'm a softy, Chris. Can't take it."

I went inside and surrendered my hat and coat. A man left his high perch at the bar and I slid into it ahead of another man who had missed the chance. I ordered a Scotch and plain water. The curtains between the bar and the main dining room were carelessly drawn and I could see the line of cuties doing their stuff.

I stayed where I was all through the show, getting an occasional glimpse of Dana while her act was on. Then I called a bus boy, gave him a quarter and asked him to tell Dana where I was. He grinned at me with youthful wisdom and sped off. Twenty minutes later the dance music was on, the guests started crowding the floor and Dana appeared from nowhere. She said, "I'm hungry."

We went out together. Chris comman-

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"My peeve is the guy in the crowded restaurant who dawdles and dreams over his coffee while I stand and wait for a seat."—Isador G. Friedman, Twin Falls, Idaho.

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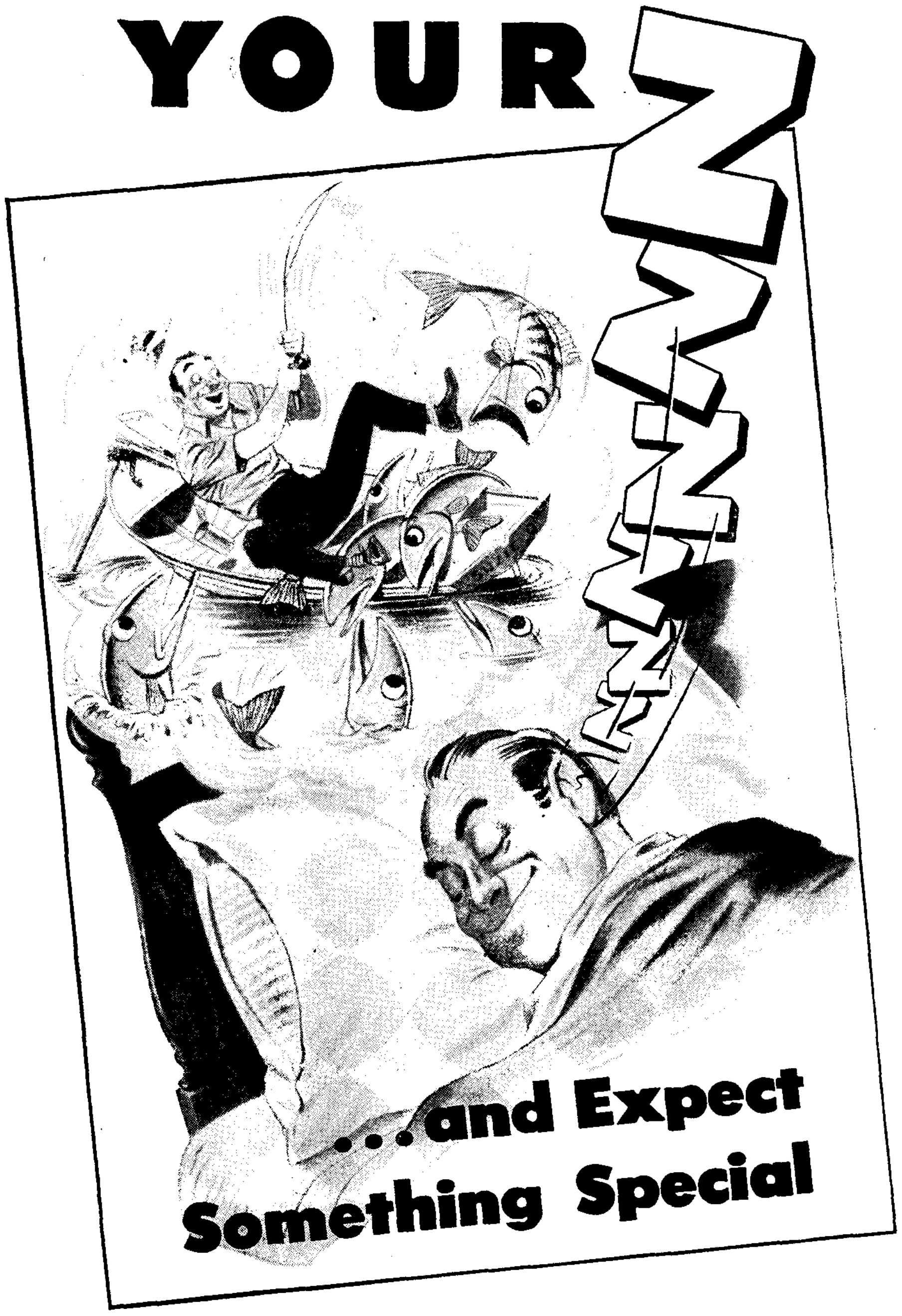

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deered a taxi which arrived at the club with a fresh batch of merrymakers. We gave the address of a little restaurant on the East Side. We had been there a couple of times in the past but we liked it because the food was fair and they had booths where you could talk without cooling the soup on the next table.

After dinner we went to a newsreel theater and stayed there till it was time for Dana to get back to the club and dress for the 12:30 show.

Dana suggested that I come back to her dressing room after the show. Then we could slip out through the next door tenement under which the dressing rooms were located. That was so she wouldn't be stopped by guests who wanted her to drink with them.

So I went back to the bar. This time I wasn't so lucky. Standing room only. I knew what was happening inside by the music. I'd seen that show so many times I knew to the split second who was doing what.

THE show dragged. The crowd was high and appreciative. They encored everything. But it finally ended in a thunder of applause after a second encore by Ricardo & Dana. I shouldered my way between the closely packed tables, circled the bandstand and turned left in the dreary, drafty corridor. At the far end, two doors faced each other. The one on the left was Ricardo's dressing room. The opposite one was Dana's. I rapped and asked, "Are you decent?" and Dana called to me to come in.

She had on a robe and was removing her make-up with cold cream. Even that way she looked lovely. Then she went behind a screen to put on her dress. I lighted a cigarette and waited. She came out, looking fresh as a daisy, and asked me where we were going. Before I could answer, there came a rap at the door.

The man who entered when Dana went to the door didn't look as though he belonged in the Club Caliente. He was perhaps four inches shorter than I, and looked hard as a rock. He was dressed in a quiet Oxford gray suit, black shoes, gray shirt and dark blue necktie. He had rugged features and a dark complexion. His eyes were bright and black. He removed his hat to disclose the blackest hair I have ever seen. It was close-cropped and neatly brushed.

He looked at Dana and said politely, "Miss Warren?"

"Yes."

Then he looked at me. "Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes."

He smiled. It was a pleasant smile, although rather on the bleak side. He said, "The cigarette girl told me she thought I'd find you in here."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out something. When he turned his hand palm-up, we saw what it was. It was the badge of a member of the New York city detective force. "I'm Max Gold," he explained. "Lieutenant Max Gold."

We said we were pleased to meet him, and Dana invited him to have a chair. He sat down stiffly, and tried to look friendly. He said, "I hate to intrude. But if I could have a few minutes of your time . . ." He was looking straight at me when he said it.

Dana and I sat down. I said, "You wanted to talk to me?"

"If you don't mind. There's something I'd like to ask you about, Mr. Douglas. If you'd rather we were alone . . ."

"Go right ahead. But I know what it's about."

"What?"

"That bank business."

He seemed to be thinking fast and picking his words carefully. "What about it?" he asked.

"I don't know any more than I knew this morning. It made no sense then, and it looks even screwier now."

"In what way?"

"I can't figure it from any angle," I said. "In the first place, I haven't one single friend who owns a hundred thousand dollars. Acquaintances, yes. But friends, no. And if I did, why would they want to give it to me? And if they wanted to give it to me, why would they do it that way?"

"I don't know." He looked down at the toes of his shoes. "Mind going over it again, Mr. Douglas?"

I started at the beginning and went through to the end. I was beginning to feel like a phonograph record. He listened patiently and then nodded.

"Interesting," he commented.

"Interesting, all right, Lieutenant. But I don't like it a little bit. And the very fact that you are here makes me like it less."

"You say you talked with Jim Hanvey this morning?"

"Yes. At the bank. You know him?"

"Sure. He was a captain when I was a patrolman. He's keen."

"He doesn't look it."

"That has fooled a lot of people. He seems to be sleeping half the time. But he doesn't miss a thing. Anyway, that's neither here nor there. I got something else on my mind. Something personal."

I waited. So did he. He didn't seem to be in any hurry. Finally he raised his sharp black eyes and asked a direct question.

"How long," he asked, "have you known Ethel Brower?"

I frowned. "Who?"

"Ethel Brower."

I said, "I don't know anybody by that name."

He spoke carefully. "Think hard. Maybe you'll remember."

I tried it. I knew a few women rather well, and a great many casually. Women in the office, telephone girls, girls at the Caliente, wives and sweethearts of friends. I said, "The name doesn't register. What does she do?"

He said, "That's what I'm trying to find out. I think maybe your memory is on vacation. I'm sure you know her."

"Sorry, Lieutenant. I'm pretty good on names, and that one just doesn't click." I was beginning to feel uncomfortable. "Am I supposed to know her?"

"Yeah. Sort of."

Dana had been looking first at him and then at me. She said, "You haven't been holding out on me, have you, Kirk?"

"With something named Ethel Brower? Don't be silly."

Dana turned to Max Gold. "Would she be ravishing, seductive, gorgeous and et cetera? Somebody a man might know and not tell another woman about?"

He smiled back at her. He said, "You and Mr. Douglas are pretty good friends, aren't you, Miss Warren?"

"That's a fair example of understatement."

I SAID, "Miss Warren and I are in love with each other. Some day we hope to get married."

Max was still looking at Dana. "You're Ricardo's wife, aren't you?"

"Legally."

"What does that mean?"

"We've been married five years. We lived together for the first six months of that time. Since then we've been nothing more nor less than dance partners."

"But you're still married?"

"Ricardo doesn't like the idea of a divorce."

I broke in. I said, "Look, Lieutenant: Didn't you know all this before you came in here?"

He grinned. "I had heard it that way. I didn't know how straight my dope was."

"You knew about Miss Warren and myself, but I have a feeling you didn't know about that bank business."

"That's a good guess, Douglas. I never heard about it until you started talking. But it was interesting—so I listened."

"And so it wasn't what you wanted to see me about, was it?"

"No."

"What *did* you want?"

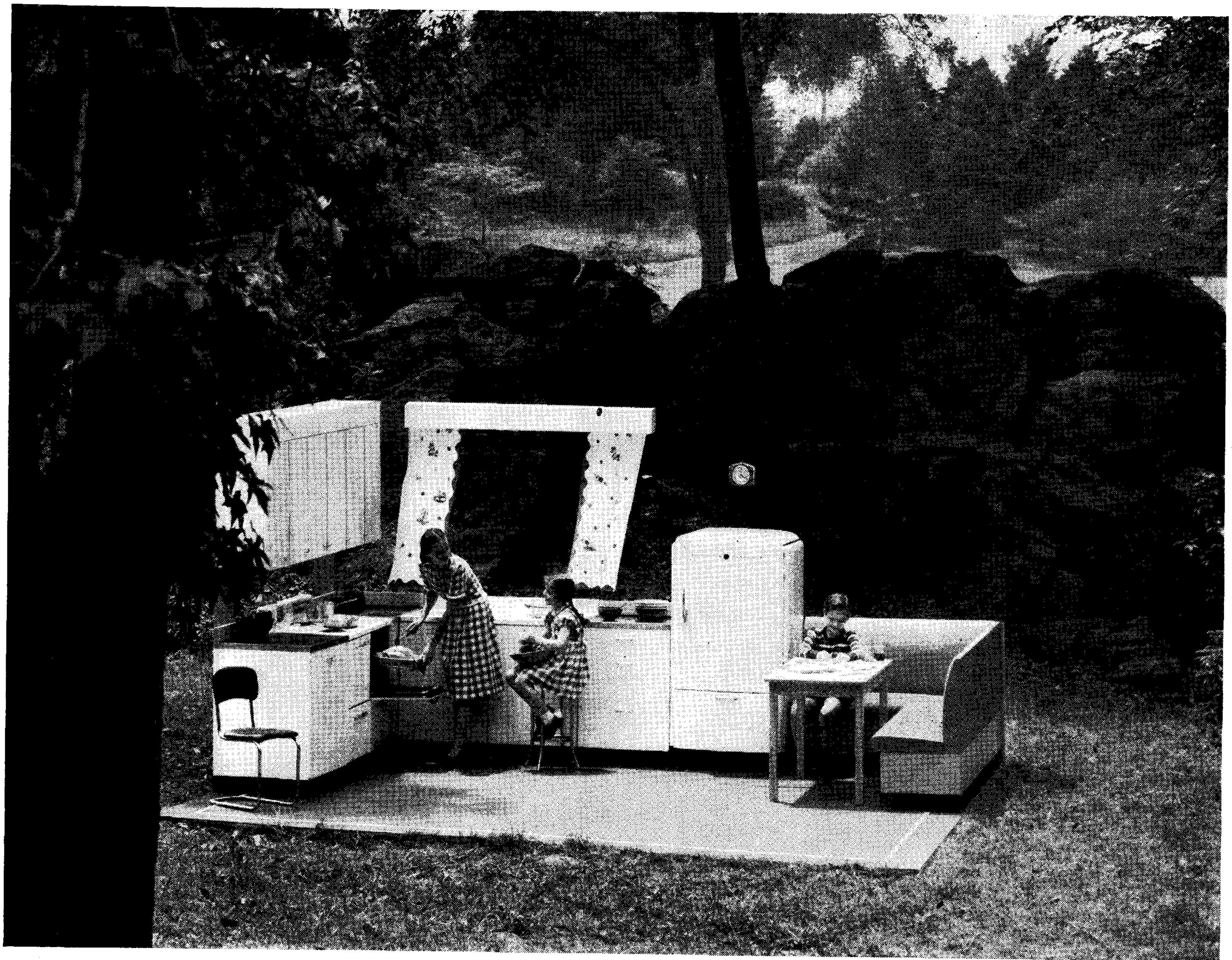
"We-e-ell . . . first of all I'd like to know what you've been doing all evening."

That puzzled me, but I didn't hesitate. I started with the time I picked up Dana and went right through. When I finished, he turned it over in his mind and then asked quietly, "When you left the club during the dinner show, how long were you gone?"

"About five minutes. I spoke to the doorman when I left and also when I came back."

He said, "Cute."

"What does that mean?"



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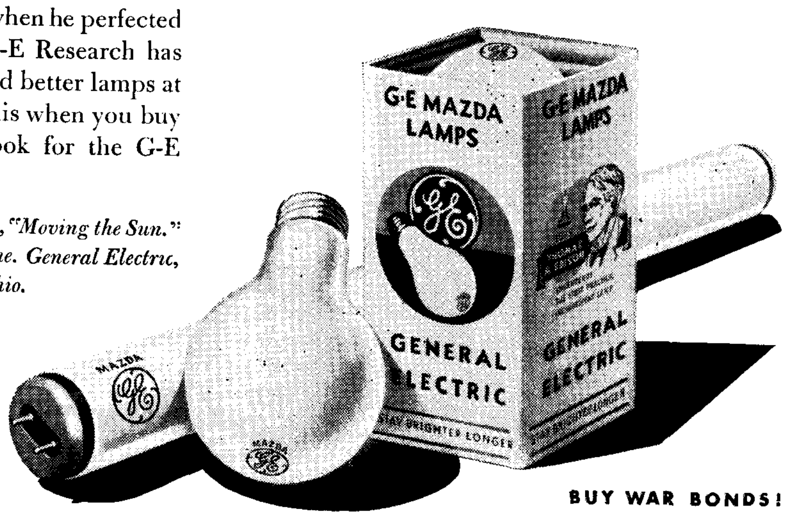

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"Why did you speak to him?"

"I always do."

"So he knows you were gone only five minutes?"

"Yes. If he happens to remember." I leaned forward. "What's this all about?"

"I'm just a curious guy. My profession, see? Now about you and Miss Warren: When you went out to dinner together. Does anybody know you in that restaurant?"

"Not by name. Probably not any other way, either—unless the waiter happened to remember."

"And at the picture show: You see anybody there that you knew?"

"No."

"So if somebody didn't want to believe you, you wouldn't have any way of proving you and Miss Warren did just that, would you?"

"Why should I have to prove anything?"

"Keep your shirt on. I was asking. Cops think that way. Now about this Ethel Brower . . ."

I stood up. I said, "I don't know any such person. I've answered all your questions. Now I'm asking you one. Why I should know a girl named Ethel Brower?"

"I'll tell you." He leaned back in his chair and focused his eyes on my face. Hard. "The reason I figure you ought to know her," he said, "is because she's in your apartment. Right now. And she's dead as hell. She's been murdered."

MAX GOLD'S keen black eyes never left my face. If I had anything to give away, he was going to get it. I don't know what he was thinking. I don't know what I was thinking, either. I stood there blinking at him, my mouth open, my brain refusing to function.

He waited patiently while I did the conventional things. I moistened my lips. I looked at Dana and she looked at me. I tried to say something and the words stuck. I sat down in the chair from which I had just risen. It was his voice which punctured the silence. He said, "I didn't mention it before, but I'm on the homicide squad."

That made everything just dandy. It made me feel fine. If I'd been guilty, I couldn't have felt any guiltier.

He said, smoothly, "You still don't know her?"

"No." The word came out suddenly, like a cork being popped out of a champagne bottle.

"You haven't been to your apartment tonight?"

"No."

"Not even for a few minutes after you finished dinner?"

The answer was still no.

It was Dana who did the first talking for the pair of us. "He's been with me all evening," she said. "We haven't been near his apartment."

"You and him . . ." Gold's voice was flat. "You're sweethearts. You wouldn't want anything to happen to each other. You alibi him and he alibis you. I'd like it to be better than that."

I realized suddenly that Dana was caught right in the middle of this mess. I said, "Look, Lieutenant: No matter where I was—she wasn't anywhere near that apartment. She doesn't know anything about it."

"About what?"

"This girl—this Ethel Brower."

He said to Dana, "You never heard of her, either?"

"No."

"Doesn't it strike you as queer she'd pick the apartment of a perfect stranger to get murdered in?"

I made an effort to pull myself together. I said, "Would you mind telling me what happened? And how you heard about it?"

He thought that one over. He said, "Your apartment house is pretty big, Douglas. Have you ever left an order that the package room could put things inside if you weren't there?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's how they found out. The boy from the grocery store delivered some stuff for you. You weren't there. He took it to the package room. The package room boy telephoned your apartment. No answer. He told the night superintendent. They went up together. House rules. No employees—except the day maids—are allowed to enter an apartment without the super is along. They went in. The place was dark, so they switched on the ceiling light. They saw this girl—this Ethel Brower—in that gray chair you got near the reading light. She was fast asleep. Only she looked kind of funny. The super took another look. He saw right away that she wasn't asleep. She was dead as a mackerel. It wasn't until after he reported it and our medical examiner got there that we found out how she died. She'd been strangled. And I suppose you're still surprised, aren't you?"

Dana reached over and took my hand. I said to the detective, "Are you arresting me?"

"Nope. Not now, anyway. I'll come clean: We haven't got a thing on you except it happened in your apartment. We wouldn't want you to be going off on another trip right away, and we'll check up on all your gal friends, but we don't like to arrest anybody if we can't make it stick."

I said, "Thanks," and I meant it. This was my first experience with New York policemen, and if Max Gold was a sample, I liked 'em. He was a hard, efficient man, doing a job.

He said, "I'd like you to go over there with me, Douglas. You, too, Miss Warren, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind." Dana stood up before I could argue against it. She smiled at me. It was rather on the wan side, that smile, but I had never admired her more. "I know it won't be pleasant, Kirk. But I think the lieutenant wants me . . ."

"Yes, miss. Maybe you might recognize her. She's bad to look at. Sort of asleep-looking, like I said. At first we thought maybe it was a natural death."

"You're sure it wasn't?"

"We're sure."

I said, "But if she was strangled there must be fingerprints on her throat. They would prove . . ."

"Sorry, Bud. It doesn't work out that way. We get fingerprint traces off a dead body, but there aren't enough characteristics left to identify 'em. It's something we haven't solved yet. But the minute somebody dies, the fingerprints on the flesh aren't any better than if they weren't left there in the first place. That's why we need more to go on." He got up and put his hat on. "If you'll come along with me . . ."

THERE was a car parked a short distance down the street from the club. It was a plain black sedan and the only way I could guess that it was a police car was because it was parked too close to a fireplug. Lieutenant Gold held open the door and then joined us in the back. To the driver he said, "On your way, Joe. Back to the apartment."

Dana and I huddled together. We didn't say anything but I knew she was thinking as hard as I was, which was plenty hard.

Too much was happening too fast. There were too many questions and too few answers. The hundred thousand dollars in my name at the bank commenced to frighten me again. I believed that it was connected with the dead girl in my apartment. It couldn't be coincidence: two outrageous occurrences in the space of a few days. I said, "Whoever it was, I wonder why they picked on me."

"Yeah." That was Max Gold speaking. "I been kind of wondering that, too."

Then he turned to Dana. "On account it's murder," he said, "I got to ask personal questions. I respect your feelings. But I've got to ask this one: Even if you aren't living with your husband, wouldn't you figure him to get a little sore if he thought you were playing around with Mr. Douglas, here?"

She shook her head. "I don't mean a thing to Ricardo. I'm just his dance partner. The jealousy stage passed years ago, provided there ever was one. He knows all about Kirk and me."

Max said thoughtfully, "But with a name like that. You know, hot Latin blood . . ."

"He was born and raised in Brooklyn."

"I thought that was a gag."

"It's the truth."

"Then the name is a phony?"

"No. His father was Puerto Rican."

"Then we could say his blood might be

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half hot, huh?" Max chuckled dryly. "He could maybe have been madder than you think. He could maybe have seen this dame going to Douglas' apartment and followed her in, thinking it was you . . ."

I said sharply, "That's ridiculous. If he'd been that kind of person, he'd have done something long ago. Besides, you can't strangle a woman without knowing who she is—or isn't. And what's more, you don't believe it yourself."

"I didn't say I did. Me, I don't believe anything. I just try to find out."

WE REACHED the apartment house. I don't know what I expected but whatever it was, I didn't see it. There were no police cars, no policemen. Not on the street, anyway. The doorman looked at me peculiarly, but didn't say anything. The hallway was empty. It was all very quiet and tranquil.

We got in the elevator and I pressed the button for my floor. Upstairs, I unlocked the apartment door and let them in. A huge man blocked our entrance. Then he recognized Max Gold and said, "Hi, Lieutenant."

Gold nodded. "Any telephone calls since I been gone?"

"No."

"Fingerprint boys and D.A. men all finished?"

"Long ago."

"Okay . . ." Gold led the way. Dana and I followed, pressing each other's hands.

The room looked just as it had when I'd left, except that on the floor near the kitchenette was a box of groceries. Just a box of groceries and a very ordinary-looking girl asleep in the chair by the reading light. I didn't have to look twice to realize that she wasn't ever going to wake up.

Max Gold stood back against the wall. He was watching Dana and me. So was the big man who was guarding the apartment.

I stared at the dead girl. I looked a long time, reaching far back in my memory. My guess at her age would have been the very early thirties. She was about Dana's height. She was thin. The legs that stretched out in front of her were thin and not shapely. She had dark hair. I couldn't tell what color her eyes were because they were closed. I couldn't see any signs of violence or any bruises on her throat.

She was wearing a black cloth coat with a heavy fur collar which could have been fox or skunk. It was open, and I could see the dark brown dress underneath. She had on a brown hat and it seemed to be in position. I wondered whether the murderer had been too polite to disturb it, or if the police had arranged it neatly. Her legs were encased in sheer stockings which looked like nylon, and her feet were swallowed up by galoshes. She wasn't pretty and she wasn't homely. She didn't look like a strong person or a weak one. She looked like the sort of girl you could see a hundred times and never remember. I tried my best to place her and met with no luck. I turned to Max Gold and said, "As far as I can remember, I never saw her before in my life."

Dana said, "Neither did I."

Max sighed. "The night super never saw her before, either. Nor the package-room boy. Nor the doorman. Nobody knows her. Or why she came here. Especially me."

I asked, "How did you know her name?"

"The bag. We went through it. Social security card. A credit tag from a department store. A letter to her from some girl friend in Moline. It didn't tell us a thing except her name and address. We'll check on all that easy enough. But we'd still like to know what she was doing here." He stared at me. "And I also been wondering how she got in. Easy enough for her to get upstairs without anybody noticing—that's the trouble with these automatic elevators—but how'd she get in the apartment?"

I said, "I wish I knew."

Max sighed. "I guess we'll send her to the morgue." He said something to the big plain-clothes man and that gentleman started telephoning. I said, "What happens now?"

"About what?"

"Me."

"Nothing. You're not under arrest, if that's what you're asking. We want you both to stay in town. There'll be an inquest. The district attorney's office will probably talk to you. Maybe that'll lead to the grand jury—maybe not. It usually doesn't unless the D.A. thinks he's got something solid to work on."

"Then I'm not under suspicion?"

"Sure you are. You and Miss Warren both. That doesn't mean I think you did it. But I can't get it out of my mind that you're both mixed up in it."

"Will it be in the newspapers?"

He nodded. "That's another thing that can't be avoided. Also, it might help. Publicity sometimes uncovers a lot of angles we couldn't find. But for the present Miss Warren will be kept out of it. It's not her apartment, and even though the boys are probably lousy with her fingerprints, we won't pay too much attention to that because you admit that she drops in here a lot."

I thanked him. He was being damned decent about it. I went into the kitchen and

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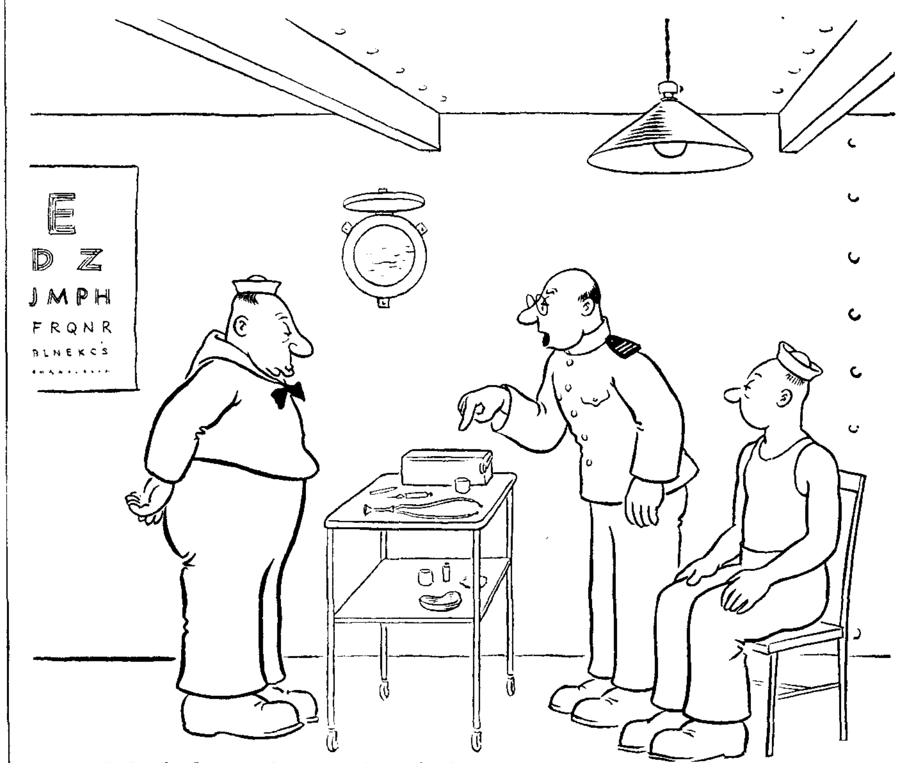

"That's the sterilizer, and that's the thermometer; that's the stethoscope and this is the hypo needle. Now, Alfred, is there anything else you want to know before I go on with my work?"

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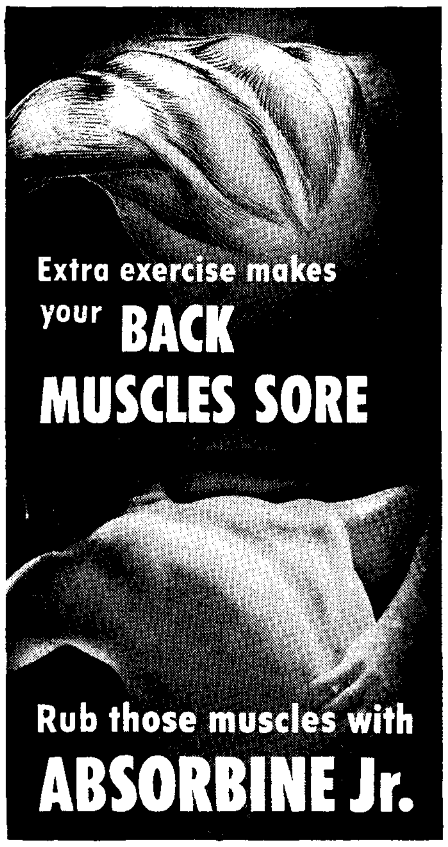
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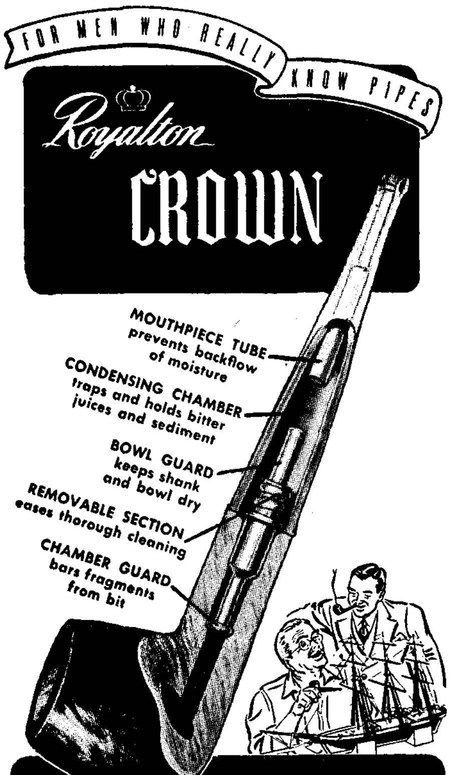
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poured a drink of straight brandy. Dana said no when I offered it, so I held her hand and made her swallow it. Gold and the other cop compromised for a bottle of beer each.

We didn't do much talking while we waited for the morgue wagon. There didn't seem to be anything to talk about. I turned Dana's chair around and did the same with mine, so we wouldn't have to stare at what was left of Ethel Brower.

They finally took her away. Max told us good night and said he'd be seeing us. He suggested that I let him know if I ran across anything. I didn't know what he was thinking, and I wasn't so sure I wanted to know. For all his cordiality, for all my innocence, I was afraid.

The way I looked at it, he couldn't help but think that I had killed Ethel Brower. He was digging patiently for evidence to use against me. All I had was breathing time.

That seemed to check it up to me. There were a lot of things I'd have to find out for myself.

I sat down. Dana came and sat on my lap. She put her arms around me. She started to cry. Her slim body was shaking. Her arms were tight. She had held up magnificently while the pressure was on, but now that the first act was over, reaction hit her.

I let her cry. I knew it would do her good. There had to be some outlet for what she'd been going through. I just sat there holding her close. My left arm was around her. With my right hand I patted her shoulder and made reassuring sounds. It would have sounded silly if it hadn't been so terribly serious.

After a while she stopped crying. She stayed where she was: motionless. Then she got up, crossed to the gateleg table where she had left her bag, and took out compact and lipstick. I didn't say anything. I just watched her, letting her handle things her own way.

She dabbed at her face with the cosmetics and a bit of folded tissue. Her eyes and the corners of her mouth showed evidence of the strain to which she had been subjected. She finished what she was doing and walked toward me. She said, "I'm all right now."

I got up and poured two brandies. I wasn't afraid that it would do anything to either of us. I was more afraid that it wouldn't. She drank hers and I swallowed mine in a gulp. It burned all the way down and took away some of the chill inside me. But it didn't do anything else. It didn't make me feel any better, or any less bewildered.

I reached for my pipe and tamped tobacco in the bowl. She took a cigarette. I lighted it for her, and then started my pipe going. She said, "You really haven't any idea who she was, Kirk?"

"No, dear."

She picked her words carefully. "If you did—you'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"You wouldn't be afraid that I'd be jealous?"

"No."

We sat staring at each other. We looked and felt utterly futile. Dana said, "This . . . and the bank. They must be connected some way."

"They must be."

I PUFFED harder and thought harder. Then I looked at the little white clock on the mantel. I said, "There's somewhere I want to go. Right now, even if it is almost three o'clock in the morning. I'd like you to come along if you think you can take it."

She repeated, "I'm all right now." And then she asked, "Where?"

"Just a few blocks. The McKinley Hospital. I want to talk to Arthur."

"Arthur . . . ?" Then she got the idea and nodded. She knew I was referring to one of my few close friends in New York, Doctor Arthur Maybank, five months an M.D. and now serving a nine-months' internship. She said, "Didn't he stay here while you were away, Kirk?"

"Yes. You don't know what it means to an intern to have a place outside the hospital on his off nights."

She glanced at the chair in which the body of Ethel Brower had been sitting. "You think maybe Arthur knew her?"

"It's possible. I want to find out."

"Why didn't you tell the police?"

"I didn't want to get him mixed up in it. He's never had anything but bad breaks since he was a kid. Why should I throw him into the middle of this unless he knew the girl?"

"Will he be frank with you?"

I shrugged. "It doesn't matter. I've known him a long time. I'll be able to tell."

THE McKinley was a block wide and half of an avenue block in length. It was an ancient, gaunt, graystone building which once had been New York's leading hospital. Now it was old and wornout, like a man of magnificent physique who had lived too long. There had been talk of tearing it down and rebuilding on the same site, but the war had postponed those plans.

There was an old-fashioned iron fence along the front. Two gateways had been cut through it, one for doctors' automobiles and the other for ambulances. There was a white sign with unkempt black letters on it which said "Accident Entrance" and an arrow pointing to a double door under a porte-cochere. Farther down the street was the main entrance, but I didn't go there. I said, "Arthur told me he was on accident for three months. If he's around, we'll find him here."

We walked inside. There was a narrow little entrance and a pint-size reception room. To the right of the reception room was a plate-glass window which was the front of a cubicle of an office. A languid young lady sat inside gazing at a typewriter. There was a piece of paper under the platen, but she wasn't doing anything about it. Nor about us, either.

We went through a doorway and stepped into a big square room. There were four or five surgical wagons standing forlornly around, none of them very clean. There was an enameled instrument case with a lot of the enamel chipped off so that it showed black splotches. At the far side of that room was another door through which I could see a double bank of green steel lockers. A man in a blue uniform and a big blond youth in white were smoking and talking. They didn't pay any attention to us.

We went back to the reception room and I managed to attract the attention of the girl who was doing nothing about the typewriter. I said, "I'd like to speak to Doctor Arthur Maybank."

She looked at me with blank eyes. Then she said in a bored voice: "He's not on duty."

"Is he in?"

"If he is, he's sleeping."

"I'm a friend of his. This is important. I wish you'd give him a ring."

"He's not on duty," she said, and that's all she did say. She started poking at the typewriter keys as though to tell us to get out of there and not bother her. I took Dana's arm and we walked outside again. We walked down the block and re-entered the building through the main entrance.

There still wasn't any rousing welcome. An elderly man dozed in a chair, as though he intended spending the rest of the night there. A worried, middle-aged woman sat in another chair, holding a sleepy little girl. There was another glassed-in cage in which I saw another bored young woman at a switchboard. I walked over and repeated my request for Doctor Arthur Maybank.

The girl put up an argument. She said Doctor Maybank was asleep and that it was against the rules to disturb him. I worked on her. She finally plugged in, waited a long while—about as long as it would take to wake someone from a sound sleep—and then started talking. She told Arthur that a man and a woman were downstairs to see him and that she hadn't been able to brush them off. She looked at me disapprovingly and I told her to say that it was Kirk Douglas and Dana Warren and that it was important. She said it, then snapped the plug out and looked at us with what I fancied was disappointment. She said, "He's coming now," and promptly lost all interest in us.

Dana said, "What a horrible, depressing place. I don't wonder Arthur would want to use your apartment on his off nights."

A huge and ancient elevator stopped on the lobby floor. The door clanked open and Arthur Maybank stepped out. His eyes looked heavy with sleep. He had pulled

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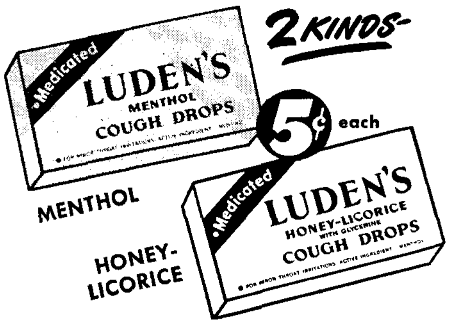
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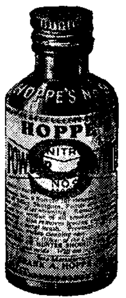

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trousers and a coat over his pajamas. His feet were encased in scuffed bedroom slippers.

Arthur never was an inspiring figure, but in this costume he was even less so. He was small, and looked even smaller than his 135 pounds. His hair was sparse and old-looking in spite of the fact that he was only twenty-six years of age. His coloring was mousy, his manner shy and diffident. He looked like a young man who had been slapped around by life. He certainly didn't look like a Lothario.

I had known him for years. We were close without being intimate. What there was to know about him, I knew—and it wasn't much. He had scraped and struggled and sweated and slaved to get through college and medical school. He was serving his internship without pay. They all do, but most of them have a little income, and Arthur didn't. He had been rejected by the Army as physically inadequate. He was grateful as a pup for small favors, and I had let him use my apartment while I was away because I knew that it looked like a palace to him.

He seemed surprised to see us. He glanced at the clock which was now approaching 3:30. He shook hands with us, and smiled at Dana. She smiled right back, though I knew she wasn't feeling much like smiling.

I apologized for waking him. He said that was all right. Whatever you did to Arthur was always all right. I said, "Can we sit down somewhere?"

We went to a corner of the lobby. We arranged three stiff wooden chairs in a little circle. I said, "I want to ask you something, Arthur. If the answer is yes, it's okay by me. But I want you to come clean."

He nodded. "You know I will."

"Sure I know." I cast around for the right way of starting. Then I said, "While I was away—you used my apartment, didn't you?"

"Sure. On my off nights. You don't know how good it feels to get away from this joint."

"I can imagine. Now for the second question: What did you do in the apartment?"

He frowned. "Slept. And read. And just sat there figuring how lucky I was to get a break like that."

"What else?"

"You'll laugh. I fixed my own dinners. Cooked 'em myself. I'm a lousy cook, but they tasted wonderful. I even enjoyed washing the dishes. Then I'd sit in the corner and read and hope that some day I'd be successful enough to afford an apartment like that?"

I said, "Did you do any stepping?"

"Any *what?*"

"Any stepping. Briefly, did you entertain any girl friends?"

"I haven't any girl friends," he said simply.

I started over. "I'm driving at something. On the level, it's fine with me if you did. In fact, you'd have been foolish not to. I just wanted to know."

He shook his head. "Even if I'd known any girls who would have liked to come up there, Kirk—I wouldn't have done it."

"Why?"

"Because . . . well, in your place . . . it wouldn't have seemed right."

"You aren't embarrassed because Dana is listening, are you?"

They exchanged smiles. "Of course not," he said. "As a matter of fact, if I had been partying, I'd probably boast about it." A worried frown appeared on his forehead. He said, "Did you find something broken—or missing? Is that it?"

"No. But before I explain, I've got one more question. Do you know—or did you ever hear of—a girl named Ethel Brower?"

I could see him thinking. Then he shook his head. "No, Kirk. Not that I remember. I meet lots of people here at the hospital. But if you mean it's somebody I should remember . . . I don't."

"Did any girl show up at the apartment at any time you were there? Anybody asking for me, perhaps?"

"I never saw a soul. Nobody even came to the door by mistake." He looked terribly concerned. "I wish you'd explain all this."

I TOLD him the story of Ethel Brower. When I finished, he said, "Good Lord! And you thought maybe she was someone I'd been playing around with?"

"No, I didn't. But I knew I didn't know her, and I figured that if she'd been a guest of yours there, and if she had perhaps thought it was your apartment and had come back to see you . . ."

He seemed shocked. He said, "Is she still there?"

"No. They carried her to the morgue."

"Would you like me to go over and take a look?"

"Better stay out of it, Arthur."

He turned to Dana. "He should have told them about me."

"Why?" she asked. "There wasn't any sense dragging you in unless it turned out that you had known the girl."

He said, "Gee! That's decent of you." He looked small and helpless. "Isn't there something I can do?"

"Yes. Two things. First, go back to bed. Second, forget the whole thing."

"And," finished Dana, "forgive us for waking you."

We practically shoved him into the elevator and sent him back to his room. We stepped into the bitter cold of black morning. I said, "One block away there's a diner. It'll be warm there, and the coffee will be hot. Let's go."

The diner was hot all right. There was a long counter with stools in front of it. There were a few narrow tables against the windows. Behind the counter was a man in a greasy apron. He was tossing some hamburgers for a couple of burly truckmen. Onions were sizzling on the griddle.

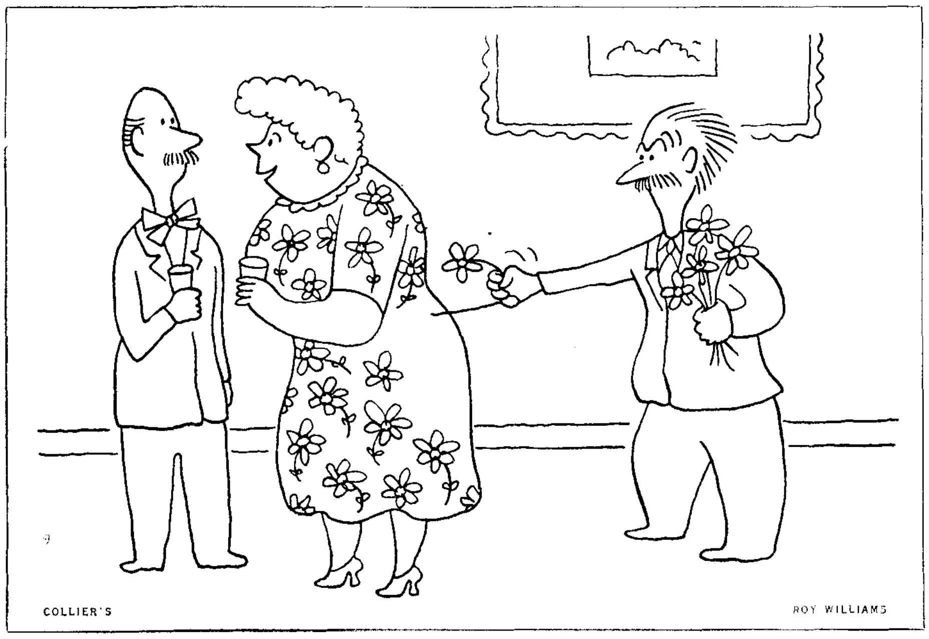
I didn't ask Dana whether she was hungry. I ordered two hamburgers and two black coffees. We were served and started eating.

She said, "I wonder whether the police have talked to Ricardo?"

Ricardo!

We looked at each other. We didn't say anything. But the name "Ricardo" was hanging between us in the hot, steamy air.

(To be continued next week)



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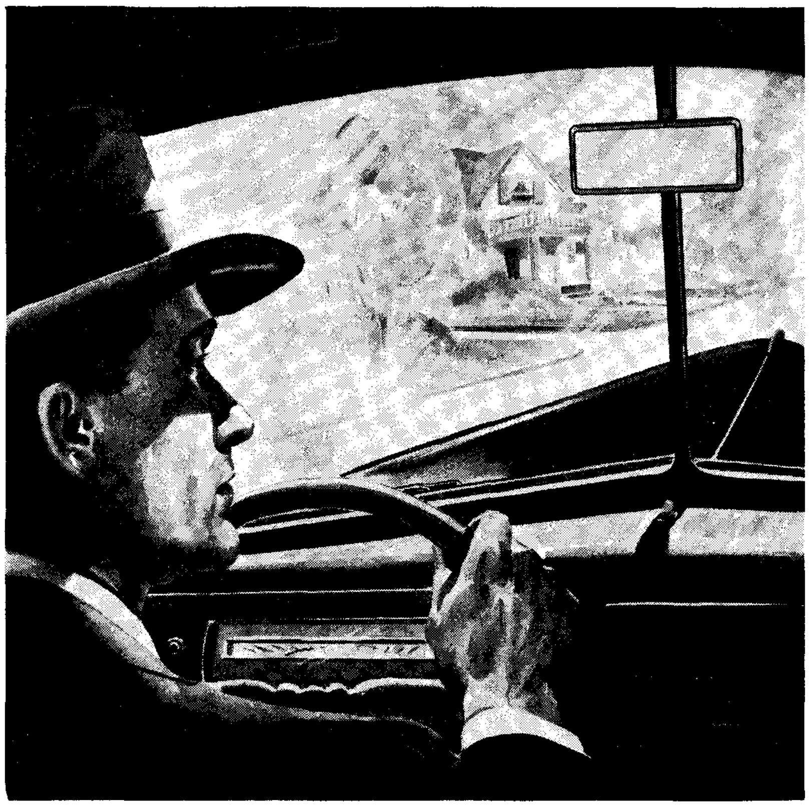

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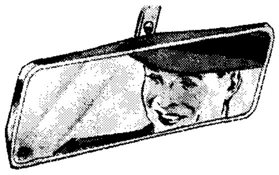

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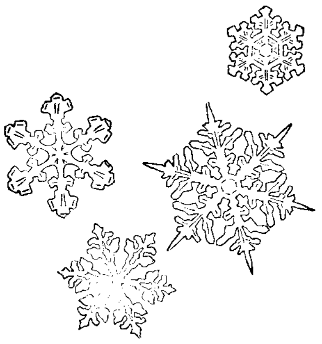

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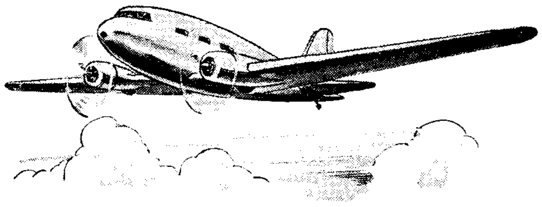

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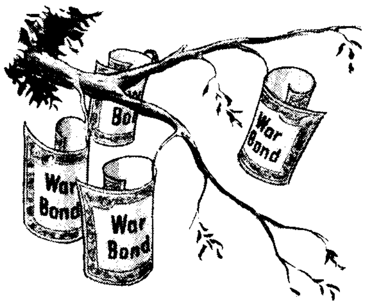

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a short short story complete on this page

The Clock

BY JOHN TAIT

THERE was a twinkle of anticipation in John Webster's eyes as he opened the lavender envelope with its familiar headlong scrawl and read: "Dad darling, I hate myself. I was on my way to Newport and Bob this morning when I remembered your birthday, or remembered, rather, that after selecting a gift I was going off without giving it to you. It is something I saw in Bulwer's on Fifth Avenue the other day and asked them to put aside for me. Something I thought just perfect for your apartment, darling. Do you mind terribly picking it up yourself? Pay for it, and when I get back next week I'll drop in to reimburse you and see how it looks. I do hope you like it, darling. Happy Birthday and Best Love, Jeanie."

Webster lowered the note to his knee. He smiled his pleasure and amusement. It was so like Jeanne to go tearing off this way, forgetful of everything else in her eagerness to meet her sailor husband. So like himself, for that matter. At Jeanie's age he had found life a rich fruit and had devoured it greedily, and Jeanie was very much his daughter. Lucky little Jeanie, he thought. She was still too young to know that her fruit would go and that its core was bitter.

Webster lifted the note and read it again. Something for his apartment? It would be for the apartment, of course. When, after Eleanor's death, he took the place in town to be nearer Jeanie, Jeanie had been so enthusiastic. She had thrown herself into the business of selecting furnishings and had astonished him by her understanding of his needs and tastes. There could be little question, he thought, about his liking her gift.

THE salesman at Bulwer's was middle-aged and urbane. He heard Webster's name and business and, with a gracious inclination of his head, turned away to make inquiries. In his absence, Webster surveyed himself in the plate-glass mirror beyond the counter. Zingarro had been quite right: With the hair at his temples clipped short like that, the powdering of gray in it was much less noticeable. And the new blue snap-brim helped, too. It shaded the telltale lines around his eyes and brought out the fresh coloring of his well-barbered face. Surely, if he both looked and felt ten years less than his fifty-eight, he was justified in considering himself that many years younger. . . .

The salesman returned and placed a clock on the counter, almost reverently. It was an eight-inch cube of ebony, perfectly plain except for the gold ring around the dial glass. Expensively plain.

"A really fine timepiece, sir," he said. "A Lavelle. Mrs. Jenkins made an excellent choice."

Webster's eyes warmed with appreciation. Jeanie's understanding of his tastes had certainly not failed her. "How much is it?" he said.

The salesman consulted a small tag at its back. "A hundred and fifty dollars, sir. A self-winder, you know."

Webster nodded. It was a stiff price but not unexpected. Jeanie knew he liked the best and would offer him nothing less. "I suppose it's quite dependable?" he said, feeling he should make some display of the buyer's ordinary caution.

The salesman's eyes opened. "A Lavelle movement, sir?" His lips lifted in the making of a small pleasantry. "We would be very fortunate, sir, to have hearts as dependable."

Webster's smile of acknowledgment was something less than spontaneous. He was aware of a vague unease, like tarnish on the bright metal of his pleasure. Rather a forbidding way to have put it, surely? "Very well," he said. "I'll take it."

THE living room of Webster's apartment was a man's room. In it there were no conscious subtleties of color blending, only his instinctive liking of the complementary qualities of red morocco and green textiles, with mahogany giving solidity and character. The fireplace was the real thing, burning real logs across heavy, brass andirons, and in the evenings amber-shaded lamps filled the room with a soft golden light.

The ebony clock stood on the mantel, flanked by dark green vases of chaste design. As Jeanie had foreseen, it belonged there. Its severe lines offered no conflict with the room's solid furnishings. Its tick was slow and precise, distinct but modulated, like the voice of a well-trained servant.

The clock's hands were standing at five past twelve when Webster looked up from his book again. He frowned. The last time he had looked, they had been at three minutes to twelve. The time before that at a quarter to twelve. At none of these times had he really wanted to look at it. Or of the times before them. But all evening he had been conscious of something in its tick, a sort of . . . insistence. It had kept obtruding unpleasantly on his thoughts and drawing his eyes back to its enameled face. Webster closed his book on a forefinger.

Why should the clock affect him this way? Fill him with this vague distress? He had been delighted with it when the salesman had placed it before him and he had . . .

The salesman? What was it he had said? Something about having a heart as dependable. A heart! That was it! The clock was like a heart. Beating steadily. Evenly. More than that. There was something of relentlessness in the slow, measured sound. Something of . . . triumph. As if the clock were reminding him that it would go on beating, year after year, decade after decade, surely . . . calmly . . . unhurriedly; as if it were comparing itself with his own heart—his own heart, with its falterings and palpitations, its excitements and depressions; as if the clock knew that long before its tick had fallen silent, his time-impaired heart would have ceased. . . .

"This is absurd," Webster said aloud. He threw the book irritably on the side table and got up. "I'd better go to bed and sleep it off."

The colored day maid said, "Mrs. Jenkins, sir," and stood aside.

Jeanie erupted into the room with outstretched arms. They closed around her father's neck as he rose, and she kissed him with gay demonstrativeness.

"I just got in, darling," she said. "Dropped my things at the house and came right over."

"Splendid, my dear," Webster smiled down at her fondly. "It's lovely to see you. Tell me about Bob."

"Later." Jeanie released herself and turned to the mantel. "First I want to see how my—" Her voice ended abruptly and her eyes came back to his face, full of dismay. "But, *darling!* That isn't the clock I chose. It wasn't a bit like that. Oh, how could they have made such a stupid mistake?"

"It wasn't a mistake, Jeanie." Webster lowered his eyes in the selection of a cigar from the humidor. "I'm terribly sorry, my dear, but I saw the clock you meant and . . . didn't like it."

Hurt and surprise darkened her blue eyes. "You didn't? Why not, Dad?"

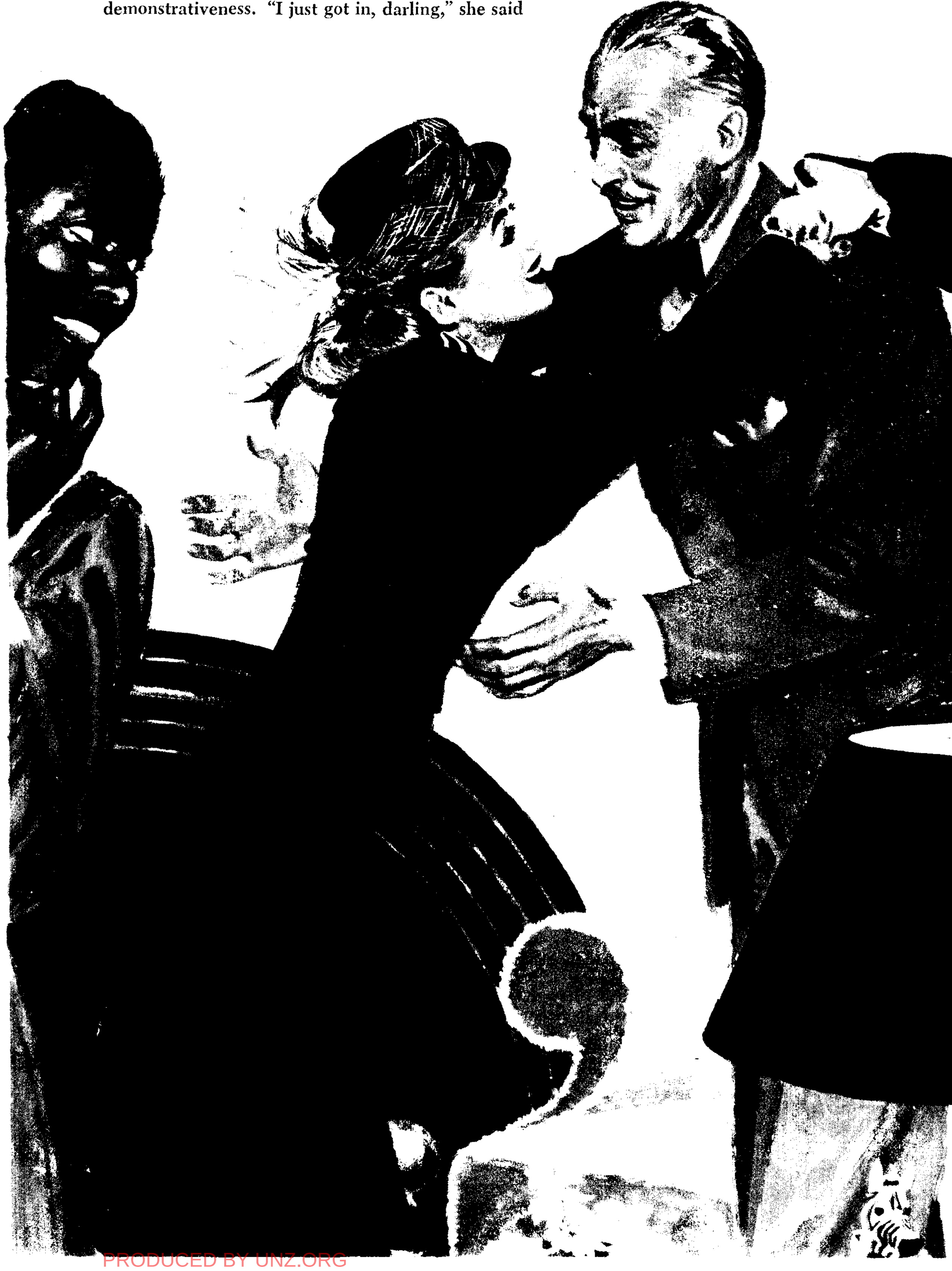
"Oh . . ." Webster was busy with his cigar cutter. "I liked this one better. It looks very well, don't you think?"

Jeanie stared for a moment at his engrossed face, and then she crossed to the mantel and examined the cheap plastic-cased timepiece clanking with cheerful effrontery between the dignified vases.

When she turned, her face was heavy with bewilderment. "What on earth, darling! It may look well enough but—listen to it!—the thing is junk. It will never last."

"Oh, I dare say," Webster said. He looked up at her. "But doesn't it sound cheery and sort of companionable?"

Jeanie's arms closed around her father with gay demonstrativeness. "I just got in, darling," she said



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Gertrude

Continued from page 22

back to a ratlike tail with a tassel on the end. Of course, she'd been thinking for some time that it would be nice to have a dog, but really, this one was hardly what she was thinking of! If she had a dog, she'd want a good one—not this fantastic mongrel.

"I really think your mother's right," she managed firmly; "the Animal Shelter's the best thing. They're very good to them there, and a dog that looks like Gertrude will probably be adopted almost at once."

The light went out of his eyes and he turned away without answering. Mrs. Cugat rose determinedly and scrambled up the bank. When she reached the top, however, she made the mistake of stopping to look back.

DISHEVELED and panting, Mrs. Cugat, leaning strenuously against Gertrude's leash, reached her own gate and tugged it open. Both of them bounded through, cavorted across the lawn, vaulted up the steps, and piled up at the front door. Mrs. Cugat took up more slack in the rope, got a firmer grip and turned the knob. Gertrude, exuberance falling from her like a cloak, peered in cautiously.

"Come on," urged Mrs. Cugat, gently tugging, "this is your new home."

Gertrude stepped delicately over the threshold and lifted an exploring nose. Imprudently, Mrs. Cugat let go the rope and turned to hang up her coat.

"Whut's dis?" yelled Vanilla from the kitchen.

Hurrying out, Mrs. Cugat found her new pet on the kitchen table, snuffing approvingly at a chocolate pie that had evidently just come from the oven, its peaks of meringue, golden. Vanilla was waving a broom.

"It's just our new dog," panted Mrs. Cugat.

Gertrude tipped the pie off onto the floor and bounded down to investigate it.

"Oh, Vanilla! I'm so sorry," Mrs. Cugat gasped. Vanilla, the customary crescent of her lips compressed to a straight line, silently crossed to a closet and got out a dustpan.

Indignantly, Mrs. Cugat grabbed the rope, dragged Gertrude to the back door and thrust her out. Well! She could just go home and get back on Mr. Flambo's nerves. After all, she was his problem. How had she ever got into all this?

Gertrude, with apparently no intention of going back to Mr. Flambo, lowered shivering haunches to the door mat and prepared to await developments.

She was still sitting there alertly when Mr. Cugat came home from the office at six o'clock that night.

"What is it?" he asked blankly.

Mrs. Cugat explained.

"Lord, honey," he said, "why didn't you tell me you wanted a dog? With the cat, I never thought you'd—I'll tell you what! The County Kennel Club are putting on a show down at the armory in a day or so and I hear they're going to have some pretty high-class stuff. You take this mutt over to the Animal Shelter in the morning and get rid of it and then, when the show comes, we'll go down and look them over. I've been thinking it would be nice to have a dog, too."

Gertrude, looking from one to the other, thumped her tail enthusiastically.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Cugat, her conscience smiting her. "What will we do with her tonight? We can't just leave her out in the cold, but Vanilla is seething—"

"Oh, we'll shut her up in the garage," Mr. Cugat replied easily, bending to pat Gertrude's woolly poll. "We can put a blanket or something down for her to sleep on. You'll like that, won't you, old girl?"

But Gertrude did not like it. After half an hour of outraged protest, during which the neighbors began to telephone, she came out through a window pane and, bloody but unbowed, took up her plaint at the back door. There was nothing to do but let her in again.

"It will have to be the cellar, I guess," said Mr. Cugat, going out in his pajamas to retrieve the blanket.

But this plan proved equally impractical. Gertrude did not like the cellar, either, and emerged almost immediately by the simple expedient of standing on her hind legs, taking the doorknob in her teeth and turning it. The cellar door key was lost.

"Where do you suppose she *wants* to sleep?" said Mrs. Cugat despairingly. It was two A.M., and they stood, worn and desperate in the middle of the library, staring down at their new pet. Then Gertrude bounded into Mr. Cugat's newly covered armchair, turned around the prescribed three times, settled down with a sigh and closed her eyes. Scarcely breathing, they tiptoed out. What she would say to Vanilla in the morning Mrs. Cugat could not imagine—and she was too tired to try.

But in the morning Gertrude was gone. She had somehow got out, but nobody could see how. The only open windows were those on the second floor—unless, of course, she had simply unlocked a door and walked out, closing it politely behind her. She was a very unusual dog.

"Well, anyway," Mrs. Cugat sighed relievedly, "now I won't have to take her over to the Animal Shelter. I would have felt terribly guilty about it after promising that little boy. I don't believe I could have."

"Well, I could have—without a qualm," said Mr. Cugat, who had just unguardedly sat down in his armchair and was now looking like a new cocoon. "Poor old Flambo—there's a man who's got my sympathy!"

"Do you think she went back there?" asked Mrs. Cugat anxiously.

"Of course. She considers that her home."

HE COULD not have made a more erroneous prediction. Mrs. Cugat was roused from the depths of slumber again at two A.M. by what she first thought, foggily, must be a fire siren. But it was not. It was Gertrude.

"Let her yowl," growled Mr. Cugat from his pillow. "She'll get sick of it in a minute."

He was wrong again. The wails rose in length and stridency, and then the telephone rang.

"Are you people dead?" inquired a trenchant voice. "Why doncha let ya dog in?"

"That's not our dog, bud," said Mr. Cugat coolly.

"Oh, no? You were feeding it last night. What else's it gonna think?"

"Okay, okay," said Mr. Cugat hastily, as the wails switched abruptly to a rataplan of shattering barks. "Keep your shirt on—"

Gertrude bounded joyfully into the kitchen, accompanied by a small fox terrier, made for the table, sniffed eagerly and whined in disappointment.

"They're hungry, I guess," said Mrs. Cugat.

"And they're going to stay that way," said Mr. Cugat. "This is the last night that tramp gets me up!" They went back to bed, leaving Gertrude still sniffing the table, the terrier asleep in Vanilla's rocker. In the morning they were gone, and in the rocker sat the remains of a baked ham and part of a chocolate roll. The icebox door stood open. It seemed provident, when they let her in the next night—this time partnered by a depressed-looking spaniel—to just feed them both and raise Vanilla's wages.

"Maybe we could teach her to use a key," Mr. Cugat said hopefully on the third night, as he climbed back into bed.

"Did she bring anybody with her this time?" Mrs. Cugat asked sleepily.

"A chow."

"I can't imagine how she gets out," worried Mrs. Cugat. "Do you think—a cellar window?"

"I think she's a zombie," Mr. Cugat said shortly.

ANNOUNCEMENTS proclaiming the opening of the County Kennel Club Show arrived. "With Gertrude now definitely one of the family, I don't suppose there's much use going," said Mrs. Cugat wistfully.

"Gertrude is definitely *not* one of the family," Mr. Cugat answered flatly.

"She thinks so—or she wouldn't come back every night."

"She thinks we run a flophouse. I'm going to the Show tomorrow night and buy you a good dog, if I have to pay a hundred and fifty dollars for it!"

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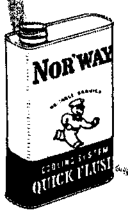

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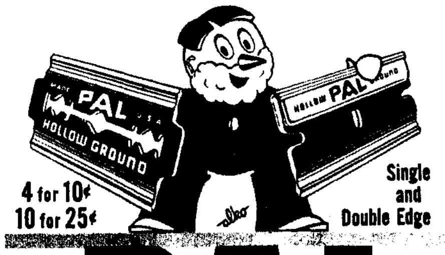

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when they arrived, and Mrs. Cugat promptly lost her heart in five or six different directions. Liquid-eyed cockers, impudent poodles, haughty Pekingese and a benign Saint Bernard captured her fancy in turn. But it wasn't until the dachshunds waddled into the ring that she went completely overboard.

"Oh, darling! There's the dog I've been looking for all my life!" she babbled excitedly, tugging at Mr. Cugat's sleeve. "Look—that littlest red one all alone over on the other side of the ring. How could they take him out of line and put him way over there without even looking at him? He's every bit as cute as the others! Do you think he realizes and feels bad?"

Mr. Cugat did not deign to answer any of this, being interested in watching the judging.

Mrs. Cugat paid no attention to it. The judges obviously were a set of morons. Her eyes, warm with compassion, caressed the wistful little figure and she decided she did not like its handler—a heartless individual in a polo coat who seemed to be giving most of his attention to his fingernails. She began to plan lovingly what she would do when the little red puppy was hers, to make up for the neglect and humiliation it was suffering.

THEREFORE, it came as quite a surprise when it was awarded the blue ribbon. She was delirious with surprise. "But they never even looked at him!" she gabbled. "And they spent hours over the others!"

"They were picking second and third," explained Mr. Cugat. "That little bitch that got first is a three-time champion."

"George, how can you!"

"What?"

"Call that darling little thing a bitch!"

"Because, sweet, it *is* one."

"Oh," said Mrs. Cugat, mollified.

"The Sturms have a box somewhere. Shall we go find them?" Mr. Cugat asked, smiling and squeezing her arm.

"Not until I find where they keep him—her, I mean. I want to see it close up."

"Run along, then, I'll be with the gang."

Mrs. Cugat skipped joyfully off. She found her darling at the end of a long row, in a stall that looked like the royal box at the opera. It was upholstered with ribbons—predominantly blue—and flanked with silverware. It was also roped off. Mrs. Cugat scrambled eagerly under the rope. The little red creature wriggled with pleasure and thumped its tail.

"Don't handle her, please!" said a cool voice.

Mrs. Cugat turned, abashed. The speaker was a woman, probably no older than herself but of a type that, somehow, always made her feel about twelve years old—tall, small sleek head, tweeds and big square sapphires.

"She doesn't care for cooing," observed this individual in a drawling voice, and turned to speak to the handler. "Not a bad little show, at that, Quinby."

Mrs. Cugat turned to give the dachshund a last pat.

"*Didn't you hear me?*" The tones were silver but each word dropped separately.

Mrs. Cugat scrambled out from under the rope. "She's so darling, I couldn't resist," she apologized.

The woman, looking right through her, went on talking to Quinby.

Mrs. Cugat's face reddened. Then she delicately dusted her hands and tucked a stray curl back into place.

"As a matter of fact," she said with the cultured accent she'd picked up at school but hadn't used very lately, "I was thinking of buying her."

The woman turned. "Oh, yes?" she said.

Aha! thought Mrs. Cugat, you're singing a different tune now, aren't you?

"Yes. My husband is probably willing to pay as high as a hundred and fifty for her," she said off-handedly.

The handler laughed shortly. The woman, pushing Mrs. Cugat's shoulder gently out of her way, sauntered off. Mrs. Cugat glared after her.

"Sister," said the handler, "the Carringtons were offered four hundred for that bitch last week."

"*Dollars?*" stammered Mrs. Cugat.

He looked at her pityingly.

She returned to Mr. Cugat, in the Sturms' box, decidedly subdued. The Sturms were off somewhere, and Mrs. Cugat settled down to lick her wounds—an indulgence, however, that was to be short-lived. The Sturms reappeared almost immediately, and with them, to her horror, was the sapphire woman.

"My dear, you know who it is, don't you?" Evie rattled like a muffled machine gun in her ear, while Howie began introductions. "Pamela Carrington. They've moved here from Philadelphia. He was a M.F.H., but he's terribly patriotic and has taken a job—vice-president or something of Acme Aircraft. Theirs is that divine Daimler we've been seeing around town. And *what* jewelry! They've rented the Buchard place."

Mrs. Cugat had just time to sniff and say "*Relly?*" before it was her turn. Amusement flicked momentarily in Mrs. Carrington's eyes as recognition dawned, but she said nothing.

"And Mr. Cugat—"

"Hello, George."

"Hello, Pam! So you finally got here," exclaimed Mr. Cugat warmly. "The Carringtons were very nice to me down in Washington," he explained, and Mrs. Carrington proceeded to take up right where she'd left off.

The rest began waxing cosmopolitan, everybody getting their best foot out in front—except Mrs. Cugat who spent the rest of the evening with her feet wrapped around the rungs of her chair and her chin on her chest.

"You never told *me* anything about meeting the Carringtons in Washington," she sniffed when they got home.

"Didn't I?" said Mr. Cugat off-handedly. "Just slipped my mind, I guess."

"You never tell me anything about the fun you have in Washington."

"Fun!" he squawked. "Just you try it once!"

"Well, you seem to have been pretty pally with the beautiful Pamela—"

"She's a nice kid," said Mr. Cugat.

"You can have her."

"Ha! You aren't jealous?" he chortled, pleased.

"Certainly not. I just think she's affected."

"I know what you mean, but you'll like her better when you get to know her. You'd better go call or something. They went out of their way to be nice to me."

Mrs. Cugat said nothing, but calling on Pamela Carrington was one of those things that was just going to slip *her* mind. She went to sleep and dreamt that Mrs. Carrington's little dachshund was crying in the dark. She awoke, of course, to find it was only Gertrude—wanting in and bringing a collie.

THE next few days were filled with parties in honor of the Carringtons. Everybody, it seemed, went to call, and it began to look as if Mrs. Cugat would have to follow precedents. Mr. Cugat was beginning to be puzzled by her putting it off, and she simply couldn't tell him about the dog show. He might be ashamed of her. And so, lips grimly set, she borrowed her mother's sable scarf one afternoon and set out.

The Buchard place had been a hideous, sprawling, Hollywood Spanish house in the wrong part of town, but Mrs. Cugat had to admit, as she turned into the driveway, that the Carringtons had done wonders with it. The curly iron fence was replaced by pickets, the orange stucco walls had been demurely whitewashed, and cascades of late petunias blossomed between lavender shutters. Mrs. Cugat got out of the car, walked glumly up the gravel path and was ushered into the house by a tall, immaculate butler.

Pamela Carrington came into the room with a quick, light step. "My dear," she said, "how sweet of you to come!" She had on a pale blue gingham pinafore, and a king's ransom in rubies, which, for some reason, seemed to look all right—probably because the pinafore cost as much as the rubies.

Mrs. Cugat, reduced again to a fuzzy-haired schoolgirl, said she thought the house was "just darling."

Pamela shrugged and said it was impossible, of course—but fun, a real challenge. "Pepe insisted we live near the plant," she said. "But I thought to myself, when I heard we were coming here: I can't *bear* it! No

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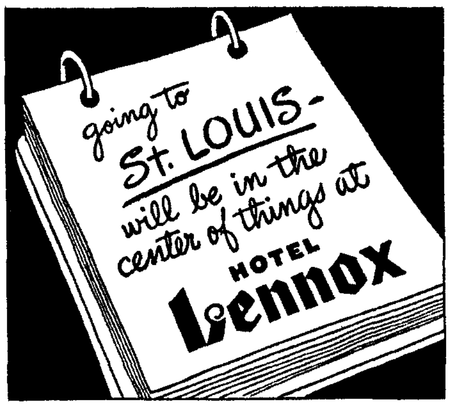
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Put it to war-work in your kitchen. A·1 Sauce makes today's *HASH* as tasty as yesteryear's *roast* . . . does something wonderful to fish, fowl, beans and gravies. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

shops, no theaters, no museums! But do you know—I *adore* it! Everyone's so simple and friendly. And, after all, it's only temporary. Would you like to see the rest?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cugat.

"This is the dining room," Pamela said, leading the way. "Dinky, of course, but it didn't come out too badly." The dining room had a small fountain, a mirror in the ceiling and a marble floor flanked by six well-grown bay trees.

"It's just darling," said Mrs. Cugat. What was the *matter* with her? Didn't she know any other words? They went out to look at the garden. Squads of men were everywhere, digging up shrubbery here, putting it in there. At the back of the garage were two long wire enclosures, floored with new concrete, and in one lay the little red dachshund, dozing in the sun. Without being able to help it, Mrs. Cugat fell to her knees and cooed.

"That's Baby Brunhilda of Mecklenberg—you've probably heard of her," said Pamela lightly.

"Of course," said Mrs. Cugat. "She's just darling!"

"I'm so thrilled," Pamela went on. "We've had her bred to Dortmund's Champion Bismarck Schonhausen—we really ought to get something perfect in the way of puppies!"

"Dachshunds are such shiny little things," said Mrs. Cugat wistfully, thinking of Gertrude's matted pink wool. "I'd rather have one than anything I know of."

"Would you like a puppy?" asked Pamela politely.

ANSWERS TO NAVY NAMES

(Page 49)

1. **Submarine**
2. **Cruiser**
3. **Aircraft Carrier**
4. **Mine Sweeper**
5. **Seaplane Tender**
6. **Oiler**
7. **Hospital Ship**
8. **Battleship**
9. **Destroyer**
10. **Destroyer Tender**

"Oh! I didn't mean it *that* way," protested Mrs. Cugat, and reddened. "You're terribly nice, but we couldn't possibly—we already have a *lovely* dog!"

"Really? Well, let me know if you change your mind. Baby B's are usually something rather special. She never has more than four, but I know Pepe would like to give you one."

They retired to the house, Mrs. Cugat protesting feebly. The butler brought in the tea things, and Mrs. Cugat began to relax a little. "This china is just darling," she said, and bit her tongue savagely. There was a long, low wail at the front door.

"Good heavens! What's that?" exclaimed the hostess, nearly dropping the teapot.

Mrs. Cugat listened, frozen, as it rose again.

Pamela put down the pot, ran to the window and looked out. Her jaw dropped. "Come, look!" she cried. "There's the weirdest animal on our step!"

But Mrs. Cugat didn't have to look. There was no mistaking that wail. Tight-lipped, she went to the window. Pamela was now laughing—long silvery peals that brought tears to her eyes.

"It's just my dog," said Mrs. Cugat, very red.

"Oh, my dear! I'm so sorry—but really! It looks like something someone might have—knitted!"

Mrs. Cugat looked out. Gertrude, her pink petticoats matted with filth, squatted before the door, her head raised in invocation. A sudden fierce loyalty welled up within Mrs. Cugat. After all, just because Pamela had never happened to have seen a dog that looked like Gertrude, there was no reason to go off into gales of rude laughter. It was very impolite.

"What on earth *is* it?" Pamela gasped.

"Miniature Himalayan Shepherd," Mrs. Cugat answered coldly, "from—from Tibet. A friend of George's—a—a lama (easy now!) sent her to us."

Pamela stopped laughing and looked at her sharply. "Really?" she said. "I've never heard of the breed."

"I don't suppose you have," said Mrs. Cugat shortly. "They're very rare. She's the only one in the country." (One could be sure of that!)

Pamela wiped her eyes and looked out the window again. "Amazing," she murmured. "Do you suppose she's correctly plucked?"

"What?" said Mrs. Cugat.

"Plucked correctly," explained Pamela. "That narrow tail and those long, trailing skirts at the back give her such an extraordinary shape."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Cugat shortly. "That's the way she was when we got her."

Gertrude turned, caught sight of Mrs. Cugat in the window, began yelping with delight, and showed every sign of coming right through the glass.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Cugat said nervously, "I'm afraid I'll have to go without my tea. She'll come right through the window if I leave her out there, and we can't let her in with all that dirt on her—"

Pamela rang for the butler. "Take Mrs. Cugat's er—dog back and shut her up in that empty run until she's ready to leave," she said, and added, turning to Mrs. Cugat, "She'll go with him, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Cugat uneasily. No good could come of this.

The butler, a moment later, romped past the window, coattails flying.

"When was George in Tibet?" inquired Pamela interestedly.

"A long time ago," said Mrs. Cugat, and changed the subject.

When they went out to get Gertrude, they found, as usual, that she had defied incarceration and had escaped from the run. She was in Baby B's run—finishing off her dinner.

BABY BRUNHILDA'S impending accouchement, like everything to do with the Carringtons, caused quite a ripple in the social stream. The bridge club was ahum with it.

"Have you *heard* the latest? The Carringtons are importing a special vet all the way from Baltimore! I ask you!"

"They're frantic. Baby B won't eat anything but sardines and coffee ice cream."

"They say you have to pay a perfectly terrific stud fee to get Dortmund's What's-his-name—"

"Oh, my dear, you do! But Pepe expects to get a hundred and fifty apiece for the puppies."

"Howie's buying me one," said Mrs. Sturm smugly.

"Pepe's giving me one," said Mrs. Cugat, retiring Mrs. Sturm.

She went home to find the lights on in the library and Mr. Cugat already there. "Hello," she said brightly, sticking her head in the door. Mr. Cugat was kneeling in front of the fire. Gertrude sat stiffly on the hearth, her head averted, her eyes half closed. Beside her was a basketful of squeaking, struggling little wisps of pink yarn.

Mrs. Cugat stared, her mouth open. "My gosh," she breathed finally, "what's that? G-G-Gertrude hasn't had—puppies?"

Mr. Cugat looked up with a grin. "In a manner of speaking—yes," he said. Then, as she continued to stare stupidly, he explained, "Pamela Carrington sent them over this afternoon with her compliments and says to tell you that Baby Brunhilda is doing as well as can be expected."

"Baby Brunhilda!" gasped Mrs. Cugat dazedly. "Do you mean—*these* are Baby B's new puppies?"

"So it would seem," said Mr. Cugat.

"But they can't be!" protested Mrs. Cugat, dropping to her knees beside the basket. "There're so many—and they look just like Gertrude!"

"They certainly do," agreed Mr. Cugat, adding gently, "Pamela also sent over what I find—after lassoing Gertrude—is a pretty practical suggestion."

"What?"

"She thinks we'd better change her name to Gus," said Mr. Cugat, and grinned broadly.

THE END

POLICE
HOLY SMOKE, STOPPER, WE BUMPED THE CHIEF OF POLICE
OH, BROTHER! THE JUDGE'LL PUT THE BITE ON YOU FOR THIS
Stopper
POLICE
IF I DON'T GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED, I'LL BE IN THE CHAIN GANG, SURE
DON'T WORRY, BOSS, I CAN SHOW YOU THE ANSWER
POLI
Safe-Stop Brake Service
American Brakeblok
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YOU MEAN THIS WILL HELP KEEP ME OUT OF THE CLINK?
Hank Berger

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WORLD'S BUSIEST HIGHWAY

Over such highways—230,000 miles of them—more freight and passengers are moving today than ever moved before anywhere on earth by any means of transport. • In 1944, the railroads hauled nearly three times as much intercity freight, and nine times as much war freight, as all other carriers combined. • That is one of the great lessons to come out of the war—what modern American railroads can do. • And one of the things to remember after the war is won is that in peacetime, too, America needs and must have the kind of transportation which only its railroads can deliver.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Warsaw Tragedy

Continued from page 17

the other side of town. No, I couldn't telephone him because on July 28th, the Germans, for some mysterious reason, had shut down all telephones.

"On August 1st, a German soldier came up to the part of the café where I had arranged a small circulating library. This German had always maintained that he was an anti-Nazi, and an actor who looked after the library had therefore some slight contact with him. 'Close down; it's starting now,' said the German, and disappeared."

But Mrs. Gisted retained her calm. She didn't consider changing her usual program. She was going to the hairdresser at 3:30, and at 3:35 shampooing was in full swing. Some time later when her hair was drying, her husband came rushing into the shop. He said merely, "It has begun. Come!" and took her with him, wet hair and all.

Every Street a No-Man's Land

Panic reigned at the café. Someone had brought a message that it had begun, and all the guests rushed out to get home; but not all succeeded. The shooting had already become general in town. Nobody knew where the Polish patriots or the German soldiers were. People ran across the road, got a bullet in the belly, and that was enough, without even knowing whether the bullet was Polish or German.

Fourteen people crowded together this night on the floor in one room because the other rooms had been badly battered on July 27th by shrapnel from Russian artillery. There was little sleep.

Mrs. Gisted went by way of the cellar and underground passages to Tamka Street the next day. The Polish flag waved here. Barricades had been erected at all crossings, and men with rifles and hand grenades lay behind them. There was a whole town underground. Soon there were hospitals, storerooms and assembly points.

Bandages were lacking, so a message had to be sent to another part of town. Mrs. Gisted set off with two other women for the Pierackiego hospital. The best way was across a back yard on Hortensia Street. A group of children were playing there to get some fresh air. Suddenly intuition made Mrs. Gisted say, "Let's run over."

They ran.

On reaching the other side they were hurled to the ground by a terrific pressure. They turned around. A shell had fallen in the middle of the yard, and the children and women lay there dead and mutilated. Mrs. Gisted was unharmed.

Fatalism had gotten a grip on many. How could they win against the German Panzer forces and aircraft? Incessantly ten to twelve German airplanes circled over town as long as there was light and systematically bombed quarter after quarter.

"Who had ordered this revolt," people asked themselves, "when they knew that the Red Army couldn't advance?"

But there was no answer.

Germans under the leadership of Colonel General Reinhardt had surrounded the entire town and were advancing concentrically forward toward its center. First, the periphery was cleared, then the ring was drawn increasingly tighter. The clearing was done with German thoroughness; Mrs. Gisted can give many examples of that. An incendiary bomb had hit a house on Jerozolimska Aleja. The caretaker's wife, on fire duty, wanted to extinguish the fire. A shot from below hit her in the stomach. When she was handed over to Mrs. Gisted's care, she said, "Let me be. It's better for you to go extinguish the fire."

When German soldiers later forced their way into Jerozolimska, they set fire to all the houses from the ground floor "so that there were no hideouts left." Nevertheless, Poles always found some ambuscade from which they could demolish German tanks. A tank in a narrow street is like a clumsy, fat, old man. It can't move, can't turn. Patriots —often boys—would hide behind a window and let the tank lumber by. Then they would hurl a bottle full of petrol onto it and immediately afterward a hand grenade, so that the tank was soon in flames.

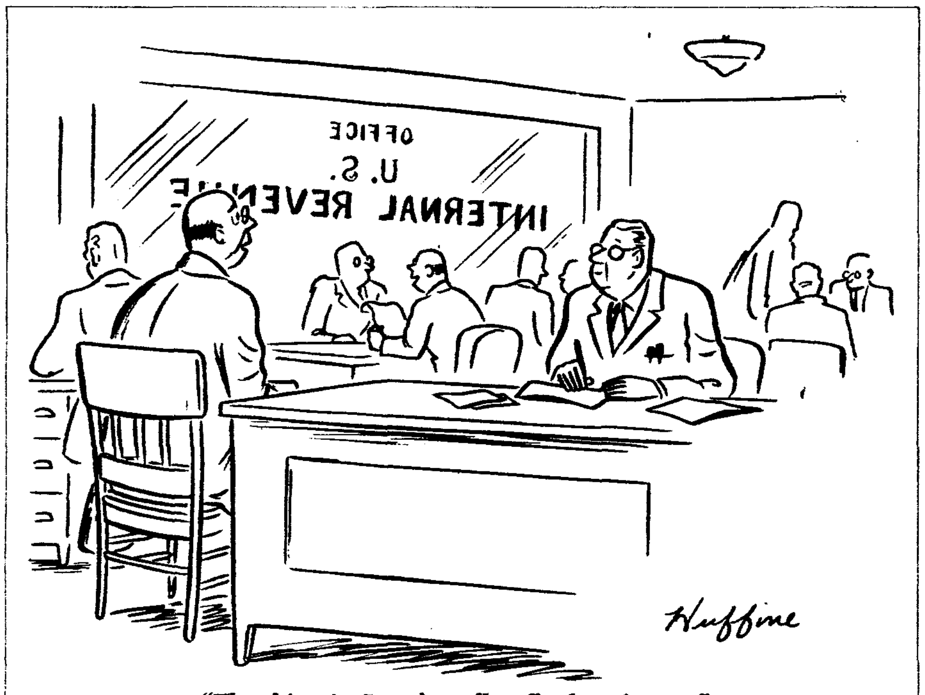
It often happened that the crew managed to creep out from their blazing prison, waving white handkerchiefs as sign of surrender.

Shielded Behind the Innocent

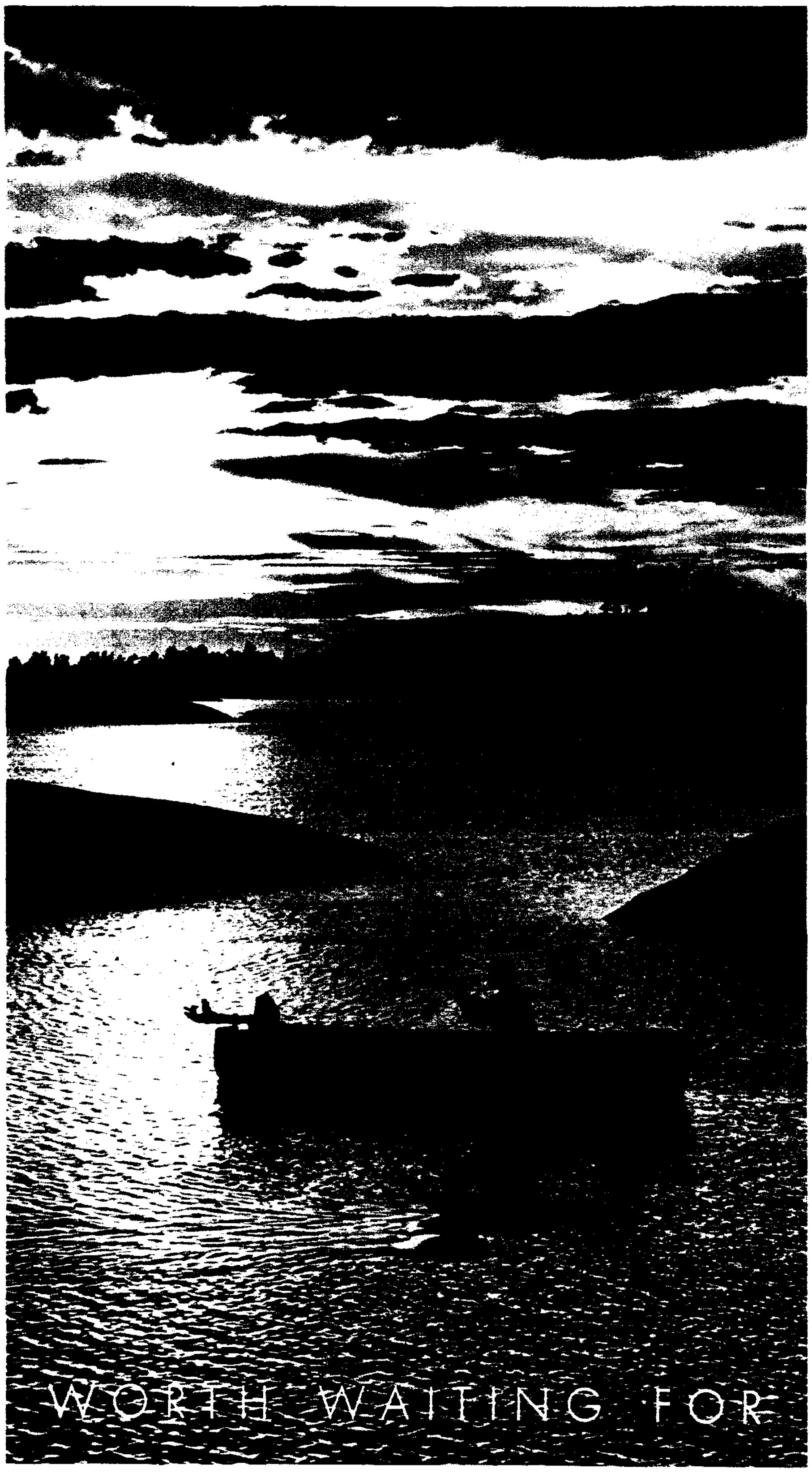
"They are brave only when there are many of them" has been Elna Gisted's experience. When they wanted to capture a barricade they didn't dare drive their Panzer directly against the barricade. They thought out a very good trick. Some of the Poles they had captured when they were burning houses were forced to walk in front of the tanks. Generally these were women but in some cases they were children.

Often some of the women fainted when they approached the barricade but they were picked up by the bayonets of soldiers walking behind them.

Tanks were nevertheless often stormed by lightly armed patriots, and the hostages were liberated. Occasionally a British or Russian antitank shell put an end to a tank. These arms had been dropped from planes to the patriot army. The English dropped PIATs (projector infantry antitank). This weapon, used at a short distance, proved very effective, but still more effective were the Soviet



COLLIER'S "The thing is, I can't really afford an income" DAVID HUFFINE



FISHING'S more fun than fighting . . . as twelve million fighting Americans will fervently agree. *Keeping on* producing everything *they* need is all that counts today. That is why the Evinrude you want for happy peacetime use may not be ready as quickly as you, and we, would like. All we can promise is . . . it will be *worth waiting for!* EVINRUDE MOTORS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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OUTBOARD MOTORS

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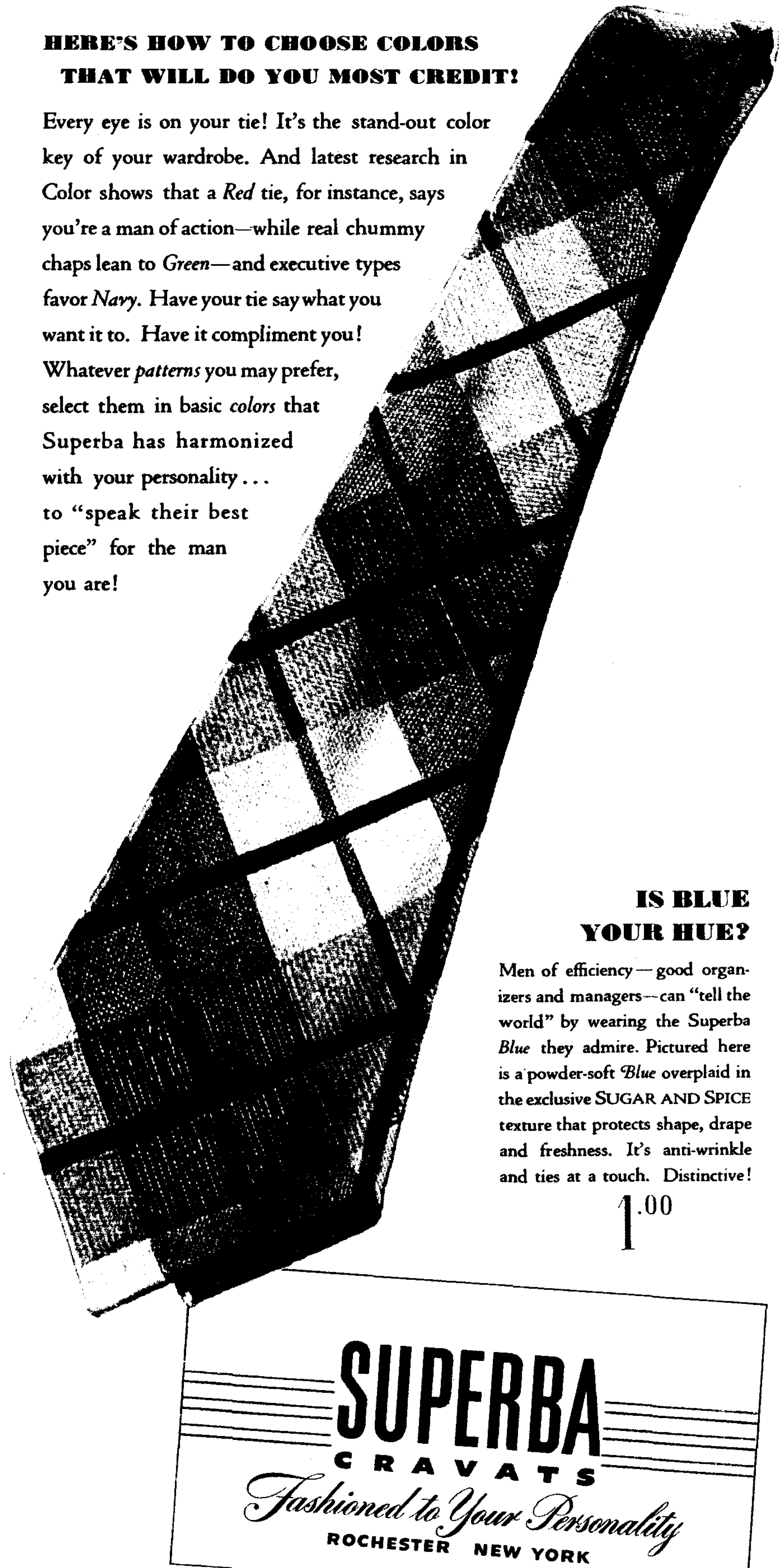

HERE'S HOW TO CHOOSE COLORS THAT WILL DO YOU MOST CREDIT!

Every eye is on your tie! It's the stand-out color key of your wardrobe. And latest research in Color shows that a *Red* tie, for instance, says you're a man of action—while real chummy chaps lean to *Green*—and executive types favor *Navy*. Have your tie say what you want it to. Have it compliment you! Whatever *patterns* you may prefer, select them in basic *colors* that Superba has harmonized with your personality... to "speak their best piece" for the man you are!

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Men of efficiency—good organizers and managers—can "tell the world" by wearing the Superba *Blue* they admire. Pictured here is a powder-soft *Blue* overplaid in the exclusive SUGAR AND SPICE texture that protects shape, drape and freshness. It's anti-wrinkle and ties at a touch. Distinctive!

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Russian antitank weapons—which are, furthermore, very easily handled.

But not only weapons are necessary for fighting. Food is also essential. This was obtained, to begin with, by emptying all German shops (particularly the big firm of Meinl's many branch shops) of everything that could be taken. These stocks didn't last long, however, and voluntary contributions were a mere drop in the ocean. Starvation began. Children were nourished only with camomile tea, and these poor little starved creatures, who for long weeks never saw the light of day and were rocked to sleep by their mothers in deep cellars, died in masses.

Numberless unspeakable tragedies were enacted under that burning city of Warsaw. Soldiers were operated on without anesthetics; human beings died, babies were born without help. When the old town fell, many patriots who had fought there preferred to try to make their way to another part of town than to surrender. The only way open was to go underground through drains. For many hours hundreds of dead-tired, starved men, after weeks of hopeless struggle, waded through the stinking water which reached to their necks.

Exterminated Like Rats in a Trap

Many never reached the end of the nightmarish way. It wasn't courage that was lacking or endurance that failed. It was gas that killed them; when the Germans discovered which way the retreating patriots had taken, they opened drain gratings in many places and filled the channels with gas.

The situation had become hopeless. The ring had been drawn so tight that only the town's center remained to be cleaned up. Thousands of leaflets were dropped daily over the town saying that the British and the Russians had betrayed the Poles and that those who surrendered now would receive amnesty.

"There weren't many who followed this exhortation," said Mrs. Gisted.

The great mass of people, however, saw the hopelessness of the venture because quarter after quarter had fallen. Each day new, vicious flames leaped into the sky. In all brains the torturing question was stamped: When will it be our turn?

The turn came at the beginning of the second week in September. German tanks broke into Pierackiego Street. A unit of the heroic Polish people's army had evacuated the street after warning the civilian population and had left the area to face the hazardous task of getting to Mokotowska where fighting was still progressing. After that, they planned to fight their way through to the other side of the Vistula and march on till they could join the Red Army.

"I suppose they never got there," was Mrs. Gisted's opinion.

It was a warm morning when German soldiers came rushing into all the houses shouting, "*Raus, alles, raus!*" (Get out, everybody, get out!) On Kopernika Street a soldier threw an incendiary into a house where a provisional children's home had been established; he said someone had fired from the house.

"No, it was from the house beside it," said his companion, so they threw a "shrieking cow" (as the Poles called incendiaries) into the other house, too. Twelve children with bowels torn open were the victims of the "mistake."

Every single house had to be evacuated within five minutes. Afterward, they were set afire.

Mrs. Gisted ran about helping where possible. She directed a man who had come from the other side of town to see his son who was manning a barricade on Nowy Swiat. When they were fifty meters from the barricade, a patriot fell, hit by a German bullet; a boy ran to help him, and was hit by an incendiary. It was the man's son; the boy was burned to ashes in his father's sight. When Mrs. Gisted returned from this heartrending scene the whole of Pierackiego Street was in flames. She had just reached a house where she knew a badly wounded patriot lay in the cellar and which the Germans were preparing to set afire.

"There's a sick woman down there," she shouted.

"Then she'll have to burn," answered the German, and threw the incendiary.

Everything was to be done "quickly and disciplined," and those who didn't obey the order had only themselves to blame. When a German soldier reached an actress' flat with a monotonous "*Raus!*" she begged for a short respite because her Great Dane had just had puppies in the hall in front of the German's feet.

"Doesn't interest me! Out!" he said gruffly.

"I can't go now."

"As you wish," said the German, and he drew his pistol and shot first the dog, then the woman. There must be discipline and order!

In orderly rows, the hunted Poles were led from their houses to a museum, then to a station en route for the concentration camp at Pruszków. To reach the station takes only a few minutes along the Jerozolimska Aleja. The Polish prisoners, however, left the museum at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and arrived at the station at eight at night. They were taken around the whole town in a temperature of thirty degrees.

"We wanted you to see your town once again," said a German smilingly.

What the prisoners saw was no longer a town. During the nine hours they trailed along, they saw nothing but smoking ruins and burning houses. The wind carried with it the smell of smoke and corpses, and all the time the thunder of guns and exploding bombs beat upon the tired ears of the sorry procession.

What a procession! It was the remains of a beaten people's army, human ruins tortured by their executioners with a last look at the destruction of their home town but nevertheless exalted by memories of the recent days' deeds, of inhuman sufferings and endurance. What pathetically ridiculous things people had seized when they were forced out of their homes! Here was one walking along with a phonograph and a parrot; a woman over there had nothing else with her than her canary in a cage; no water.

Children cried, but many of these cries became weaker and weaker, sinking to whimpering and finally ceasing altogether. They died yellow-faced, with grotesquely swollen stomachs.

Mrs. Gisted's husband had a temperature of 101 degrees. Most prisoners' bandages were soaked with blood. Nobody helped them; they had to stagger on. Six thousand Poles thus trailed along to the station and to the Pruszków camp.

Misery Locked in Train Sheds

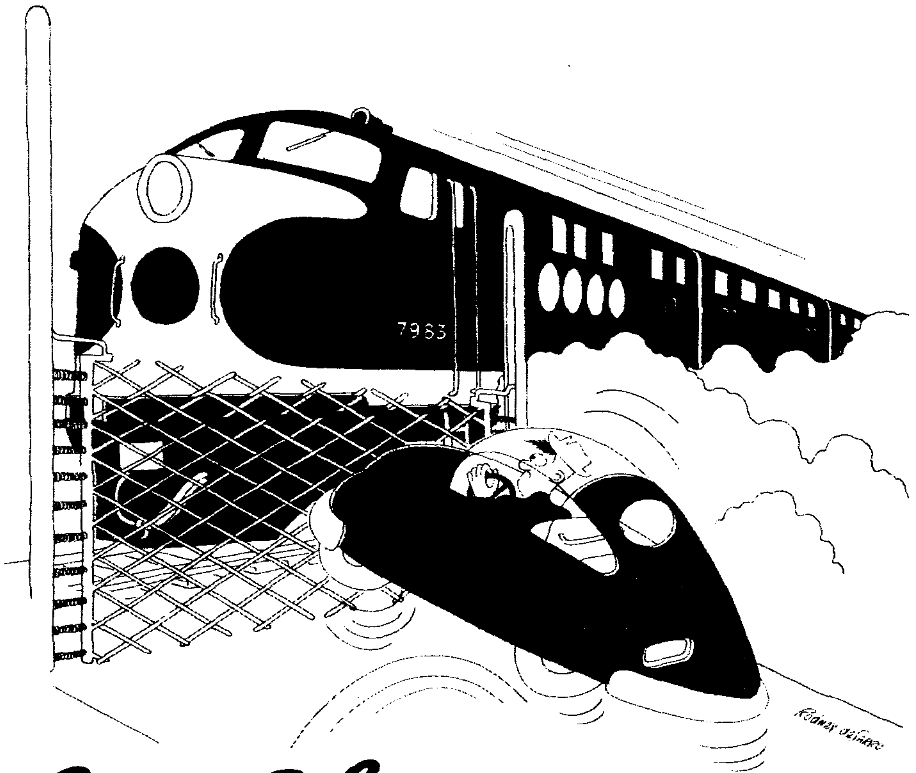
This had the character of a camp because it was surrounded by barbed wire. It consisted otherwise of locomotive halls where the prisoners had to sleep on the cement floor and use only one toilet open at the top, so that the Germans standing on the hills around it could peer in—which they thought immensely funny. Food consisted of ersatz coffee and a sort of soup, but if a prisoner hadn't his own bowl, he got nothing. The Poles then took down big lampshades in the halls and got them filled with soup, and they lived on this.

How long? Mrs. Gisted couldn't say, for she soon left the camp, and her husband died. How she reached Sweden is another story.

She and the millions of Poles who survived those five years of hell are happy now, but they are wondering when and how the responsibility will be fixed for starting that aborted revolt. Thousands of their compatriots gave their lives to support the hopeless, ill-timed uprising, and it is only natural for their living countrymen to want this martyrdom avenged.

Mrs. Gisted doesn't know what the Poles are saying now about the revolt in Warsaw, but a Swede who was in Poland at the turn of the year does. The Poles realize more and more that whoever gave the order for this tragic revolt committed a terrible crime for which they will be judged by the Polish people and by history. Poles in Poland now greet liberation unrestrainedly because they know that the hour of resurrection has come—for Warsaw, too.

THE END



Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Crossing Crack-Ups May Go

A Wisconsin inventor has designed and built a new kind of safety device for railroad grade crossings that makes smash-ups impossible. Heavy steel posts are sunk on each side of the highway approaches. An oncoming train operates an electrical control which lowers a network of heavy steel cables between the posts, stretching across the road. The cables are anchored to groups of springs on each side. If a driver ignores the barrier and plunges into it, he is simply bounced back and brought to a halt with only a slight jar. Even at fifty miles an hour, no harm is done to him or his car. Successful tests have been made with an 18-ton tank truck slamming full speed into the cables.

Oxygen Tents Won't Terrify

Pliofilm, the transparent sheeting that is protecting plane engines in shipment and doing many another war job, will soon go on duty in hospitals as a new kind of oxygen tent. The light, almost invisible covering of rubberlike material, placed over the patient, will be a godsend to seriously sick people who must endure many hours confined in the life-saving oxygen atmosphere.

This new method is far easier on the patient than the old type of heavy rubber cloth tent which shuts the sufferer into a dark, oppressive chamber with only a small glass window to look through. People with claustrophobia are sometimes unable to stand this confinement and must receive oxygen by mask. The featherweight transparent tent, also, will permit nurse or doctor to observe the patient closely without interrupting the oxygen treatment.

The film tent is so cheap to make that it can be used for a single patient and then thrown away, thus avoiding the complication of sterilizing the equipment, and ending the danger of carrying disease on to the next patient. Its use as standard equipment in hospitals everywhere will mean that it can be applied not only to desperate cases but in less serious ones whenever the doctor believes it will speed recovery or increase the comfort of breathing. It may help patients suffering from heat prostration, carbon monoxide poisoning, asthma and even severe hay fever.

With oxygen or simply with specially conditioned air, the new transparent tent can render services that the bulky and often terrifying standard tent cannot give.

This Zipper Won't Leak

The one shortcoming in the metal zippers now used on every kind of garment is that they aren't waterproof. But soon we are to see the end of this disadvantage with a watertight zipper that will hold water out even under heavy pressure. It will also hold air. The trick is done by fitting the ordinary slide fastener with two strips of overlapping rubber tape that press tightly together when zipped up. These strips are stitched or cemented to the edges of the fabric and need no further attention. New adhesives for attaching the rubber "lips" make it possible to have waterproof zippers on storm clothing, rubber goods like raincoats and overshoes, on canvas bags, collapsible boats, and even on thin metal coverings for machinery.

Shaving on the Wing

For rapid shaving while traveling or in camp, you will have a "fountain" shaving brush, compactly loaded into a metal cartridge not much bulkier than a fountain pen. The cartridge contains a small brush, and is fed with lather made from soap and water stored inside and warmed with a tiny electric heater. You merely unclip the automatic shaving brush from your pocket, screw down on a knob at the back end and rub the lather into your beard.

Watch for These . . .

A chemical relative of vitamin C that will help preserve the flavor, color and natural vitamins of the fruits and juices you put up in the fall.

A miniature "pile driver" for farmers to mount on trucks for setting out long rows of fence posts without the laborious digging of postholes.

Wooden "nails" for fastening boxes or putting up boards. The nails are hollow; they are slipped into snug holes, then expanded by driving wooden pegs into them. They hold better than common nails but can be drawn just as easily. ★★★

MARINES COME FIRST

Marines pouring ashore from LST at Cape Gloucester.
British Combine Photos

Marines manning a pack howitzer at Tarawa.

U. S. Marine Corps Photo
Marine machine gunners on Kwajalein Atoll.

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Jockey Midways have been ordered for the Marines . . . so many that our plants can't make them all. That's why Midways are hard to find in your local stores . . . the Marines naturally come first. To provide the millions of Y-front garments they require, other mills are helping to make them under our patents. *All* Jockeys are scarce, because of our varied production for the armed forces. There is no substitute for Jockey comfort—the patented Y-front, no-gap construction that prevents *squirming*—but we know you'll be patient and patch and hunt for Jockeys until military needs are filled and Jockeys are more plentiful.

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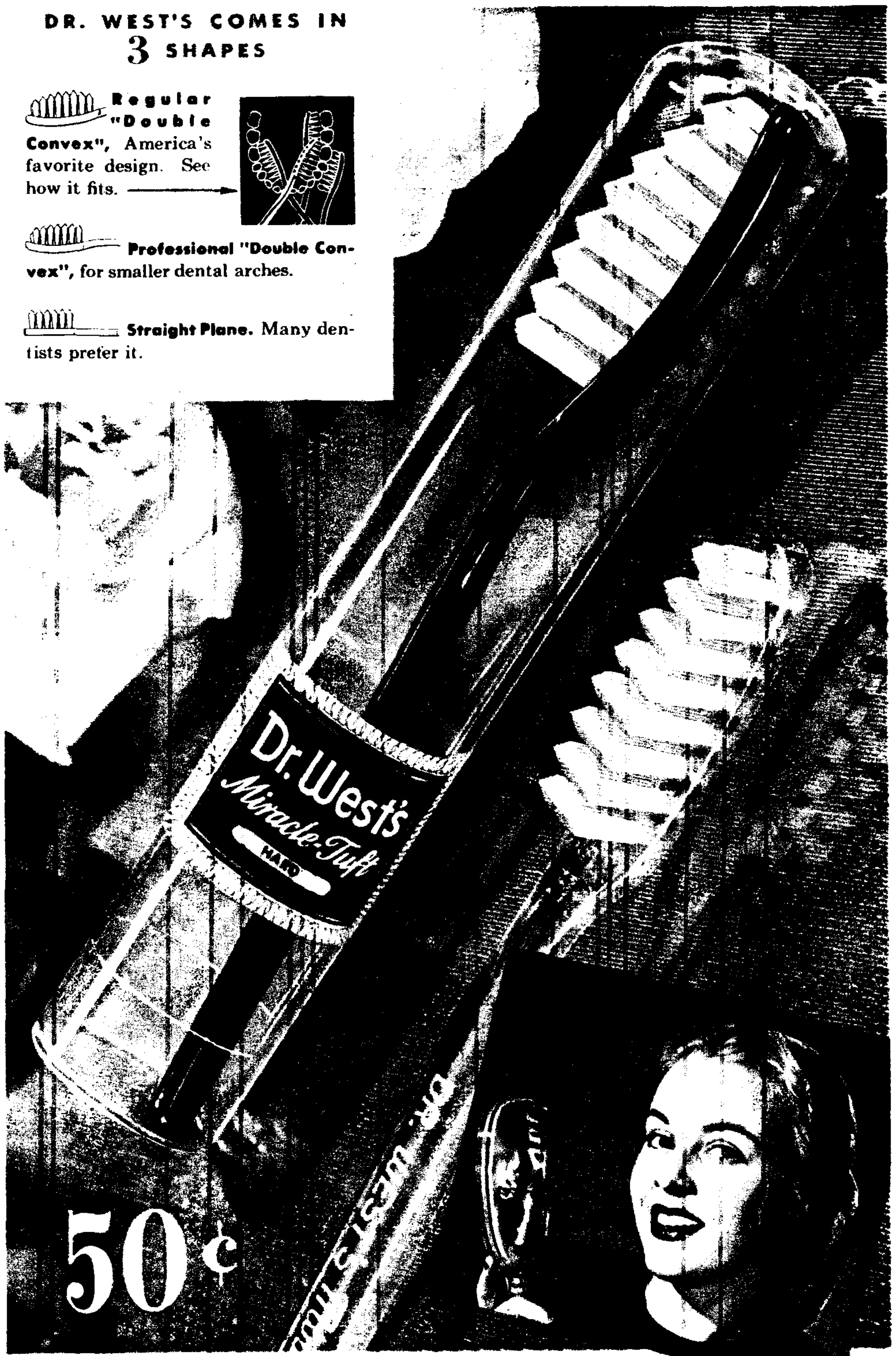

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Different! Unique. Protected by the *only* patent ever granted for waterproofing a brush. "Exton" brand bristling won't split, break off or shed. Make the "pliers test."

The Sullivans of Sullivan's Hollow

Continued from page 21

same, hit's true. There ain't no crime at least one o' us Sullivans hain't committed one time or 'nother."

To begin at the beginning (for there is no other way to tell their story), the first of the Sullivans was "Ole Tom," whose grave lies neglected in the Hollow and from whom virtually all the 2,000 Sullivans in Smith County have descended. Some say he was an Irish immigrant. Others say he was born in the Carolinas and walked over the mountains into Alabama. At any rate he lived in Alabama and raised a family there. A rough, burly pioneer, typical of the men who cleared and settled America, he had a hot temper and was strong enough to crush a bear.

One day he got into a fight with another Alabama giant, a titanic struggle which lasted an entire day. When Ole Tom and his mighty adversary could not finish each other off with blows and strangle holds, they took to chewing each other, and it is said: "When Ole Tom finally drug hisself home, his woman had to pick the other fella's flesh from his teeth, he had chawed him so bad."

Ole Tom presently tired of Alabama and went looking for a new homestead. Eventually he found a hollow—rich, fertile meadowland—six miles long and three miles across. He swapped his Alabama homestead for it and settled in Sullivan's Hollow, as it was to be known ever after. That was, everybody guesses, around 1810 when there were only 8,500 people in the whole of Mississippi.

Tom prospered. With the help of his boys, he soon had a large part of the Hollow under cultivation. He steadily increased his holdings and, as he grew richer, he grew more arrogant, feared by his few neighbors who presently bestowed on him the nickname, "Hog Tom," indirectly suggesting the reason for the disappearance of their hogs.

Then one day a woman and her daughter (named Workman but to be known as "Polly" and "Polly's Ma" ever after) settled on his place. Ole Tom, who already had a wife and eleven children, built them a cabin across the Hollow and, the way some Sullivans tell it, he had one wife on the north side and another on the south. Of the three women, Polly—then a young and beautiful girl—an Indian, some say, was the bearded old pioneer's favorite and "he let her carry the key to the smokehouse."

When Tom's first wife, Elizabeth Stokes, died, he moved over to the home of Polly and Polly's Ma, and eventually married Polly. By this second union he had eleven more children, dying in 1855 at the age of eighty.

Problem for a Genealogist

According to a list left on an old bill by one of his sons—the only record of the family we could find—Ole Tom's children by Elizabeth Stokes were: Stephen, Oken, James, Thomas, Joseph, Elizabeth, Pegey, Clarey, Selie, Caroline, Loderick. And those by Polly Workman were: Fred, Thomas Jefferson (Jeff), Henderson (Hence), Mark, Wylie, Samuel, Cornelius (Neace), Loden, Alexander, Eliza and Mary Ann. Six of the boys served the Confederacy during the Civil War, but except for Samuel who was wounded, nothing is remembered of their service.

All in all, his twenty-two children lived quietly, and each had ten or eleven children. They named the children after their own brothers. Thus, automatically, you had several Joes, Marks, Hences, etc. The confusion of names resulted in nearly everyone getting a distinguishing adjective, based either on their father or color of hair: Big Wylie, Little Wylie, Mark's Mack, Red Mack, and so on.

As the children grew up, there was no one else to take to the church socials, barn dances and to court, but their cousins. So Sullivans started marrying Sullivans, a process which continues today with apparently no ill effects. First cousin married first cousin for generations in some families; in most, however, the connection has been more distant.

The reign of terror, of fightin' 'n' feudin', which made the Sullivans the most legendary family in Mississippi, began in the third generation. Biggest troublemaker of them all was Wild Bill, son of Hence and known as "King of the Hollow." Wild Bill's constant companion was his brother Neace, who was every bit as fearsome if less notorious. Of the two, Neace was the stronger, a six-foot giant who wore his shirt open to the waist in all kinds of weather.

Their most famous killing (and nobody's sure it was their first) was the slaying of Bryant Craft. One evening Bill ran into Craft at a watering trough. Hot words were followed by bullets. Presently Bill was cornered and, just as he was about to be killed, he called for help from Neace, who had been riding a short distance behind him. Neace had dismounted and hidden behind a fence. When Bill called, Neace shot Craft dead. Bill and Neace then escaped.

They had been in trouble before, but had always managed to fight off the law. Once they had caught the sheriff, forced his head into a heavy split rail and left him in the woods to starve. Another time they got the drop on a posse seeking them and locked them in a barn. But this time they were really in trouble. The law descended—and worse, the Craft boys were out stalking them for revenge. For four years they "laid out" in the woods, hiding by day, fed and sheltered by other Sullivans at night.

One Way to End a Feud

But finally Mrs. Craft wearied of the strain. "Ah'm going to move 'way from here," she told her neighbors. "My boys are out huntin' the Sullivans night 'n' day, 'n' no good can come of hit. They'll either kill or be killed."

So the Crafts moved away to Texas. Bill and Neace promptly surrendered to The Law and were released to await trial. Then one night the Rawley courthouse burned, destroying the record of their indictment. The Crafts had moved away, no one else wanted to press charges, and so the whole thing was dropped.

In those days, the railroad, which now hauls only freight into Mize, also hauled passengers. One day, after Craft had been killed, Bobby Sullivan quarreled with a fellow named Adams on the train. When the train finally arrived at Mize, Sullivan got off one side and Adams off the other. Then the train pulled out and they blazed away at each other. Bobby fell dead.

Someone asked Adams, "How d'yuh think Mrs. Sullivan is gonna feel now?"

He stuck his pistol into his holster and said, "Ah reckon she's gonna feel jest like Mrs. Craft."

Poor Mrs. Craft! One of her boys turned bad and was hanged in Texas.

There were certain places where most of the fighting took place. These were "Bunker Hill," so named for some good Sullivan reason, Shiloh Church, which still stands, and "Merry Hell," which was named for a woman, a saloon and the fighting that went on there. On Saturdays it was customary for Sullivan menfolk to gather at one of these places, and then stand around and drink and spit and insult one another until the desired fight started.

Regular battles were fought at Shiloh Church, but the fight best remembered was one in which two were killed and Neace was stabbed a dozen times and virtually disemboweled by Tom Chain. Someone pulled Chain off just in time and Neace "holdin' his innards with his hands, drug hisself over to his mule 'n' got away."

Some twenty years later, Neace's boys came in one night with their clothes in tatters, bruised and cut from head to foot. They explained, "We been fightin' Tom Chain's boys over to Shiloh Church."

Old Neace looked up and said, "Well, if Ah'd known yuh was gonna do that, Ah'd hev told yuh to wear yuh ole clothes."

Wild Bill and Neace loved a good joke; in fact, all the Sullivans did, and even today the real test in Sullivan's Hollow is whether you "kin get off a better one 'n' the other fella." But their idea of a good joke came pretty close to murder without intent to kill. Once they came upon their Uncle Loden plowing. Firing at his feet, they unhitched his mules put the harness on him and plowed him most of the day. They finally unhitched him, put him in a stall and fed him corn which, while they laughed and swigged at a jug, he had to eat.

Not long afterward, they plowed a peach-tree salesman going through the Hollow. That, plus painting another salesman's white horse black and the time Wild Bill offered to put up one for the night "so's Ah kin kill yuh," were all that was needed to give Sullivan's Hollow its first notoriety. Salesmen would ride miles around the Hollow to avoid the Sullivans and would talk about little else in every hotel lobby in the South. Since then the notoriety has been kept alive, one Sullivan explained to us, "because every time there's a shooting or trouble, there's so many of us that one of us is bound to be mixed up in hit, either shootin' or shot, and everyone says, 'Oh, them Sullivans up in Sullivan's Hollow are at hit agin.' "

Perhaps we should explain about killing in Sullivan's Hollow. Everybody is against it, and as church-going Baptists, the Sullivans don't urge it. Yet killing, in their view, is something a man can do to obtain immediate personal justice for some wrong. The law, though it is duly praised, has nothing to do with justice, but is a struggle in which justice may not, in the end, be obtained. Thus, among these hill-bound folk, killing is not nearly as bad as robbery. No one would kill a man without good cause, and no Sullivan, they say with pride, has ever been hanged.

Once Wild Bill came as close as any Sullivan ever has to being hanged. His brother Wilson and he had been close neighbors; their wives were visiting back and forth, and their children played together. But, so the Sullivans say, the children "fell out," then the mothers, and presently the brothers "fell out," too. One night, during a church social, Wild Bill and another brother Jack stabbed Wils (as Wilson was called) to death. Someone ran to Wils' home, calling, "Boys, Wild Bill jest stabbed yuh daddy dead." Wils' oldest boy grabbed up a shotgun and shot Wild Bill's mule from under him as he was getting away, but Bill escaped through the brush.

Wild Bill and Jack were arrested, charged with their brother's murder. Wild Bill soon found out it was one thing to shoot a cousin but another to kill your own brother. Feeling mounted against him. Folks who had fed him when he had "laid out" before were for hanging him now. But at the trial, nobody could prove, though everybody believed, that Bill and Jack had stabbed Wils. In the end, they were sentenced to long prison terms. However, they had served only a short time when they were pardoned by the "Great White Father," Governor Vardaman.

One of the few men who had a run-in with Wild Bill and still lives to tell the tale is lanky, gray-haired W. D. Stubbs, who then lived in Covington County, just south of the Hollow. His encounter with Wild Bill came in the midst of courting. He was going to see a girl in Sullivan's Hollow on a borrowed fast horse—to impress her—carrying a bouquet of wild flowers. Suddenly rounding a bend, he came upon a wagon and "settin' there in the wagon with a jug o' whisky was Wild Bill, 'n' him jest as full as the jug."

Wild Bill demanded that Stubbs have a drink. Stubbs claimed he was late already and couldn't. "All of a sudden," Stubbs relates, "he lay over 'n' come up with his pistol leveled at me, sayin', 'Hev a drink with me, or Ah'll start shootin', 'n' Ah'll start by shootin' that bunch o' flowers outa yuh hand!' "

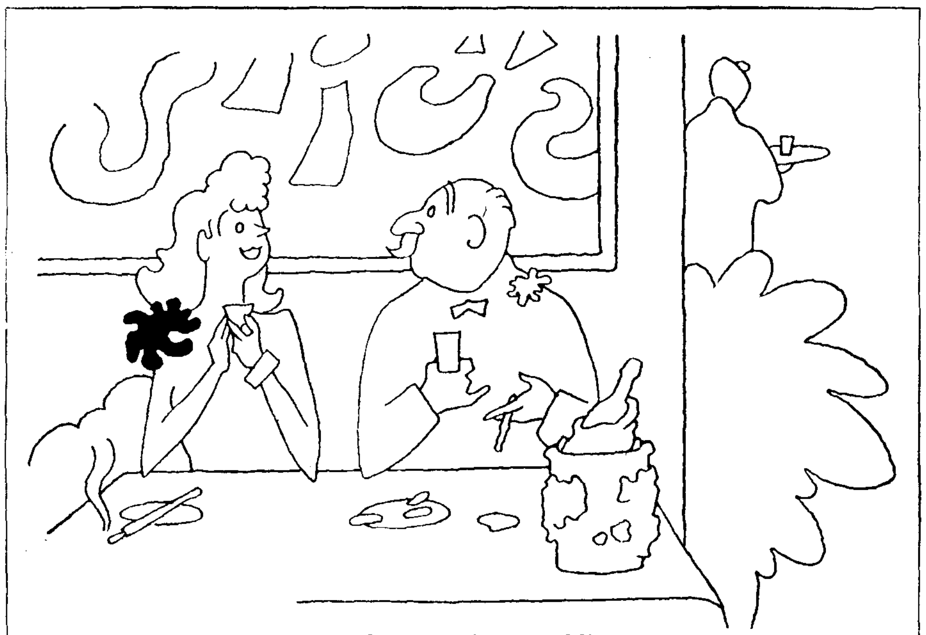
Stubbs thrust the bouquet from him, reared up his horse and got away. "Wild Bill sent word next day thet he was sorry about hit. He said if Ah'd jest come to Mize he'd get down on his knees 'n' beg my forgiveness in the street. Ah thought mebbe he would, 'cause he really was a fine fellow, but on second thought, Ah decided not to risk hit."

Justice of the Hills

But the killing did not stop once Wild Bill and Neace had laid away their guns. Other Sullivans had jokes, justice and meanness in them. Wils (not Bill's brother) was killed by Bud Sullivan at Old Zion Church. Levi Sullivan got his throat cut at St. Elay Church; and Hence stabbed Joe Flint, and Joe shot him, but did not kill him. There was to be a trial, and some two hundred Sullivans and Flints met at the courthouse ready to battle. But the Flints were outnumbered, and when a Sullivan rose in his saddle and said, "Yuh shoot first," the Flints fled. That ended the trial.

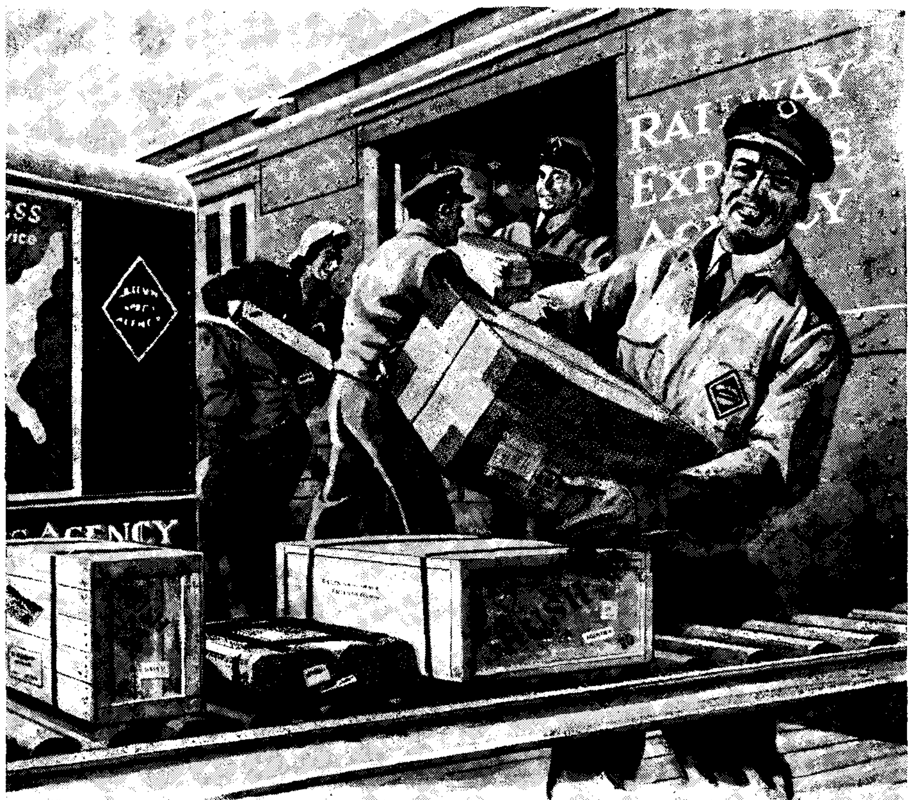
This kind of shooting, stabbing, and trouble-making went on intermittently through the years. But they are hardly to be reckoned in the great tradition of Hollow battles. The last fight on this scale took place in 1924 and it is known as "The Battle of the Ball Game." Many of the present residents of Mize were in on that one. The game was basketball, taken mighty seriously in the Hollow, and McGhee was playing Mize. It seems that everyone went packing a pistol. The trouble started when Warren Ashley, who'd been deputized to keep order, resented a remark made to his wife by a hotheaded McGhee player. They started to tussle, and Judge Hughes saw Warren's pistol sticking out of his pocket and yelled, "Get the pistol," meaning to disarm him. But Warren got it first and, with three men hanging on his arms, began firing between his legs.

Once the shooting started, everybody opened up. The battle ended with three dead, including Warren Ashley and a Sullivan. Four others, among them Constable A. W. Lack, were wounded. Despite a hearing, nothing was done about it because nobody knew who shot whom—for sure, that is. As old Mrs. Sullivan, who was at the game, explained, "Nowadays folks start runnin' when they hear shootin', but in those days hit was different. Yuh thought: Lord, mebbe some of



"My goodness, Mr. Stickney, you're not old! You just seem old"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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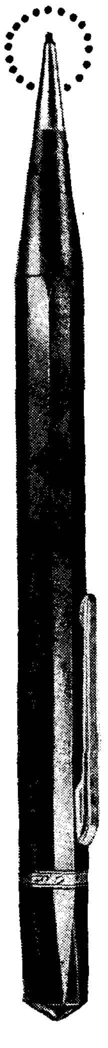

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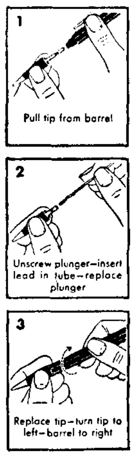
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3 Replace tip—turn tip to left—barrel to right

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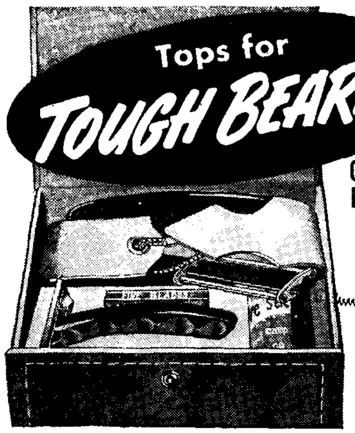

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KEEPS LIPS FIT

mine is in hit, so yuh jest got in hit to help 'em."

A few years ago, there was a flurry of killing. Dewey Sullivan killed G. E. Smith for $250, an unheard-of thing in the Hollow. Killing a man for a grudge or honor is one thing, but for money—never, say the Sullivans. So Dewey's still in the penitentiary.

Otherwise, things have been relatively quiet in recent years. Most of the Sullivans are as quiet and respectable as anyone you know. Few people could be more respectable than the Lod (Loderick) Sullivans, who were run out of the Hollow by Wild Bill, according to Lod's grandson, Kylie. Lod moved sixteen miles north where he built a new cabin and later a school. Most of his descendants have since turned out to be either ministers or teachers. They are known as the "preachin', teachin' Sullivans" and are regarded as something quite different from an ordinary Hollow Sullivan. They are also the branch of the family which has moved into the outside world. One is Rev. W. L. Sullivan, minister of one of the largest Baptist congregations in Natchez. Another, J. E. Sullivan, is superintendent of schools at Meadville.

As farmers, the Sullivans have been diligent and prosperous. Their homes and barns are painted and well kept. They do their own work and are proud that there are few "'halfers" (sharecroppers) in the Hollow. Their farms are not large, but they are clear of mortgages and that, say the Sullivans, is what counts. Generation has succeeded generation, and their land is still among the most fertile in Mississippi. In recent years, they have met the threat of soil erosion by sending their boys to the state college to learn contour plowing and soil conservation.

Politically, the Sullivans have never been able to make up their minds about anything except the straight Democratic ticket. "Afore Roosevelt," they say earnestly, "if yuh looked out in a field 'n' saw a rabbit, they was three men and six dawgs chasin' hit, tryin' to git a square meal."

Though they might easily dominate Smith County politics if they'd vote as a bloc, they "never hev, we're jest so split into factions 'n' feuds." Four have been justices of the peace at various times, but only one, Wylie, was ever elected to the state legislature. That was in 1882.

Today some 300 Sullivan boys are in the Armed Forces. Many, like Hines' son James, who has been in the South Pacific two and a half years, have long and excellent records.

But no one should get the idea that things are exactly dead in the Hollow. There's always a bottle of bootleg "White Lightnin'" around and not long ago The Law—that's Constable Dan Peter Sullivan—caught eleven fellows playing poker and started them off to the lockup. En route, one of them snatched his six-shooter from its holster and they all took off. Then one of the boys got out his rifle to chase off an oilman.

While we were there, Rass Sullivan and a couple of others got to figuring we had no business there. It was a Saturday afternoon, and we were in the back of Mary Lee Clark's store talking to School Superintendent Kylie Sullivan.

Just as we were about to tour the school, Mrs. Clark's daughter came flying in to say, "You fellows better not go out there. Some o' the Sullivans is fixing to run you out of town."

We smiled. We were with a well-known Sullivan; with him we'd be safe. But when we turned to Kylie, he gave us a smile, said, "Well, I'll be seein' you," and slipped away.

Just when we were duly scared, a young lady settled the whole thing. "Why," she told Rass Sullivan, "these men are my kinfolk."

People You'd Like to Know

But the Sullivans are wonderful people. We say this because they all—including Rass—were helpful and hospitable; because they are great storytellers and better jokers than Bob Hope—of whom they never heard. We say this because they are proud of their land and their family, and want to be photographed in a clean shirt.

P.S. A few days after we left, we got a letter from Sullivan's Hollow. It said: "You should have been here the other night. A man was killed in the street. Yes, he was a Sullivan. A lone fox hunter found him at 11:30 o'clock at night and ran to our house and told us that someone had shot Charlie Sprangley, and he was lying out close to the service station. We all immediately got up and went out. Some went after the sheriff and the doctor, and when they came, they started the inquest. Charlie Sprangley had been Doctor Boykins' driver for five years, and we had all been knowing him all our lives, so nobody gave it a thought that it might not be him.

"After the inquest was over, two of the deputy sheriffs went over to tell Charlie's wife. Mr. Hesters called her and said, 'Mrs. Sprangley, I hate to tell you, but Charlie has been killed and we've come to get his burial policy.' She came to the door and said, 'Sheriff, you must be crazy. I've got my Charlie here in bed with me.' So we then looked in the dead man's pockets and found out it was Alfred Sullivan. So there was the inquest to hold all over again. It took all nite, out there on the road in the cold."

THE END

High Guy

Continued from page 32

His record in the cow country can be summarized as follows: In the eleven years Iba has been at A. & M., his team has failed only twice to win or share the Missouri Valley championship. In seventeen years of coaching, the man shows an all-over winning percentage of .793 for 460 games, which is an elegant batting average in any league.

Holding Down the Opposition

In the last decade Iba has won more major games with point totals in the thirties, while holding the opposition to the twenties, than any other coach in America. He sternly eschews crazy, off-the-ear shooting; possession of the ball is the keynote of his game, and Kurland's height is like money from home, for a missed shot caroming off either backboard is a cinch to wind up in his clutching paws.

At first glance, Kurland's scoring average of 14 points a game doesn't appear to be such-a-much, but it is out of the top drawer under Iba's system. Last year, elastic wartime eligibility rules enabled the Aggies to play some rather elderly college boys. Howard Doyle, a former captain, returned for another fling after finishing the 1943 baseball season with the Red Sox; and Floyd Burdette, another old blue who was a U.S. Army captain stationed at Stillwater, also was a regular. Doyle and Burdette knew all the answers and scored 429 points between them, while Kurland, who was just learning the game, racked up 444 points.

"Next year," Iba confides, "I may change my game just to see what Bob really can do. I'm as curious about him as a kid with a new red wagon. I'm sure he can top all scoring records ever made, just as he tops everybody in height. I'll just sit back and enjoy myself."

Gaining the eminence of a celebrity has given the boy the confidence he once so badly lacked. One of his rewards for making the All-America last year was a wrist watch, which he gave to his father. Bob didn't own a watch himself, and when his father protested, he said casually, "That's okay, Pop. I'll get another one." He did, when he was chosen captain of the all-star collegians who played Fort Wayne's professional champions for charity in Chicago last December. He gave that one to his mother.

Robert still needs a watch, but shed no sympathetic tears for him. Before he is finished with basketball, he'll have enough suitably engraved timepieces to clutter both arms all the way up to his extensive elbows.

THE END

The Week's Work

Stanley Frank

STANLEY FRANK, back from seven months of plodding around in the muddy battlefields of France and Germany, was full of ideas about war, and soldiers and peace and things. He was figuring on writing some magazine stories about some of these things. . . . Then a Collier's editor telephoned him: "How about doing us a piece on this basketball fellow, the tall one, you know? . . ."

Frank said, "Oh, dear, okay," and wrote for us, with his usual skill, a very nice thing about sports, High Guy, p. 32.

But the incident gave him, as they say, pause. Since the very beginning of his newspaper career, about seventeen years ago, Frank has written about sports, notably a daily column in the New York Post. Last year his paper said how about him becoming a war correspondent, which he did, arriving in England fresh from the Yankee Stadium press box just in time for his first news assignment—the invasion of France.

"Of course, war is not hard to write," says Frank, "because a big story, as any reporter knows, writes itself. With sports and other side-issue things you always have to be thinking of an angle. You practically have to manufacture news. With war, well, such and such happened and there's no question about your lead and you can't improve on it no matter how smart you try to be."

But as a sports columnist, Frank was considerably upset by D-Day and what followed it. "Like most sports writers I had spouted off about how fine sports were for soldiers' morale, not to mention civilians' morale. What, I asked—like the other sports writers—were we fighting for, if not for the right to see the Yankees lick the Dodgers or vice versa?

"A few months around the battle fronts, and not too close up either, made it clear to me that the soldiers—I mean the guys in combat — don't give a damn about anything: not movies, not baseball, not anything, except to get the war finished and done with and to get back home alive.

"The soldiers don't even care about the vote, not really, in spite of what the politicians say. Only 118,000 voted out of about four million who might have voted. Even allowing for difficulties, that's not many. I don't think this means a thing except that a fellow who is being shot at hasn't room in his head to think of much except coming out alive."

Frank loves sports, of course, and doesn't blame civilians for not sharing the soldiers' indifference to them. "It's no use getting mad at civilians. They're not in the war, and can't help it, no matter how many newsreels they see. It's like trying to tell a blind man what a sunset looks like. Mud gets to be a soldier's worst enemy, worse than gunfire. If it isn't mud, it's dust. How can a civilian understand that mud and dust get to be obsessions with men in combat?"

Frank, now investigating rehabilitation plans for soldiers, fears that civilians will undergo the usual reaction against veterans three or four years after the war is over. "They'll forget what they owe the soldiers, and they'll get to thinking resentfully: Do we have to support these fellows all their lives?"

Frank thinks yes, we should support these fellows all their lives, if there is the slightest need, giving them the benefit of the doubt.

Frank's sports interests found a reasonable war channel last year when he acted as chairman of a Red Cross benefit basketball game at Madison Square Garden—the Red Cross take, $43,000; and again when he headed the War Bond basketball committee —sales, $1,750,000 in War Bonds.

Frank is married, has three daughters, and has written many Collier's short stories as well as articles.

David O. Woodbury

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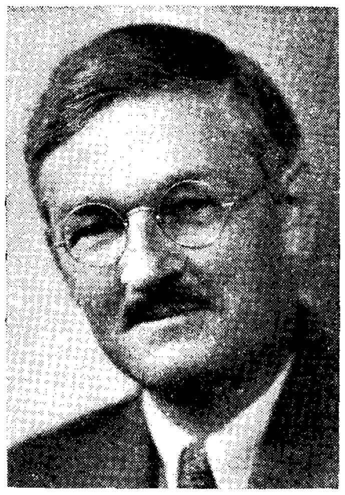

DAVID O. WOODBURY, author of Your Life Tomorrow, p. 81, has had hundreds of letters of inquiry about the tree-planter he described in a recent issue. Nurserymen, farmers, housewives and suburbanites living on a quarter acre of ground, all, it would seem, are bent on reforestation. You can get directions for making the tree-planter, Woodbury says, from the Regional Forester, United States Forest Service, Denver 2, Colo.

Next to the tree-planter, Woodbury's readers show the most interest in a magical kind of bouncing putty, synthetically produced. The readers suggest that the putty be used (1) as the center of golf balls, (2) as a typewriter and wallpaper cleaner, (3) as screen-door stops, (4) as filling for restaurant cream pies, (5) as chewing gum, (6) as tire patches, (7) as form-fitting chair cushions, (8) as stair treads, (9) as a shock absorbent layer under proposed plastic floors. And so on, to the number of more than a hundred.

All suggestions are forwarded to James Stokley, experimenter at the research laboratories of the General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York.

The kitchen of the future, another Woodbury item, elicited twice as many letters from soldiers as from women.

Woodbury, an engineer as well as a writer, left for Honolulu recently on a Navy assignment. He will collect data on the construction of Naval air bases in the Pacific. . . . A. P.

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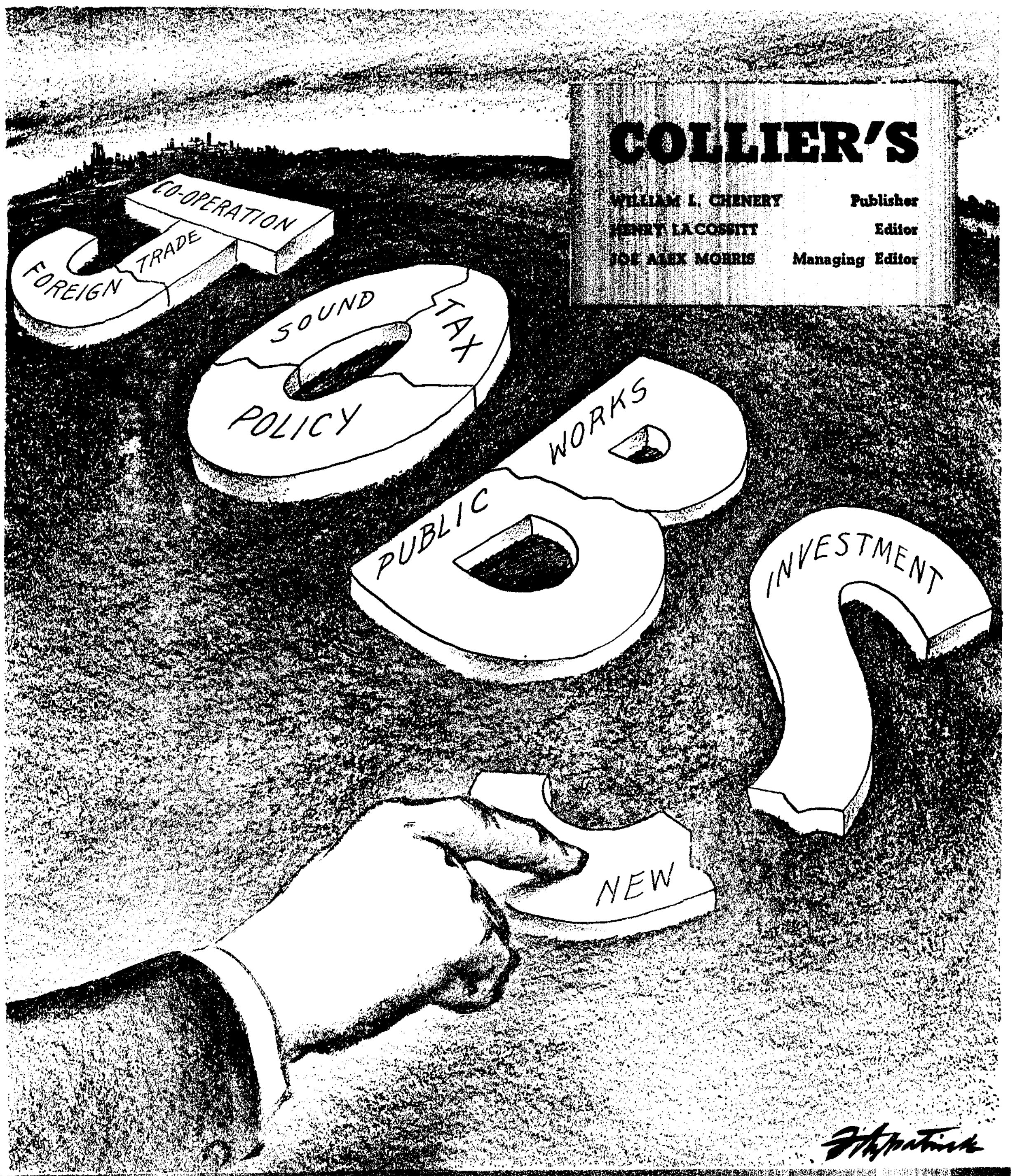


THOSE 60,000,000 JOBS

THE great Jesse Jones-Henry Wallace explosion produced a lot of heat and some light, and we'd say served one useful purpose. It reminded us all anew, as emphatically as only the bouncing of a Cabinet member and a classic Senate battle over his successor could do, that the biggest postwar task facing us is maintenance of high employment after reconversion to peacetime production.

Wallace hammered effectively on his proposition that at least 60,000,000 jobs of all types will be needed at all times in this country after this war if our economy is to run along prosperously and expansively. Jones, we think, impressed more people than ever with his hardheaded, businesslike attitude toward all financial problems, no matter how gigantic, and with his record of skilled management of the colossal Reconstruction Finance Corporation empire.

What was regrettable about the affair was the emotional character it quickly took on. Perhaps this was unavoidable. Nevertheless, it is too bad that the impression got about that if you favored Jones in the dispute, you were a crabbed sort of Squire Hardcastle who didn't want his fellow men to prosper after this war, and that if you backed Wallace, you were coming out 100 per cent for an unattainable millennium.

This problem of postwar employment or unemployment isn't as simple as that, or as clear-cut. We shall not attain postwar prosperity by merely standing around and calling one another names. The best single thing we could all do right now, we believe, in tackling this problem, would be to assume that all interested groups are acting and thinking in good faith—big and little businessmen, workers, union leaders, bankers, financiers, government officials. That is a logical assumption, too, since it is to the mortal interest of all of us, except the handful of Fascists and Communists among us, that our economic machine run smoothly through the war and into the peace.

Having granted one another this measure of good faith and good will, we should then work together to get the results we are all after.

There is plenty for everybody to do in the matter. This problem is all mixed up with a lot of other toughies; among them, how to get foreign trade going right after the war and keep it going at a fast clip, how to stimulate investment of money in new businesses by tailoring a new and better system of taxation, how much and what kind of public works to undertake as partial unemployment stopgaps, how to service a probable national debt of 300 billions or worse without taxing productive activity into discouragement and decline, and so on and so forth.

The Committee for Economic Development is already working along these lines and in this spirit of co-operation. It is organized locally in more than 1,800 communities all over the country, with more than 40,000 members. Without going overboard for the Committee for Economic Development or any other group of postwar planners, we'll say that its program and its publications appeal to us as about the most constructive, down-to-earth activity in this line that we've yet heard of. You could do a lot worse, we believe, than to get in touch with the nearest local Committee for Economic Development and find out what it is doing and whether you could help.

We've licked every wartime problem to date, as it came along, by standing together and fighting it until it was licked. The problems of peacetime can hardly be any tougher than those of wartime—meaning we can lick them, too, and in the same way.

MAKE WAR RESEARCH PERMANENT

WE'LL endorse, as heartily as we can, the proposal of Doctor Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, that a permanent and generously supported bureau of war research be made a part of our national defense equipment after this war.

Such a bureau would continue the kind of research work that is being done by Doctor Bush's office during the war—and that is expected to make one of the most thrilling of all the "now it can be told" stories when the war is over.

As Bush pointed out in a recent session of the House Committee on Postwar Military Policy, the trend nowadays is all toward weapons with which overwhelming surprise attacks can be made—robot bombs, rocket bombs, jet-propelled planes of terrific speed, near-magic electronic devices, and so on.

As plenty of other people are pointing out, it will be only common sense for the next aggressor nation or nations in history to hit the United States first and without warning, in the hope of paralyzing our best productive apparatus. The aggressors left us for later in both World Wars I and II, or gambled on our staying out. It is hardly probable that future aggressor nations will make that mistake.

We have abundant scientific talent to develop answers to the surprise weapons of the future—if that talent has the time, the public funds and the equipment to function persistently and consistently. If some surprise attack should cripple a lot of our factories, knock down our outer defenses, and let invading forces onto our territory, it would be too late; perhaps fatally so as regards our independence as a nation.

A permanent bureau of war research, and a big one, looks indispensable to the future safety of the United States, and we hope Congress will let nothing block its establishment.

MUST WE WORSHIP IN MISERY?

WE UNDERSTAND that there is an occasional church in the world that has reasonably comfortable seats for the parishioners. The great majority of churches, though, have about the most uncomfortable seats known to modern civilization.

They're as hard as nails, to begin with—or at any rate as hard as hardwood—and usually they are pitched almost at right angles. The seats are too narrow and the backs are too low, so that it is downright misery for a person of other than normal build to occupy them for any length of time. One intriguing fact about that term "normal build" is that most people don't have it, so why it is called normal is beyond us.

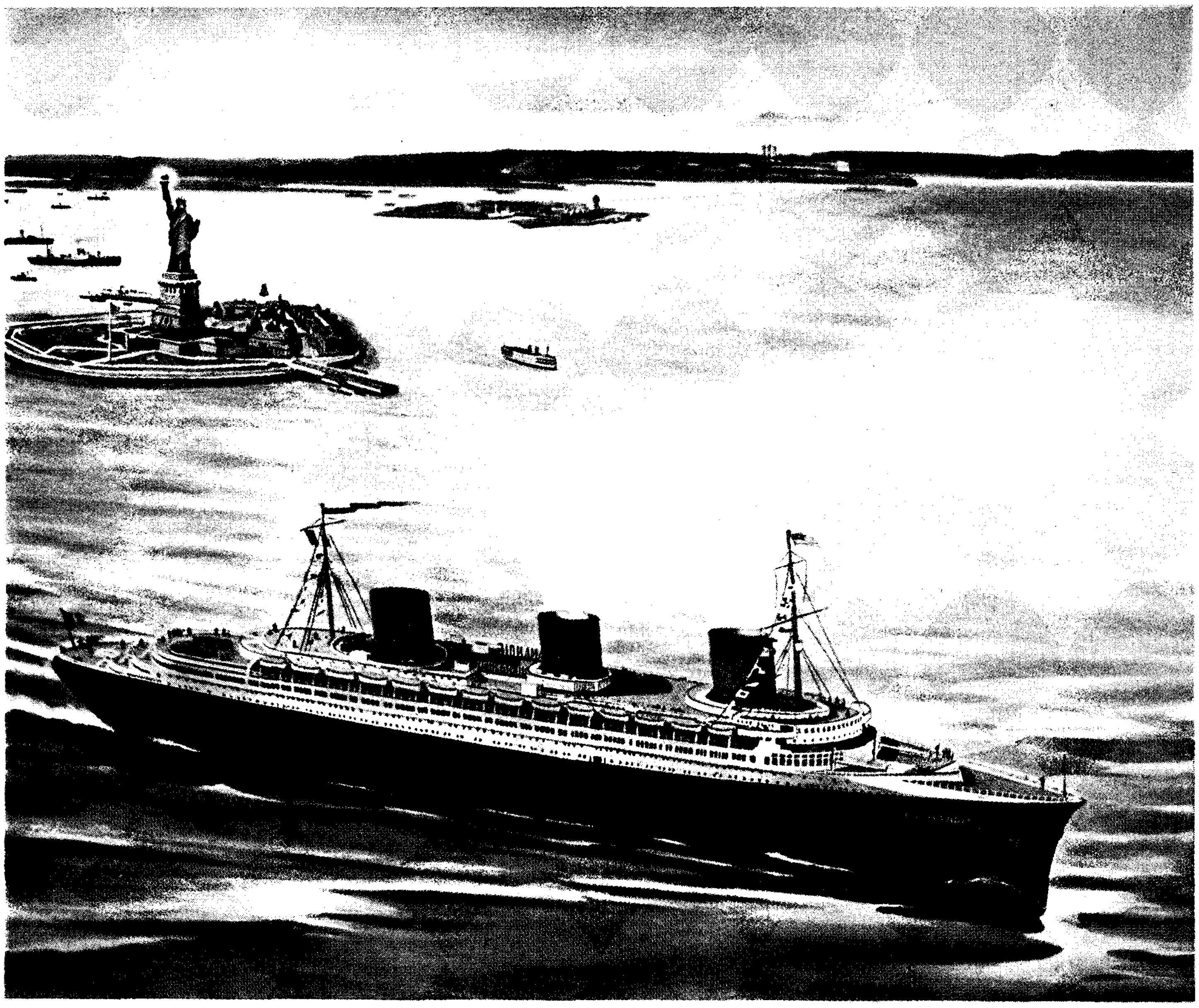
We suppose the idea is that you should not be too happy when in church; that the flesh should be mortified so that the mind and soul may meditate the more profoundly on higher things. If this is the reasoning, it seems faulty to us. Our feeling is that you have a better chance to throw yourself into a mood of meditation, reverence and true benevolence when you are not distracted by thoughts of how cramped your legs are or how long it is likely to be before your backbone snaps completely in two.

We wouldn't favor deep leather club chairs for everybody in all the churches. The initial cost and upkeep would be too great, probably, and there might be too much dozing off during sermons that weren't overly vigorous.

But why couldn't church seats be as comfortable as those in the average theater or auditorium? We can't see how that could do aught but help most communicants attain and keep the proper frame of mind while the services proceeded; and it might increase church attendance, at a time when we understand many churches would welcome such an increase.

A partial list of leading stores in larger cities that share with you the benefits of The Sparton Way

Akron, Ohio, The C. H. Yeager Company
Albany, New York, Albany Garage
Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Company
Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Boston, Mass.,R. H. White Company
Bridgeport, Conn., General Distributors
Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Dine-De Wees Company
Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
Chester, Penn., Stern & Co.
Chicago, Ill., Wieboldt's
Cicero, Illinois, Sekera Furniture Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Company
Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow, Inc.
Dallas, Texas, Hart Furniture Co.
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
Decatur, Illinois, Gas Refrigerator Sales
Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Company
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Company
Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Store
El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.
Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
Holyoke, Mass.,Sharpe Appliance Company
Houston, Texas, Foley Brothers Dry Goods Company
Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Amick Furniture & Radio Sales
Indianapolis, Indiana, Wm. Block Company
Irvington, N. J., Rothauser Radio Company
Jackson, Michigan, Wilks
Jackson, Miss., Rice Furniture Company
Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss Company
Jersey City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Johnstown, Pa., Swank Hardware Co.
Kalamazoo, Michigan, Triestram's
Kansas City, Kansas, Mace-Jones Company
Kansas City, Missouri, Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn., S. H. George & Sons
Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire & Radio
Little Rock, Ark., I. K. Electric Company
Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon & Sons
Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumont Bros.
Lynn, Massachusetts, P. B. Magrane Store
Macon, Ga., Peeler Hardware Company
Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tennessee, Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company
Mobile, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company
Montgomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Store
Muncie, Indiana, H. J. Schrader Company
Nashville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J., Kresge Department Store
New Britain, Conn., New Britain Furniture Company
New Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.
New Jersey, at all Vim Stores
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.
New York City, N. Y., at all Vim Stores
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb., J. L. Brandeis & Son
Passaic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Pawtucket, R. I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brothers
Pontiac, Michigan, Stewart-Glenn Company
Portland, Maine, Federal Furniture Co.
Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Company, Inc.
Providence, R. I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Quincy, Massachusetts, Carey's
Racine, Wis., White Brothers Appliances
Reading, Pa., Pomeroy's
Richmond, Va., Thalhimers
Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
Rockford, Illinois, Chas. V. Weise Co.
Sacramento, Calif., Eastern Outfitting Co.
Saginaw, Mich., Chapman's Appliance Co.
Saint Paul, Minn., Golden Rule Incorporated
San Antonio, Texas, Joske Brothers Co.
San Bernardino, Calif., The Harris Department Store
San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Home Furniture
San Jose, Calif., Union Furniture Company
Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslow Furniture Co.
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store
Tampa, Florida, O. Falk's
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store
Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's, Inc.
Troy, New York, Breslow Furniture Co.
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson, Mintie and Abbot, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lazarus Store
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Company
Worcester, Mass., C. T. Sherer Co.
Yonkers, N. Y., Steadman Music House, Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strouss-Hirshberg Company



Welcome—to a brave and lovely lady

Remember the reception to the Normandie — back in June, 1935?

A record crossing had been made. In 4 days, 11 hours and 33 minutes! And — New York turned out a noisy welcome to the new blue ribbon winner of the seas.

Did you hear the screaming escort boats on that historic day?

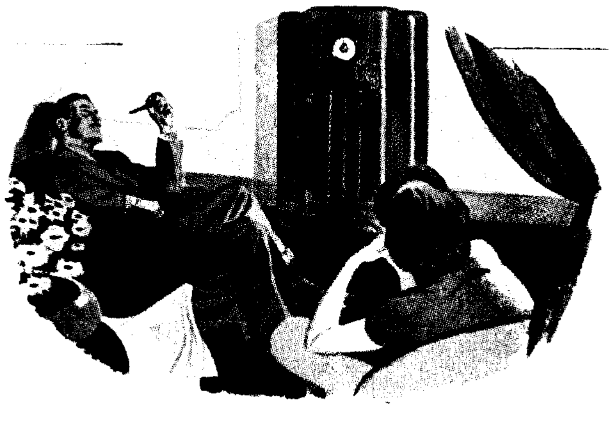
Maybe you were listening in — with a Sparton!

Many Spartons, ten years old and more, are still in use today — bringing in, rich and clear, the thrilling newscasts of the moment.

When Victory comes, there will be new and finer Spartons. Of that, you can be sure! And — other home appliances of startling new design!

All will be sold *The Sparton Way* — through only *one* retail dealer in each community, who has the exclusive sale of Sparton products.*

That is your assurance of highest quality at lowest possible cost.



Maybe you were listening in—with a Sparton!

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

***THE SPARTON WAY**—Sparton radios and other precision-built home equipment will be sold The Sparton Way—a simplified method of bringing to your home better products at lower prices through only *one* retail dealer in each community.

The Sparks-Withington Company, Jackson, Michigan, Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario. Precision Builders Since 1900 — Radios and Other Electric Home Products — Automobile Horns, Sirens and Warning Signals.

RADIO SCRIPT

EVERSHARP'S
"Take it or Leave it"

STARRING
Phil Baker

YOU ask ME about Shredded Ralston

...and I'll give you the $64 Answer to a breakfast with real starting power -- and more!

Maybe you feel as I do about most "crisp" cereals. They look so good, until you pour on the milk or cream. And then what happens? They fold up, like ...well, like my accordion.

But not Shredded Ralston! Here's one cereal that stays crisp and stays with you! No all-gone feeling when the morning's half-gone!

And flavor? Say! Shredded Ralston really hits the jackpot...and I'll write that with Eversharp!

Phil Baker

MAKE BREAKFAST COUNT FOR MORE!

Shredded Ralston gives you more whole wheat energy, bite for bite, than just about any other ready-to-eat cereal. Why? It's concentrated—pressed into crisp bite size biscuits. Try it tomorrow.

Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE
WHOLE WHEAT
BISCUITS